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CANDLES AND CRINOLINES

by

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LONDON

JONATHAN CAPE 30 BEDFORD SQUARE

FIRST PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE *Scenes and Silhouettes*, 1926
FIRST ISSUED IN THE TRAVELLERS' LIBRARY 1930

JONATHAN CAPE, 30 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON
AND 91 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO
JONATHAN CAPE AND HARRISON SMITH
139 EAST 46TH STREET, NEW YORK

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

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CARNAVAL DE VENISE

'Do not tell my husband that I danced upon the tight-rope in the Carnival at Venice!' This fragment, which a well-known English writer of Venetian descent found in his grandmother's hand among the family papers, has the pathos of an old crushed mask or faded silken slipper. Its scent recalls that intoxication in the air of eighteenth-century Venice which made it a place where the soberest might be expected to commit some paradoxical escapade. The traveller of the period must have known this expectancy as his boat came out upon the lagoon after making with the usual passengers – an officer or two, an *abate* or two, some elegant Venetian lady, a band of strolling players, or even a knot of pilgrims on their way from the Three Kings of Cologne to St. James of Compostella – its crawling voyage past the summer-palaces of the Venetian nobility that lined the reed-fringed banks of the Brenta. To have put out to sea to seek a city, to be passing as in dream through streets of water that washed against marble, to know that this was by common consent the new 'Sybaris of Europe' where night was as day and the domino ruled for six months out of the twelve, was to feel already that revolution of values, that thrill of disguise which makes the quintessence of Carnival.

The whole antique façade of the Venetian State as it had stood in the days of the Republic's vigour and

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glory was still displayed to the eyes of the curious visitor. Even the quizzical glance of Goethe, as late as 1786, lost a little of its sharpness when he saw the Doge and his train disembark from their barges of State for the High Mass at St. Justina.

‘First the full violet dresses of the Savii [the Sages entrusted with the ministerial portfolios], next the ample red robes of the Senators are unfolded upon the pavement, and lastly when the old Doge, adorned with his golden Phrygian cap, in his long golden *talar* and his ermine cloak, steps out of the vessel – when all this, I say, takes place in a little square before the portal of a church, one feels as if one were looking at an old worked tapestry, exceedingly well designed and coloured.’ (*Bohn Translation.*)

In these shoes and robes had stepped the men under whose rule the Republic had planted the Lion on the cities of Dalmatia, dug its claws into the *terra firma* of the Piave and Adige provinces, filled the Adriatic and the Mediterranean with its commerce, sent the long lines of its caravans far into Asia, sacked Constantinople to wrest from its own suzerain, the Roman Emperor, a quarter of his domain, and stood growling at bay in the end before infuriated Europe leagued against it at Cambray. The Lion’s wings were clipped now, and other policies prevailed. ‘To encourage idleness and luxury in the nobility,’ says Addison agreeably, ‘to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people . . . to breed dissensions among the nobles of

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the Terra Firma,' such are become 'the refined parts of Venetian wisdom.' The Doge might still be clothed in the mystic dignity that made him, as it were, both Prince and Pontiff – in both rôles the audacious double of the Emperor at Byzantium. He might still go forth on Ascension Day in the gilt and carpeted Bucentaur (if the weather forecast made it safe) to wed his Adriatic bride: *Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuæ dominii*. He might still be attended with canopy and lights, let loose the flight of doves on Palm Sunday from his balcony, and, like the Pope, wash the feet of twelve poor fishermen. What lay beneath the sumptuous pageantry? Himself the mere instrument of the Ducal Councillors set to guard him, he reigned without ruling over a State from which the black Peace of Passarowitz had in 1718 ripped all but the shreds of its Ionian and Dalmatian empire; he adorned a Church, once famed for sturdy piety and independence, now, in its sceptical decadence, summed up in acted epigram by the wag who blew his nose upon the purple of a canon walking in procession.

The façade was unimpaired. The patriciate, huddling their togas over the motley of Harlequin or Coviello, and donning their stately wigs in the hope of balancing their brains, still gathered gravely in the Great Council, though the jealously-guarded Libro d'Oro was fast becoming a book to register admissions bought by gold. In the Senate there is voting on a grave affair of State. The great gaming house, the Ridotto, must be closed, and several noble croupiers will lose a prized position. In the Collegio the

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Sages debate administration. The Army, with an Austrian martinet in command, makes a better show of uniforms than of weapons. Suits of armour, old swords, obsolete firelocks, encumber the arsenals; but at least the Republic has the secret of an imperishable biscuit, a specimen of which, dating from 1669, was dug up intact in 1821. Nothing could be more resplendent than the Admirals, in their full-bottomed wigs, long trains, laced coats and velvet breeches; but at the great arsenal, a French traveller notes, the shipwrights amuse themselves nearly all day without working.

But men, whether they work or play, must be governed; and, as in past centuries, the real power over Venice was wielded still by those formidable appendices to the Constitution, the Ten and the Three. The Council of Ten, originally appointed after the great Tiepoline conspiracy of the fourteenth century to watch over the safety of the State, now wrestled in secret with an infinity of affairs; with the problem of preserving a perfect neutrality; with the riddle of reviving by alternate doses of protection and freedom a moribund trade that nothing could save after the fatal discovery of the Cape route; and then (by way of relief), with the propriety of allowing only black gondolas as a check on extravagance; with the diameter of skirts; or with the drafting of a decree of expulsion against a certain actress who was responsible for the foreign ambassadors wasting too much of their time. Even more industrious, emblazoned with an even more flamboyant secrecy, were the labours of the Three Inquisitors of State. In the Palace, be-

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neath the leads where their prisoners were lodged, they sat, the Red Councillor between the two Blacks, and considered in an atmosphere of close mystery how to stop the abominable language of the boatmen; what action to take on the report of 'our familiar,' the Abate A. P., that a philosophic dictionary in French was on sale in a bookshop near San Samuele; whether or not Signor Piero Antonio Gratarol, Secretary to the Senate, had been lampooned in Count Carlo Gozzi's comedy *Il Droghe d'Amore*; and, if so, whether, in view of the affection felt for the playwright by the wife of the Procuratore di San Marco, it might not be wisest to let that hothead Gratarol do something foolish that would allow the Tribunal to proceed against him rather than the other. Laws became a mockery if they could be broken without *somebody* being punished. In the good old days there had been less roundabout methods for the disposal of nuisances; indeed one understood that' still in that cupboard upstairs . . . but no one knew the right dose any longer . . . there should be a minute, though, somewhere in the files. One had last made an attempt of the kind in 1767 when that man was giving so much trouble in the Balkans. From the doors that closed in these dread deliberations there flitted forth to execute the decrees the funereal silhouette of the Captain of the Archers, that terrible Messer Grande, the shadow of whose sable cloak was enough to quell a riot on the Piazza, and to set the whole brotherhood of rogues, quacks and free-masons shivering.

The hundred eyes of Messer Grande, the gliding

police-gondola of his allies, the Signors of the Night, gave a peculiar tone, a peculiar zest even, to the life of pleasure in the city. It is perceptible in the canvases of Pietro Longhi, in which an air of indefinite apprehension seems always to hover round the groups of revellers. We discern in the background one or more cloaked figures, their faces hidden by the corpse-like white mask of the Venetian mode. Let us be discreet! it may mean danger. It may be a hoax; let us redouble our discretion! They say that a poniarded body was fished up from the Grand Canal this morning. They say that some fantaisist has persuaded M. de Montesquieu to fly from the city to elude the anger of the Three. Strangers shiver not unenjoyably and mask with special care as they pass through the gloom of dank lanes and humped bridges into the full blaze of Carnival on the Piazza of St. Mark. Next to the gaily dancing puppets a preaching-friar holds up his crucifix; Turkish tumblers make a pyramid, the wandering story-teller bawls out the feats of the Paladins; in the unwonted splendour of wax candles, before the gorgeous booth of the celebrated Dr. Vitali, healer of all ills, Brighella and Pantaloon perform their *lazzi*. Women, cloaked and veiled in black lace, flit by with mannish three-cornered hats cocked high on their powdered curls; an Abate of suspiciously trim and girlish figure steals through the shadows of the arcade — it is all a bewilderment of surprises and deceptions.

Is it possible, moreover, to say where the farces of Carnival begin or end? In the penurious magnificence of great patrician houses a slice of water-melon is

offered on silver in a salon of stucco Cupids, and the guests go home, as de Brosses ungraciously grumbles, *la tête libre et le ventre creux*. While the courtesan (as the same experimenter unpleasantly discovered) freezes presumption with the dignity of a princess, the patrician lady may be only too complaisant. For an elegant reception or an intimate little ball one seeks a convent-parlour, where the nuns with their *petite coiffure charmante* prove the wittiest of hostesses. Since the churches adorn their façades with baroque ballets of cherubs and martyrs and embellish their Vespers with operatic melodies, it is but fair that the theatres should take the names of Saints – and a compliment also to the clergy who write the comedies. Even here, though prepared for fantasy, the new-comer was apt to be a trifle disconcerted. Goethe records that he ‘came home laughing from a tragedy,’ and it must have been mildly surprising to see *Coriolanus* as a ballet. The classical tragic themes had sprouted the light wings of opera, with curious results. Addison took deep umbrage when asked to ‘hear one of the rough old Romans squeaking through the mouth’ of a *castrato*. But in fact the audience were inclined to intervene if anything too gloomy, such as a parricide, were put before them; nor could one feel sure that at the most desperate junctures the sooty vizards of the four sacrosanct buffoons of Venice, Brighella, Harlequin, Pantaloon and the Doctor, would not protrude upon the scene.

There is no clue to the spirit of this civilization like that supplied by these venerable types of mirth. The Venetian clowns with their fellow-gossips from the

South pierce again and again through that vision of eighteenth-century Venice for the enjoyment of which Italy owes so much to Molmente, France to Philippe Monnier, and England to Vernon Lee. We meet them in ever fresh disguises among the characters of history, and notably in the three salient figures of the epoch. Casanova, Goldoni and Carlo Gozzi. If we unmask Casanova it is surely Pulcinella who stands betrayed. 'Le nez d'aigle accentué, un vrai nez de rapace indiquant des instincts de chasse, de rapt, et de poursuite de la proie' — so M. Octave Uzanne happily depicts him. Churchman, bravo, soldier of fortune, sharper, fiddler in a playhouse, prisoner (he would like to think 'of State'), sponger and spy — our Pulcinella is a soiled epitome of the Venetian *demi-monde*. Circumstances were perhaps against him, for a community that lived so much of the year in domino gave a standing invitation to fraud. They all came to Venice, following the tracks of the alchemist Marcantonio Bragadin, who in the sixteenth century almost persuaded the Senate of the Republic that he could make golden nuggets with his powders. Cagliostro arrived, and John Law of the great Mississippi bubble, and Bonafede Vitali, 'L'Anonimo,' most stately of quack-doctors — the place was a Paradise of charlatans. What is attractive in Casanova is his (doubtless quite unstudied) ambidextrousness of trickery. With the same readiness and absence of malice he will practise the '*ruse honnête*' of persuading a Greek merchant that he can increase mercury by an alchemical recipe and manufacture St. Peter's sheath from an old boot to

sell to the pious owner of the sword. Who shall assort the absurd jumble of Pulcinella's religious beliefs and disbeliefs? A pagan cleric, indignantly claiming to preach from a text of Horace, he is yet the most moralizing of sinners, the most reverential of scoffers.

How much of it is irony, how much naïveté, will never be discovered; there is, indeed, but a hair's breadth between the two states of mind. But by his simplicity Casanova wins a hundred pardons; we cannot maintain our frown when we read of that escapade with the French officer's horse at Pesaro. 'I began to pat and admire the beast, then, without the slightest thought of consequences, I put my foot in the stirrup and vaulted on to its back. I had never been astride a horse before.' Casanova's whole career is a series of such unpremeditated gallops on the back of temptation; but he enjoys everything, except an empty purse or a prison. The escape from the Piombi is likely to live longer than the rest of his scribblings; to read of that fetid gaol improvised in the attics above the Inquisitors' apartments, and of the fitful arbitrariness of the Tribunal that filled it, is to feel with the very human creature who describes it. Casanova is more likeable in trouble – we forget awhile that other sinister picture of Pulcinella creeping cudgel in hand to his street-corner ambush beside a secluded canal. We are glad when by sheer courage and resource he is free to see the world again, to revive his jaded zest by the thought that he has come to a new town all rustling with mysterious skirts. *J'allai voir l'endroit . . .* we

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know what that means; and after a time we slip round a corner and lose him. Years pass, and dimly we discern in 1783 an ageing figure, a discredited 'familiar' of the Three, making wearily for the mainland – Pulcinella who slinks off the stage.

The air is sweeter the moment we turn to Goldoni. Peruse his 'Mémoires,' and you find nothing but the harmless pranks and waywardness of Harlequin. Nowhere do we get so vivid a notion of the incurable perversity of Venetian life in the last days of the Republic as in his comedies. This is not because he dabbles in fantasy, but rather because he has so sharp an eye to the reality. No doubt, prudence demanded some subterfuges; but we need no more than a hint to understand that if we are shown, say, a Count from Florence or a Cavaliere from Rome, we are in fact watching the behaviour of certain patricians whose gondolas have brought them to the very theatre where their mimic doubles are displayed. There is not much to choose between the purse-proud Count and the skinflint Marquis at Mirandolina's inn; the theatrical fribble, Count Lasca in *The Impresario*, is a fitting third; and the villainous debauchee, Marquis Ottavio, is worse than any of them. Nor can more deliciously grave fun well be imagined than that which is poked at the institution of the *cavaliere servente*. Don Alonso finds that it is his duty to admonish the lackeys of his lady, Donna Claudia. 'My husband,' she reminds him, 'takes no care of such things. He may be taking care of them in some other place; but here in my house it is your duty to keep my servants in good order.'

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But Goldoni is ever ready to turn from the world of fashion into another Venice that on the whole escaped the attention of the visitor all agog for amusement and novelty. This is the Venice of the merchants and citizens. Here old virtues, old simplicities still thrive in the shade of retirement and straitened resources — ‘loin de la cohue,’ in M. Monnier’s phrase, ‘autour des églises paroissiales, tous ces coins tranquilles, tous ces coins de durée et de soin fidèle, où le cantilène d’un cordier, le grondement de l’orgue proche, la psalmodie des chanoines au chœur accompagnent la vie.’ Here the real, the original Pantalone de Bisognosi wags his head and cackles his saws in broad dialect. Shrewd, irascible, yet infinitely gullible, he closes his fist on his ducats and his daughters, and just falls short of the stamina that might save the State.

Did Goldoni put together his pieces of social criticism so as to get a vision of the wrath to come? It is not likely. A gay Harlequin, he had skipped through his days tasting in turn, like many others of his time, the Church, then the law, then the diplomatic service. He had wandered up and down an Italy now smiling in peace, now faintly discommoded by the armies of the Emperor and the King of Spain; which trailed about endlessly, giving scope to the painters in their muddled magnificence, and marking their passage by robbed hen-roosts, pillaged cellars, and occasional heaps of corpses. In all, he had found nothing so pleasant as the life of the theatre — in spite of the petty conceits he satirizes in *The Impresario*, in spite of the feuds of literary rivals, in spite of a married man’s

difficulties on the score of little actresses. In 1750 he had promised to write sixteen plays in the course of the year and had brought off triumphantly this challenge to critics. He had sipped the best wine of Venetian gaiety, and prudently would not outstay his welcome. He packed his valises (a new bat and suit of lozenges) for Paris, the second fatherland of the Italian comedy; gave his admirers in 1761 the tender charm of *A Last Night of Carnival* to remember him by, and made his graceful exit from that stage.

Goldoni will always be sure of editors and translators; will Carlo Gozzi ever again be a vogue? It looks unlikely; in the correspondence of J. A. Symonds, the translator of the 'Memorie Inutili,' we find the cruel verdict, 'Not worth it.' That may be, but nevertheless Gozzi, like Hoffmann, will always have his shamefaced fanatics. What picture of his Venice can we make without him? How can we appreciate the clear waxen beams of Goldoni's candelabra except against the fantastic piled shadows of Gozzi's *fiabe*? He dreams, and in his dream Venice lies steeped in a sorcery of baleful moonlight. The cavernous palaces, the arabesques and domes, the columns crowned with weird beasts of the Apocalypse, take shape as a city of Samarcand or Tartary. In front yawn the city gates where the cruel Princess Turandot sets the heads of the suitors who stammer at her riddle. Pantalone, the Grand Vizier, is at hand if you fail, with the frivolous consolations of Tithonus. The grin of Schopenhauer glimmers through his mask, and you find yourself shuddering again on St. Mark's Piazza. Now the playing-cards troop from

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the Ridotto and the gaming-houses bediamonded as Kings and Queens. A ceiling of Tiepolo breaks open suddenly and we pursue Venus, mounted on her milky Pegasus, who drives Time down the steep of the blue inane Illusion! We are crossing the Bridge of Sighs; vast engines of torment throng shadowily around us. It is because we let the Little Green Bird flutter by. We are for ever missing it, and without a feather from its wing the statue of our love will never come to life, we shall never know our father's name, the magical treasure will be always hidden. A crotcheted old nobleman, half-sour, half-sensitive, who sits peering into the canals, seeking you dare not ask him what, the aristocratic *Doppelgänger* (though he would scowl at the thought) of Pantalone the Merchant, Count Gozzi lingers in face of the coming storm. He mutters against this pest of French comedies, French sentiment, French fashions, French preposterous theories of the equality of patrician and gondolier. Whence comes the infection? It is everywhere; you would not know your Venice. Pantalone, take care! you may be too late for your exit.

In the year 1789 a strange thing befell. Doge Renier died in the midst of Carnival, and they kept his death from the people to save their merriment. It was not till Lent had fallen on the city that the new Doge was chosen — Ludovico Manin, a patrician of pendulous cheeks and drooping mouth, who trembled and wept when the ineluctable honour was thrust upon him. The wiseacres went about murmuring that a man from Friuli, a Doge from the Terra Firma, could never bring

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luck to Venice. Seven years went by tranquilly enough, in spite of the banking thunder-clouds that thickened along the horizon. Europe might rage in the Revolutionary turmoil; Venice was neutral, that was all. Then in 1796 the long shadow of a short man in a cocked-hat stretched across the lagoon and blotted the sunny walls and campanili. General Bonaparte had broken into the mainland provinces (as if he did not know that Venice was neutral!). He charged the Republic with sheltering Louis XVIII; he charged her with giving passage to Austrian troops; he demanded supplies; he demanded an indemnity; he demanded submission. Hastily the rusty weapons of Venetian diplomacy were brought out of store; but they had a way of falling to pieces, and they made Bonaparte sarcastic. The entanglement grew worse; the people of Verona massacred their French garrison, and the commander of the Lido forts fired on a French vessel and killed the Captain. Bonaparte burst into one of those rages of a sulky child. 'Je ne veux plus d'Inquisition, plus de Senat. . . . Je serai un Attila pour Venise. . . . Je viendrai rompre vos Plombs. . . .' And then the heavy doom, 'Ce gouvernement est vieux . . . il faut qu'il tombe.'

On the night of April 30, 1797, the Doge held an emergency Council to the sound of distant cannon. 'This very night,' he cried, as the full extent of the disaster broke upon him, 'we may none of us sleep in our own beds.' When the Great Council met twelve days later it passed a singular decree. The Republic of St. Mark abdicated. Ludovico Manin, the last of the Doges (as the story runs), went into his rooms when the

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decision was taken, and unwinding the white coif that had been given him with the Ducal bonnet to the almost sacramental formula *Accipe coronam ducalem ducatus Venetiarum*, the cap of Orseolo, conqueror of Dalmatia, of Dandolo, hammer of Constantinople, of grim Morosini, the warrior of the Peloponnese, he handed it to his valet – to Harlequin or Brighella? ‘Put it away. I shall need it no more.’ On the fifteenth of May General Baraguey d’Hilliers, having put his troops upon boats overnight, crossed over at dawn to occupy the city. As the mists lifted he and his men, had they been philosophers, would have noticed a curious fact. The soul of Venice had dissolved in that vapour, and they were entering a vast museum of painting and architecture. A year afterwards there died among wormy folios, the librarian of the Count de Waldstein at the Castle of Dux in Bohemia. His name was Jacques Casanova (and he said also) de Seingalt.

THE 'DAYS OF DECEMBER'

WHEN Kinglake decorated his *Invasion of the Crimea* with that 'magnificent portico' (garnished like a pagan temple with skulls), describing Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, he gave the names of the Prince President's fellow-conspirators as Morny, Fleury, Maupas, St. Arnaud (*alias* Le Roy), Persigny (*alias* Fialin), Colonel Bévillé, and the secretary, Mocquard. But in a footnote he added: 'I imagine that before the night of the first of December, Count Flahault had some knowledge of what was going to be done.' After a lapse of sixty years this conjecture has been confirmed by the discovery, among the papers belonging to Lord Kerry's family, of a neglected Flahault correspondence. That another 'accomplice' in the *Deux-Décembre* should be identified might be a trifle, but not when he is taken with his documents upon him. It is worth while, then, to recall the history of the Count.

Charles de Flauhault was reckoned to be the son of a noble of the *ancien régime* who was guillotined in 1792. But those who noted the disparity of age and temper between an elderly husband and a girlish wife, and the assiduity with which the black skirt of an abbé named Talleyrand fluttered on the heels of the pretty countess, formed their own opinion. In the roaring gales of that time the wheel of fortune spun merrily round, and the heir of a guillotined count, and son of

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an *émigrée* mother, found himself at the age of fifteen in the service of the First Consul. From Marengo to Ulm, from Friedland to the Beresina, the young soldier, Baron of the Empire and General by his twenty-seventh year, rode after the insatiable eagles. He stood by at the Emperor's first abdication, and came closer still to his master in the breathless flurry of the Hundred Days. He was in the cornfields with Ney at Quatre Bras, and heard Napoleon utter the nine words that brought him to St. Helena : — 'Allons, Grouchy, poursuivez les Prussiens l'épée dans les reins.'

Such memories leave marks that diplomatic congresses cannot efface, and they were not Flahault's only or his most intimate links with the Bonaparte dynasty. Before Elba was dreamed of Flahault had been the lover of Queen Hortense of Holland. A son was born who grew up under the name Auguste de Morny, and betrayed whatever secrecy was left about his parentage by his likeness to Prince Louis Napoleon, the true child—as Flahault maintains against the scandal-mongers — of Hortense and Louis, King of Holland. These were cords that might be buried, but would not break, when Napoleon's old staff officer became an ambassador of Louis Philippe, and, more surprising still, a Scots Laird. For Flahault, who had settled in England after the Restoration, carried off against all competitors, and in the teeth of an indignant family, that much-wooed Juno, Admiral Lord Keith's daughter, Margaret Mercer Elphinstone. Their eldest girl Emily became Lady Lansdowne, which explains why papers of her father's bearing closely on a great crisis

of French history have lain so long forgotten in an English home.

The first letter printed in Flahault's correspondence is a gossiping note from Morny to his father in November, 1848, on the eve of Prince Louis Napoleon's election to the Presidency of the Second Republic. It was, by the avowal of candid historians such as Mr. F. A. Simpson, in his fine and balanced work, still uncompleted, on the Second Empire, an intolerable position. Things looked dreary enough while Louis Napoleon wrestled against a hostile majority of Red Republicans, Legitimists and Orleanists, united only in mistrust of his name and person. But as 1852 came near the outlook grew bleaker still. At that date the four-years term of the President and the three-years term of the Assembly both expired and, to ensure symmetry, the Assembly had by special decree ordained that both authorities should cease in the same month. Thereby, as was remarked, nothing would be left but 'two dying powers confronting two dumb voting-urns' — and what would happen then? The Monarchists might be inclined to veil their programme, if not their aspirations, but the Reds were cheerfully explicit. 'Ce qui s'ensuivra, sans doute,' wrote Proudhon to a friend, 'sera la dissolution de la France . . . ' and all over Europe the secret societies began to stir. 'You must now understand,' writes Morny to Mme. de Flahault at the beginning of 1851, after a mournful survey of the chessboard with its menacing opposition of red and white, 'what chance the President has got of being legally re-elected. In my opinion he has

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none, and the solution of the matter must be extra-legal.'

The year, with its incessant conflicts and alarms, wore on into autumn. On November 14 we find a letter from Flahault's daughter Emily, now Lady Shelburne, to her sister, saying:—

'They seem to be in a pretty kettle of fish at Paris, and I doubt it ending peaceably. . . . Lady Pembroke and Lady Bruce were full of a report put about, I believe, by Maussion (at least *he* had told Ly. Dunmore) that papa was gone over to Paris to be Prime Minister and help the President out of his difficulties! I said that I had heard from him that morning and that he had announced his return for the 28th, and that tho' ministries did not last long in France, I thought that would be even shorter than the average.'

The tone is tart, for in the Whig atmosphere of Bowood it was not pleasant that one's papa should be accused of going to help an enigmatic Cæsarean adventurer out of his difficulties. But Flahault had been in Paris the year before, and had confessed to his wife: 'It is lucky I am not staying here, for he [Louis Napoleon] exercises a sort of fascination over me which would be dangerous considering the line I wish to keep — and what is extraordinary is that it is from his simplicity and candid manner!' Now he was again in Paris, writing home to his wife with the mild fretfulness of a preoccupied mind, 'What is to be done with the pattern of a stocking Charlotte has given Grey-stone?' or, 'I wish in all your commissions you would

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always fix the price.' On November 30, however, he owns that: 'What you have perceived in Belgrave Square is quite correct, and I hope that the lady you saw the other day will have the good sense to remain quiet.' The lady was the Duchess of Orleans. The next day comes a plainer hint. 'To-morrow we shall know more of what you heard in Belgrave Square, and I hope to tell you of my return.'

These lines are dated Monday, December 1, 1851. The same evening the President had a party at the Elysée, upon which M. de Morny looked in between the play and a rubber at his club. Christmas was the next event to which the public was looking forward, and Paris as the night deepened was lulled in the stillness of frost and fog. At the Palais Bourbon, the seat of the Assembly, the guard was set, the halls and corridors in darkness, the resident officials abed. About midnight, however, as by the release of a perfected piece of clockwork, a swift activity began. The windows of the National Printing House flamed out, bayonets shone in the courtyard, and the machines were presently set throbbing. As three o'clock struck an order went round the barracks that brought the garrison of Paris to arms. The muffled columns moved spectrally through the mists, converging on the vital points of the capital. Meanwhile a stream of police-officers poured from the Prefecture, each furnished with a warrant; on whose heels, as soon as the printers' task was done, a swarm of bill-stickers flitted into the gloom. Long before dawn the drowsy officials of the Assembly were rudely roused to find their sentinels

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displaced and the palace in the hands of strange troops. By the time the slow day broke the President's chief opponents – Generals Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Leflô, and Changarnier (who had toyed too long with the rôle of General Monk), beside Thiers, Charras, Baze, Roger le Nord, and the other 'Burgraves,' not less than eighty in all – were fast locked in the fortress of Mazas; and Morny, from the Ministry of the Interior, was telegraphing far and wide over France the news which he sent also to Mme. de Flahault, in a message handed in at 11.10 a.m. at the London station of the new cross-channel cable-service: 'The Assembly is dissolved. The President of the Republic makes an appeal to the country.'

We can still read that old telegram among Flahault's papers, and with it the pointed scrawl in which 'Louis Napoléon B.' writing in the first hours of the morning, invites 'M. le Général Flahaut' to ride with him at eight o'clock. This was the celebrated cavalcade, headed by the Prince President, that went boldly through Paris on the morning of the *Deux-Décembre*, to test the popular response. Nor were its members the only people who had come out to tap the barometer. Listening to the groups who gathered round the fresh white Government *affiches* that glimmered through the raw fog on the walls was a rising young democratic politician, Emile Ollivier. His verdict hardly differed from Flahault's: 'The people look perfectly satisfied, they are Bonapartist and Republican.'

But it was not yet the end. That Wednesday, the 3rd, while the more prudent Republican leaders voci-

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ferated in secret council, a small group of stalwarts in the Faubourg St. Antoine began to throw up the first barricade. The onlookers were unsympathetic. 'Why should we get killed,' they asked, repeating a venerable gibe about members' salaries, 'to save your twenty-five francs?' 'Stay where you are then,' retorted unexpectedly a Representative named Baudin, 'and we'll show you how to die for twenty-five francs.' As he spoke the troops came up the street; a volley was fired, and Baudin was picked up dead, to march into history as the John Brown of the Third Republic.

Thursday dawned in an unquiet calm. Not a soldier could be seen in the streets. A young Englishman, staying in Paris, went out to see what was happening. He found the barricades going up gaily, chiefly at the hands of Gavroche. But, as his curiosity brought him nearer, he perceived figures of quite a different mould directing the work. These were the leaders of the Internationale and of the secret societies, men seldom seen, 'whose faces I do not like to *think* of,' wrote the observer. Walter Bagehot, for it was he, was wise enough not to linger. It had been, in fact, largely to bring these faces to the light that the troops had been withdrawn this fourth of December. The authors of the *coup d'état* had learned from earlier revolutions that there was an evil rhythm in street-fighting. The first day the troops were marched up and down, the second day they were dispirited by exhaustion, the third day they went over to the mob. This time there should be rested troops, and a large enough 'head' of insurrectionaries for a decisive battle. Hence in the quadri-

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lateral between the river, the boulevards, the Rue de la Paix, and the Rue de Temple, a regular stronghold was fortified by the men of the Internationale. They toiled undisturbed till the fleeting winter afternoon had already begun. Then the hands at the Elysée unclinchd a second piece of clockwork. From all sides the massed forces of the Prince President closed in upon the quadrilateral. By dusk the barricades had been pounded to bits; the 'days of December' were over.

What were the casualties of the *coup d'état*? Kinglake, on the principle *Ex pede Herculem*, quotes a colonel (unnamed) who boasted that 'his regiment alone had killed 2,400 men.' Both Kinglake and Victor Hugo report tales of ghastly midnight massacres in the prisons. These fables have not borne investigation. Mr. Simpson, after a very careful comparison of all the sources open to him, estimated the total casualties at 1,200. Mr. Philip Guedalla, in *The Second Empire*, reckoned 'something more than one hundred and less than five hundred civilians.' What puzzled historians was the lack of official information in the archives of the Tuileries. It has been left to the Flahault papers to solve this mystery. Hidden away there (in consequence of its having been sent to Flahault in England to help him in reconciling official circles to the *coup*) is the definitive report on the casualties, drawn up for the eye of the President by Maupas, the Prefect of Police, on December 25, 1851. Maupas states that:—

'Excluding . . . the military, the number of dead is approximately 215, of whom 137 were killed at the

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barricades, and eighty-eight died from their wounds, or were accidentally killed, having taken no part in the rising. The number of these regrettable incidents is about eight to ten. The number of wounded is upwards of 119, without reckoning cases which may have been concealed from us from fear of ulterior consequences.'

That looks like the end of the December legend.

Flahault in the months following the *coup* was disappointed at what he saw in Paris. Like Morny (who resigned his post with a rankling sense of ingratitude), he was disgusted by *le premier vol de l'aigle*, the confiscation of the Orleans property. He even goes so far as to say that, 'If I could wipe out the 2nd of December, I would willingly do so.' Yet in the end he was reconciled. He entered the service of Napoleon III, and in 1860 became French Ambassador in London. He had been at the deathbed of the First Empire, and at the *accouchement* of the Second. At last, as Mr. Guedalla says of him 'with an odd precision,' he died in Paris 'on a September day in 1870, when the Prussian guns were opening on Sedan.'

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THE Oxford Movement is a chapel in the great unfinished cathedral of the Romantic revival. It began as a belated phase of the general European Counter-revolution. England, no doubt, experienced the deferred shock of 1789 in a mild form in 1832. Yet citizens who knew about the secret sharpening of the cavalry sabres, and Churchmen who saw Bishops pelted in the streets during the Reform Bill Agitation, felt that they had looked into the abyss. It was the political menace that nerved Keble's Assize Sermon of 1833 at Oxford, which has been reckoned the first stirring of the Movement. But its protest against the rough-handling of the inherited social structure in which the eighteenth century had culminated was far less significant than its revolt against the whole eighteenth-century mind. It was a mutiny against Locke and Pope, against their trimness, lucidity, and self-possession.

Of the Romantic influences to which the Tractarians were exposed Scott comes first. His books were the most widely read and the least alarming; for, as Mr. Beers, the historian of Romanticism, observes, he did not care to probe the 'spiritualities' of the medievalism whose pageantry he blithely borrowed. The Movement owed a deeper debt really to the Lake School and its sacramental view of nature, of which the *Christian Year*

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is but an echo, and to-day an echo that has almost ceased to sound. Keble's *Ave Maria* does not attain to Wordsworth's:—

‘Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than Eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on Heaven's blue coast. . . .’

for the glorious clothing of hagiology in nature-mysticism.

It is tempting to find a closer connection than really existed between the thought of Newman and the chaos of crabbed fragments in which Coleridge sought to diffuse through England the principles of German idealism. His aphorisms were certainly in their own way ‘Tracts for the Times’ as much as the Oxford ones; for as Kant had been faced by the atomic scepticism that Hume drew from Locke, so was Coleridge faced by the atomism of the Utilitarians, making thought and existence a powder of sensations. This had to be remedied.

‘But how, but how? By attending to the “reason” of man, said Coleridge, and duly chaining up the “understanding” of man: the *Vernunft* (reason) and *Verstand* (understanding) of the Germans, it all turned upon these, if you could well understand them — which you couldn't.’

Carlyle's grumble over the obscurity of the Kantian

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categories that bind the world by the cement of an universal immanent Reason would scarcely have been rebuked by the Tractarians, for they did not read far outside their special studies. Moreover, the platonic latitudinarianism in which Coleridge enveloped himself was alien from their deepest instincts. 'How different the fortunes of the Church of England, if Newman had been able to read German!' The epigram has been popular, but it is pointless. In German literature Newman would have found his own pastures. A faint interest in Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, a hot spark of partisanship with the 'Athanasius' of Joseph Görres, a fearful wonder at the visions that Clemens Brentano collected by the bedside of the ecstatic nun, Anne Catharine Emmerich—we can more easily imagine him feeling these than taking Strauss or Niebuhr for a revelation. And one of his own 'angel faces' he might have discerned within the unfolding petals of Novalis's blue flower.

That image of tremulous and unsatisfied yearning is, of all that could be chosen, the aptest symbol of the Oxford Movement. Its leaders were penetrated to the core with the characteristic Romantic melancholy. It can be felt in Newman's sigh after his young sister's death, 'I wish it were possible for words to put down those indefinite, vague, and withal subtle feelings which pierce the soul and make it sick. Dear Mary seems embodied in every tree and hid behind every hill.' It can be felt in Pusey's adolescent Byronism and the phantasmal coffin with its fluttering pall that never ceased to haunt him after the early loss of his wife. Of

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Hurrell Froude, that April spirit whose self-torturing journal was jovially derided by an age that knew not Bashkirtseff, an acquaintance wrote, 'I cannot be in a room alone with him for ten minutes without feeling so intensely melancholy that I do not know what to do with myself.' He was true to type even in the manner of his dying, for he succumbed to the most Romantic of the maladies, consumption.

To men of that disposition, wrung by an unearthly home-sickness, what *genius loci* could have been more congenial than that of their Oxford, so different from the bustling town we know? The group of Hamlet and the grave-diggers rises, whenever we seek in fancy to retrace its echoing ways. With its reason a trifle deranged by the languid musings of celibacy among the monuments, with its gowned 'originals' lurking like animated gargoyles in their cloistered nooks, and its 'characters' giving rude savour to the streets, it opposed half-whimsically its bookish wisdom to the rustic tide that flowed up lane and avenue from the besieging country at its gates. It frowned to see the gipsy and the merry-andrew stray past its libraries, and its own sons for idleness play boorish pranks with jockeys and rat-catchers. On dank autumn days when the foot sinks in beds of sere leaves, an odour of mortality assailed the troubled nostrils of youth. The ghostly resonance of bells and of choirs, the mourning majesty of fanes twice swept by iconoclasm, seemed burdened with some inexplicable woe. In such a mood the preaching of Newman at St. Mary's would strike suddenly home, when 'through the silence of that high Gothic building

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the words fell on the ear like the measured drippings of water in some vast dim cave.' Here, or in his austere chapel in the hamlet of Littlemore, he would tell the dream and its interpretation.

'The season is chill and dark, and the breath of the morning is damp, and worshippers are few; but all this befits those who are by their profession penitents and mourners, watchers and pilgrims.'

The 'apostolic' school dwelt in a twilight not only of temperament but of speculative habit. In Oxford documentary criticism was still a rumour from Germany, and 'science' chiefly the forlorn skeletons and shells in the Ashmolean, where men wandered dreaming vaguely of the Ark. This 'encircling gloom,' pierced only by the bright twin beams of Aristotle and Butler, was favourable to humility and awe.

'Thus God has willed
That man, when fully skilled
Still gropes in twilight dim;
Encompassed all his hours
By fearfullest powers
Inflexible to him;
That so he may discern
His feebleness,
And e'en for earth's success
To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home,
Earth and the world to come.'

So Newman uttered his thought in his fragment of a tragic Chorus. But there was another side to this

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hesitance of judgment. Butler's doctrine of 'probability' is a demure incitement to ventures of faith. The Oxford School earned much mockery by its apparent readiness to swallow marvels – though it is well to remember how treacherous Newman's irony can be. But their general attitude to the sum of things suits better with Einstein's universe than it did with Lord Brougham's. They were, however, idealistic rather than scientific relativists. All the roads in their mental landscape ran home to the Self. An admirable Swedish historian of the Movement, Dr. Yngve Brilioth, pounces on the apparent inconsistency.

'[The] individualism, which was itself a child of the eighteenth century, and a grandchild of the Renaissance, remains secure in the seat of honour. The Ego becomes more and more the centre of being. By being reflected through its lens everything gets its value, not to say its reality. Nature itself is interesting only as the mirror in which the Ego discerns its own face magnified to fantastic proportions. In wonderful refractions and combinations the reaction against Rousseau's influence is combined with his own spirit.'

Nowhere more markedly than in Newman with his 'two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator.' But the image of 'the mirror in which the Ego discerns its own face magnified' is misleading. It was the Ego that was to mirror the world, not the world the Ego, the microcosm must swell to include the macrocosm. Nature, the common life and the heritage of history are nutriment the Self

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must absorb on pain of inanition. It is there that the Romantic Ego differs from the eighteenth-century individual. Dr. Brilioth complains that Newman cannot 'see in the past the process of uninterrupted growth,' will not read history, that is, as a Heracleitan or Darwinian flux. 'Epochs of history are to him homogeneous units, with something of the timeless character of philosophical categories.' It is as persons rather (as Wilfrid Ward observes of him) that he sees both epochs and institutions, Churches and nationalities. When he dreamed of spirits 'who are the animating principles of certain institutions,' and clothed his dream in angelology, he was thought to be 'doing credit to his imagination at the expense of his judgment.' To-day the 'group mind' claims status among scientific theories, and a theologian at the opposite pole to Newman writes of the 'Oversoul' that 'the hypothesis of a racial self with a higher degree of personal life than that of individual men and women is an attractive one.' The 'personalism' of Newman's philosophy is the Ariadne thread that leads through all the winding ways and secret chambers of his soul. He received his favourite doctrine, he was used to say, from Keble; but he grandly embellished it.

'It is faith and love which give to probability a force which it has not in itself. Faith and love are directed towards an Object; in the vision of that Object they live; it is that Object, received in faith and love, which renders it reasonable to take probability as sufficient for internal conviction. Thus the argument from Prob-

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ability, in the matter of religion, became an argument from Personality, which in fact is one form of the argument from Authority.'

'Object' is a term in the vocabulary alike of scientists and lovers. It was inevitable that Newman should get to loggerheads with John Bull ('a spirit neither of Heaven nor Hell' he called him), for by 'dogma' John Bull means assertion in the void, but Newman means experienced personal contacts. It is an endless game of cross-purposes.

The stress Dr. Brilioth lays on the subjectivity of the Tractarians is natural; as a Lutheran he is bound to feel sympathy with it. But the Movement was a chastening as much as an ebullition of personality. Dr. Brilioth invokes the ghost of Rousseau; but to a large extent the Tracts and the ascetic discipline they commend, the fastings, watchings, crossings of the will, are a sustained attempt to exorcize his spirit. Nothing was so repugnant to their authors, nothing so severely eradicated from the famous 'Tractarian prose,' as the *emphase* of Byron or Chateaubriand. Newman rebukes it in the 'Siren Isles': —

'Cease, Stranger, cease those piercing notes,
The craft of Siren choirs;
Hush the seductive voice that floats
Upon the languid wires.
Music's ethereal fire was given,
Not to dissolve our clay,
But draw Promethean beams from Heaven,
And purge the dross away.

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Weak self! with thee the mischief lies,
Those throbs a tale disclose;
Nor age nor trial have made wise
The Man of many woes.'

Dr. Brilioth has an interesting theory, shaped by his special concern with the personal and mystical fruits of the Movement, that its inner history is 'essentially determined by tension between a static and a progressive, dynamic principle.' Side by side with the tendency to rest on external and formal 'notes of the Church,' on a particular type of organization or ministry, on an unchanging creed or on fidelity to antiquity, he traces an impulse to stake all on a canon of moral growth, on the one 'note' of holiness. Much can, doubtless, be quoted in this sense from Newman, and more from his disciple, W. G. Ward. But this pragmatism belongs mainly to the groping period when faith in Anglicanism was lost and faith in Rome not gained. Something of this state no doubt clung always to Newman. The famous tests of development by which he justified his change of creed are of the spirit rather than the letter, have a moral more than a logical cogency. The very idea of development marks a departure. But the 'static' vision returned when the Tiber was crossed, and shone with a glow that at last dispersed the Romantic mists. Rebel as he deemed himself against the eighteenth century, Newman had some of it in his blood. Gibbon remained his favourite historian and Crabbe his favourite poet. His prose has Augustan measure and clarity. When he went to

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Italy after his conversion he wrote home a revealing letter about his taste in church architecture: —

‘I cannot deny that, however my reason may go with Gothic, my heart has ever gone with Grecian. I loved Trinity Chapel at Oxford more than any other building. There is in the Italian style such a simplicity, purity, elegance, beauty, brightness, which I suppose the word “classical” implies, that it seems to befit the notion of an Angel or Saint. The Gothic style does not seem to me to typify the sanctity or innocence of the Blessed Virgin or St. Gabriel, or the lightness, grace, and sweet cheerfulness of the elect, as the Grecian does.’

The intellectual correlative of this sentiment is surely a pillared rigidity of dogma. More shadowy, but as hard to wrench from their base, are the Gothic aisles of Isaac Williams’s ‘Cathedral.’ Dr. Brilioth’s ideal Catholicity he may find, however, if he joins Mr. John Inglesant at sunset as he paces by the Severn at Worcester, watching the city’s insubstantial image tremble in the waters by his feet. There may be traced, decked in the gracious splendour of Laudian High Churchmanship, that ‘ethereal Platonism,’ as a critic has called it, which, though devoutly sacramental, yet ‘clings to no one symbol more than another.’ But to follow the gleams of that ampler revelation is to stray from the narrow path of the Oxford Movement.

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PUNCH's show has been hooted in its time and by more critics than the poet Bunn — 'hot cross Bunn' who turned at last on his tormentor and, more successful than Jack Ketch, clapped Mr. Punch into the pillory of an answering satire and left him speechless. Since then the keenest thrust has been Mr. Whibley's, some eighteen years since, in his brilliant little monograph on Thackeray. By 1842, he says, *Punch* 'had already taken its place among British institutions, and despite its profession of wit and humour, it was (and is) portentously serious. The mahogany-tree became sacred as soon as it was carved, and it is not surprising to anyone who turns over its pages that its jubilee was celebrated by a religious service.' 'By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words'; but in fact the critic's point breaks. Punch is not, has never claimed to be, Mephistopheles. He derides not the universe, but only (as his catechism teaches him) the Devil and all his works. As long ago as the eighteenth century the King of Bath discerned the essential propriety of this English puppet and set him to ridicule on his little stage the Boeotian ways of the squires who muddled the Pump Room. How unreasonable, then, to expect that Punch, taking on a fresh lease of life in the very heyday of Romanticism, should forgo, any more than Dickens or Victor Hugo, the prized Romantic privilege of preaching!

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Let us turn back to Mark Lemon's manifesto, opening the first number of the paper on the glorious July 17, 1841. It is headed (of course!) 'The Moral of *Punch*.' The writer and his colleagues have not, we are given to understand, been in the habit of pausing before the familiar puppets at the street corner merely to laugh. No: when they watched Mr. Punch demolishing the insolence of office in the Beadle and the pretensions of the infernal foreigner in the Gentleman-from-next-door, 'visions of graver puppetry,' it would appear, enthralled their gaze. . . .

'We now come to the last great lesson of our motley teacher — the gallows; that accursed tree which has its *root* in injuries. How clearly PUNCH exposes the fallacy of that dreadful law which authorizes the destruction of life! PUNCH sometimes destroys the hangman, and why not? Where is the divine injunction against the shedder of man's blood to rest? None *can* answer! To us there is but ONE disposer of life.'

— and so on. We might very well be listening to good Bishop Myriel of *Les Misérables*. Romanticism trails the hem of its skirt over all the early volumes of *Punch*. Tears of fraternal sensibility blot the text, while Doyle's illuminated initials, his grotesques and flamboyancies, his goblins, elves, and mocking processions of sprites, are an ebullition of the Gothic revival. Whence comes that famous skeleton Death in helmet and jackboots who stalks through the Tsar's bed-curtains in a whirl of cruel snowflakes? He has stepped aside surely from the round of the *danse macabre* on some painted bridge

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of the Middle Ages. This mingling of bizarrerie with ghastliness, of homeliness with sublimity, springs from the medieval mysteries to flow belated into the light again through the Romantic gargoyle. Pictorially it comes to its height in 'General Février turned Traitor,' poetically in 'The Song of the Shirt.' Lemon had the wit to hold fast to that poem in the teeth of his advisers. He realized well what his paper was aiming at.

The Romantic influences of *Punch's* earlier phase supply the answer to another difficulty. The London *Charivari*, as Mr. Graves puts it in his *Mr. Punch's History of Modern England*, 'began as a Radical and democratic paper, a resolute champion of the poor, the desolate and the oppressed, and the early volumes abound in evidences of the miseries of the "Hungry Forties," and in burning pleas for their removal.' Later, as is well known, *Punch* ceased to bear itself as a Radical paladin, and the change of complexion, welcomed by some, was as much regretted by others. We doubt if the change was as deep as is sometimes imagined. Romantic iconoclasm seldom runs up a heavy bill of actual breakages. A spice of what friends call inconsistency and enemies humbug is of the essence of Romantic humanitarianism. The nagging diatribes of Douglas Jerrold were the loading of *Punch's* democratic cudgel — and a heavy weight of lead they seem indeed as we try to read them to-day. No wonder Mr. Caudle slept through the renowned curtain-lectures. Well, Thackeray, who professed himself shocked at 'such a savage little Robespierre,' in other moods, we

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are told, accused Jerrold of toadying the great. Jerrold, for his part, doubted the austerity of the author of the 'Book of Snobs.' There is a tale that when Thackeray went to aristocratic parties he was nervously anxious that his name should not after all be left out by 'Jenkins' of the *Morning Post*, the continual butt of *Punch's* shafts against snobbery. As 'Jenkins' himself tells the tale, it may well be a fable. The fair criticism on *Punch's* Radical writers is rather that they cried out under the spur of sentiment for reforms that could not be accomplished without upheavals from which they would have been the first to recoil. They were not prepared to swallow the red potions they prescribed.

The record of *Punch's* politics is thus one of perplexing inconsistency. *Punch* exhorts bishops and clergy to religious charity and fans the flame of the 'Papal Aggression' outbreak. Its repeated tirades against war and soldiering end in ardent support not only of the Crimean War but of Palmerston's discreditable Chinese War of the 'fifties. It attacked the lash in the Army, but taunted the restraint of 'Clemency Canning' in exacting reprisals after the Indian Mutiny. The champion of Garibaldi and Kossuth, *Punch* yet published doggerel demanding 'No more talk of national races: Panslavic, Hellenic, all stuff!' It was for Poland against the Tsar and for the South against Lincoln. It sympathized passionately with sweated Labour, but took extravagant alarm at an attempt made by some London assistant linen-draper to start a model establishment for themselves. By 1857, the year of Jerrold's death, the Romantic hunchback, pro-

claiming bitter truth from the shelter of his motley, is already wearying of his *rôle*. Punch, drawn in his own pages, starts out a demon all cap-and-bells and fantasy, to end up a staid and hearty old English gentleman. Tired of his wayward and pathetic pranks, he sits down in the arm-chair opposite to John Bull and grows stout. Like John Bull, he will be empirical and sentimental, self-contradictory and violent, prudent, baffling, absurd and amazingly clever. Already he makes us doubt whether the inconsequences we diagnosed just now in his thought were more than a trick to protect a superior wisdom. You never know where to have him or his people. 'Now mind, you know,' says the minute Special Constable to the lowering Chartist giant in the picture. 'If I kill you, it's nothing; but if you kill me, by Jingo, it's murder.' That is far more stunning than any blow from a truncheon.

Formidable that Victorian John Bull assuredly was, and perhaps he elicits not so much affection as the solid respect of those who do not want their toes trodden upon. The fragrance of Mr. Punch's England is due to Mr. Punch's other John. Thackeray, who eyed with such disquiet the fretful quills of Jerrold, had no reserves to make there. 'Fancy,' he cried in his celebrated *Quarterly* article of 1854, 'fancy a number of *Punch* without John Leech's pictures! What would you give for it? The learned gentlemen who write the work must feel that, without him, it were as well left alone.' *Et tu, Brute?* Yes: we believe Thackeray was ready to immolate himself with his friends on so gracious an altar. He speaks of 'John Leech's pictures,'

but Leech's gift to *Punch* was more than the cleverness of his pencil. Here, we feel, is his great difference from Tenniel, who takes service under *Punch* like some Gaulish giant offering his terrible sword to the Empire of Rome. 'Do they suppose there is anything funny about *me*?' he grumbled as he enlisted; he professed no personal opinions, and is reported to have made hardly any suggestions for his own cartoons. If the purpose of caricature is to impose conviction, Tenniel's flail is without equal. The stanchest High Churchman shrinks momentarily before the rude majesty of his Latimer-like 'Dr. Protestant.' Hard-headed is the Primrose Leaguer who does not feel just a quarter of an hour's disturbance after studying Tenniel's 'Dizzy.' Yet all this is the gift of a talent, not of a personality; Leech's work carries with it the whole man. He is all in the drawing and all in the epigraph as well. His dialogues are as incommunicably his own as his figures. Take the one between the two 'Fast Men' in the coffee-house.

"*Punch* is very dummy and slow this week, I think."

"So do I. It's their own fault, too, for I sent 'em some dem'd funny articles, which the humbugs sent me back."

"That's just the way they served me — the great fools!"

How well we come to know that sly hesitation which it were harsh to call a drawl! It lurks behind the polished daintiness of the briefest of Leech's letters. When he acted Master Slender to the Falstaff of Lemon, the Pistol of Cruikshank and the Shallow of Dickens, he

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must surely have been the Slender of Shakespeare's dreams. Who can ever have sighed out 'O sweet Anne Page!' with a juster blend of delicacy, absurdity and melancholy? Just a touch or two of make-up to the sensitive, sad face that gives romance even to Victorian side-whiskers in Millais's drawing and the trick is done! We like to think of Leech in that character; or passing long and elegant on his red pony in the Park – 'Mr. Punch out for a ride on Dog Toby,' they used to say; or leaning, with his friend, over the rails of the Row, to murmur as the Amazons thundered by in their Spanish hats and hair-nets, 'Ah, my Frith, don't you wish you were a Turk, and able to marry all that little lot?'; or strolling innocently among the roses at a garden party with the girls all fluttering round him, and sullen swains muttering in the laurels about punching heads. That last is, perhaps, the most grateful picture of all.

Leech is the doorkeeper to Mr. Punch's England with its bright gusts of confidence and gaiety. We are not over refined, but we do know how to enjoy ourselves in Leechland – like that tough little Richard III, full to the skin and resisting with obstinate triumph the efforts of the Peelers to remove him from the masquerade. The forward impulse of the Great Reform Bill has not yet died out in the middle class. Gaunt spectres from the less favoured of John Bull's 'Two Nations' rise sometimes out of fetid depths to trouble the feast, it is true. But for the most part we are just a little too big for our boots, and John Leech (if the terrible Jerrold is snoozing) is too indulgent an uncle to chasten us. Mr. Briggs knows very well that he has

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no business with that smart hunting cap he is trying on before the mirror, just as the young lady whose cab will go no more on the way home from the ball has no justification for looking so haughtily down even such a nose as hers. You do not say 'H'm – tol-lol! you should have seen her some seasons ago' if you are a properly brought-up child who is asked what he thinks of a little girl at a Christmas party. But how in heaven's name are you to help these things in the age of Progress, the Panopticon and Lord Brougham? Look at the servant-gal! The minx is actually in ringlets! Listen to the dustman: 'Oh! here's a go! Blowed if I ain't lost my diamond ring.' Bless us! What can we possibly be coming to? Bloomerism perhaps, or races in the air?

The Age of Progress! Yet what charms folks of to-day, who live apprehensively in a social fabric strained and cracked by disaster, is the peaceful regularity, for all its transient alarums about the Chartists, the Pope, and the Puseyites, of Mr. Punch's England. Politically it culminates in what Mr. Graves calls 'The Age of Non-Intervention' – golden age! Is it childish to look back to the simple immovable feasts of John Leech's year with regret? Valentines in February, on May-Day Sweeps and Jack-in-the-Green (a little dragged by city contacts like Leech's own spirit), Guy Fawkes in November, then Christmas with its mistletoe, and then the red-hot poker of the Clown. Equally sacred are the seasons of hunting, shooting, and for the mermaids the gleeful *contretemps* of bathing from machines. Every girl has her riding-habit, every man,

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down to the policeman, his top-hat; Jeames glorifies with plush and powder the entrance halls of the great; and we all go to church (though *not* to Ritualistic Mr. Bennett's at Pimlico) every Sunday. This is a good fixed frame-work of existence for those who can afford it, and for the humorist a field such as epochs of disorder cannot provide. Where nothing is incongruous, nothing is laughable.

What was it that went out of *Punch* when the hurdy-gurdy men had at last worried John Leech into his premature grave? Certainly not wit or talent or beauty; most people find the du Maurier goddesses a very satisfying exchange for Leech's merry little fairies. 'Ah, Bishop,' says the rich old lady across the tea-table, in one of du Maurier's contributions, 'what a heavenly sermon that was of yours last Sunday, about worldliness and the vanities of the flesh — it nearly made me cry! And I say, Bishop, how hard it hit you and me.' We look from the legend to the drawing and can only give grim assent. The faces of the dowager and the bishop, cruel in the faithfulness of their crowsfeet and their leer, assure us at a glance that we could never bring ourselves to love these two. As for the dowager's exquisite daughter, listening in the background with such elegant boredom, we should not dream for a moment of such a liberty as loving her. We recognize with a sigh three types from real life.

Leech, on the other hand, who aspired to no such frosty brilliance of execution, was also no satirist in this sense. Complaint was made of him that when he went out, as he not infrequently did, for a frolic with like-

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minded sparks, disguised as a street musician, he 'never could make the fellow look common enough.' He was the same in his art; he trimmed nature to his whim, and had great difficulty in being cruel – even to an organ-grinder. His little 'snobs' have, as a rule, a foretaste of the innocence of Kipps; his political and ecclesiastical villains seldom glower with more real ferocity than nursery Jack-in-the-boxes. You very soon get an affection for them all. Perhaps there is more than Leech's individual temperament in this overflow of jollity and fantasy. He appears sometimes to carry with him into the increasing rigours of Victorian England the last faint tumults of the Regency. Thackeray, who died just before his friend, went in his last years when he was writing the *Roundabout Papers* to look up 'Tom and Jerry' in the British Museum. It was borne in upon him then that since the days of these joyous Corinthians life had turned greyer than his own advancing years would of themselves explain. The real England was growing prim and matter-of-fact at a quicker pace than Mr. Punch's England; John Leech we suspect was clean out of date by the 'sixties.

If we are to sum up the change of spirit which thus stole over the paper, we can do it best by recalling the second meaning of Mr. Punch's own name. In 1874 he is chiefly something to be read in the leather arm-chairs of clubs; in 1841 he is still something to be drunk behind the red curtains of taverns. It was Mark Lemon who said of the paper that 'It was called *Punch* because it was short and sweet. . . . All our ideas connected with punch are happy ones.' Rare are the personages

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in the first two-score volumes of the work who would own to being too delicate or too prudent to share the fiery bowl. Certainly not the jolly foxhunters, or the obese aldermen, or bouncing Mr. Briggs, or the old lady with her gamp in the omnibus, or the omnibus conductor (don't he wish he may get it!). The swells would consume the last drop with stoic distaste; that group of wigged and booted prelates still smarting from the Jerroldian catapult would be gulping it greedily down; the Cardinal might sip it with benignity; and even the 'darlings' will taste and wrinkle their noses. It is a scene of noisiness and naïveté, and Mr. Punch only shows it transformed in a magic mirror. It is the better part of the age that survives in his pages; you get all the fun of the punch-bowl and none of the headache.

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'It was the very dickens of a place,' exclaims Mr. James Bone, the author of *The London Perambulator*, the best of all modern books about our city, as he trots behind the august procession of London Spies and 'Specs.,' Tatlers and Ramblers; trots modestly indeed, but with his tail up, knowing that love and sauciness meet no challenge at Temple Bar. 'It was the very dickens of a place,' he muses, recalling the goblin glance of New Inn in Wych Street the day it was sold in lots from chimney-stack to paving-stone, with its twisted stair-rails and carved fire-places, its chambers crammed with yellowing papers, its echoes and its ghosts. His saying holds not only of that derelict Inn of Court. When Master Humphrey, peering through the glass door of the Old Curiosity Shop, sees 'one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners . . . and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and mistrust,' with

'suits of mail standing like ghosts in armour here and there; fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters; rusty weapons of various kinds; distorted figures in china, and wood, and iron, and ivory; tapestry, and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams.'

we divine the allegory. He is gazing through a magic glass upon London itself. Truly, the very Dickens of a place.

It would be curious to inquire when and how it came to be so. For that, one would need to trace carefully the growth of the giant and to hunt perseveringly for the first glimmer of romantic sensibility towards it. Like most London quests, it would probably turn out an endless winding. But if we take the city of Rocque's map in mid-eighteenth century, the city that had been swept by the Great Fire and garnished by Sir Christopher, bright, compact and classical in its girdle of smiling villages from Hampstead to Newington and from Knightsbridge to Stepney, we feel that London is not yet the grandiose and formless mystery that mingled with the opium dreams of the romantics. Just as surely, when Don Juan's postchaise jingles to the top of Shooter's Hill, and he espies below him —

'A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
 In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
 Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tip-toe through their seacoal canopy;
 A huge, dun cupola like a foolscap crown
 On a fool's head — and there is London Town!'

we know that the London of Quilp and Scrooge, of Krook and Jeremiah Flintwinch, of Gaffer Hexam and Abel Magwitch, is already here. This is the London that lurks and grimaces in a smoky shroud beneath the

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great black bubble blown by sardonic genii through the stems of its towering chimneys; the London in which the Zemganno brothers peep up apprehensively at the pallid dial of Big Ben, half expecting to see a clown's face ogling them from the stars above the river; and in which M. Daudet lingers bewitched amid the rose and copper sunsets of the Strand, awaiting against the evidence of his reason the 'odd, light step' of Mr. Hyde on the pavement or the tremulous patter of Little Nell's worn sandals. What are the sources of these enchantments?

Allow for the curtains of river-mist and of smoke. Allow for the fretful caprices of our sun, evoking but to banish again in stormy weather the frail and delicious wraiths of stucco terraces. Too late men of taste are lamenting the senseless prejudice that is stripping London of the face most congenial to its climate. But stucco, when all is said, is not London's heart. Mr. Bone seeks further for the spell and finds it. It is the mingled play of wind and rain and soot on Portland stone.

'When a young man comes to settle in London it seems a strange, uncanny place, and Wren's great cathedral and churches, and the long front of Chambers's Somerset House, and the many great buildings, excite him much and perplex him a little. It is usually after many years that he comes to understand why London looks so dramatic, or – shall one say? – "theatrical." He is aware of something against which his reason is fighting. It is the weathering of Portland

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stone; the appearance of great shadows where there can be no shadows, throwing blackness up and down, and wreathing towers with girdles of black, and cutting strange shapes on flat surfaces. Mystery hovers over the city, everything is slightly falsified, almost sinister; "fair is foul and foul is fair"; there is magic about.'

Congruous with these elusive tricks of its surface is the impish 'accidentalness' of London's assemblage; for neither king nor architect nor ædile has yet been able to straighten it out along the lines that a capital should follow. It is – as the housekeeper's boy from Bladesover saw – a haphazard collection of privacies. The enclosed and reticent mansions of the nobility set the tone, and the great squares they built still bear the stamp of 'the estate.' The serried castles of the burgesses meanwhile relied on their area-moats, their glass-strewn walls and glum door-knockers to guard their seclusion; while rascality found sure asylum in its rookeries by Seven Dials or Drury-lane or Holborn, regions where only the foolhardy pedestrian dared step a score of paces aside from the gas-lit main thoroughfares. We look back to a time when just beyond your doorstep a perilous no-man's land began. In this wild country Squeers hunts Smike down the vista of lamp-posts as if through the glades of an African forest; the Woman in White haunts the solitary traveller from the dells of Hampstead to the turnpike of Avenue Road, and the 'New Police,' deprecatingly clad in the tall-hat of private citizenship, tread warily like patrols of exploration. As late as 1867 Sala declared that he

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'would much rather stroll along the Via Appia than Haverstock Hill after 10 p.m.' for fear of the griping fingers that might come upon him among the 'trim villa residences.'

Very difficult and against the grain does London find it to establish a public life. The men devised clubs, and they turned out suspiciously like the detached library wing of a big private house. The women sanctioned Almack's Assembly Rooms, but it soon became evident that the joint drawing-room of all the duchesses was more frostily inaccessible than any of their private ones. A writer who saw much of the rowdy night-life of London in the 'sixties has put it on record that one of the principal charms of Evans's Supper Rooms, the unobtrusive ancestors of the music-hall and the variety palace, was their air of domestic hospitality — 'all the reckoning was one's own as one imparted it on leaving to the most courteous of butlers at the door.' London finds it hard to love a house that contains no one's particular hearth, or a street that is not a tantalizing row of homes. Thackeray is as insatiable as Dickens in his desire to peep through all the window curtains on his walks for stolen glimpses of the family circle. This is why great feats of town-planning are left to the applause of architects. Who would choose the Victoria Embankment, that monotonous desert of cast iron and granite, unaccountably lacking among its grim effigies a Thomas Gradgrind in bronze, if he might, as before 1870, steal down in the red dusk to the shadowed bosom of London river through the catacombs of the Adelphi, or by Hungerford stairs to the little rotting

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wharves? Who, in face of the aggrandized façade of the present-day Royal palace with its huge emblematic basin, will not ask to be given back the old Mall with its trees and the Sovereign plainly at home in Buckingham House? Only one man has been forgiven for putting London in a pattern: Nash, stamped by his unpretending brightness the genius of residenti-ality.

It has accordingly been no one's concern to check the encroachment of poverty on magnificence, to provide an 'approach' for St. Paul's and the other great monuments, or to secure the architectural riches of the City from burial in dank courtyards. The Londoner does not care to hang his pictures on the outside of his house; in a mixture of bashfulness and irony, he is waiting to see if you will find things out for yourself. So Mr. Burford and Mr. Harvey have been able to gather a whole portfolio of ravishing trifles from remote or unexpected folds and corners of the tumbled city – plucking one lovely carved doorway from a shop in Tower Street and one from a house on Ham Common, wrenching a wrought-iron gate from Stepney Green, a gable from Eltham, a wreathed tombstone from the graveyard of St. Margaret's, Lee, and from the wall of St. John of Wapping's Charity School – truer symbol of London-a-dreams than Gog and Magog in Guildhall – the wistful Boy and Girl who stand there in their niches side by side. These collectors decided to 'exclude ecclesiastical buildings' from their spoils; but they, no doubt, relish such paradoxes as the urbane and aristocratic tranquillity of St. George's in the East, still

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waiting amid the squalor of Ratcliff Highway for the return of the bagwigs and the panniers. Whence could the gargoyles of the Dickensian drama have come, whence the humpbacks, dwarfs, cripples, simpletons and other oddities, but out of this patched-up, unhygienic ruin?

External meanness, secret splendour – it is, after all, the essence of the fairy-tale. Cinderella's godmother came begging in rags to the kitchen-door and asked for a pumpkin and mice. Ali Baba's cave opens to a plain marketing order, if only you can remember it. Poor Don Juan from foreign parts could only make a mouth when they drove him past Mount Pleasant and Paradise Row; therefore, he may be sure, we are too proud to show him Shepherdess Walk or Canton Street or Jamaica Road, or the Elephant and Castle or the Golden Cross or the Angel. No way to explain to him the glory of the padlocked chest, the dusty bale, the nailed-up crate, the coloured shred of a label, the odorous mouth of a rifled jar from the Indies – all the lumber that lies about the floor of the Old Curiosity Shop, lacking only the word or the wand for transformation. It might at any moment befall us as it did the kindly pedant from Berlin, Pastor Moritz, who, visiting London in 1782, was advised to pay half a crown at a dingy portal near the river, and after stumbling dolefully to and fro awhile in an ill-lit shrubbery, tried a door in a wall and fell right into the brilliancy of the great Ranelagh Rotunda. Spell-bound by the thousand and one lamps, the painted boxes, the bursts of song and organ music, the four black pillars from

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Aladdin's Palace soaring in the middle, the richness of the dresses and the beauty of the English faces, by the whole august pageant – 'all so orderly and still,' another witness says, 'that you could hear the whistling sound of the ladies' trains as the immense assembly walked round and round the room' – the Pastor confessed: 'I felt pretty nearly the same sensations that I remember to have felt, when, in early youth, I first read the Fairy Tales.'

If not the fairies, at any rate the ghosts walk here at high noon. The Perambulator, after jottings and calculations in his note-book, reckons that 'if you search for it, you can find, worn as a regular costume, not as fancy dress, some costume of nearly every period from the reign of Henry VII to that of Queen Victoria.' The Blue Coat boy has now become as rare as a precious moth, but others who seemed lost have proved *revenants*. Only the other day when the Guards paraded in their bearskins and grey overcoats upon the snow for the Queen Mother's funeral we went back, it was noticed, to Inkerman and the Sebastopol trenches. No Londoner can tell what to-morrow's prestidigitation may be. Meanwhile, since we are a city of shopkeepers, Mr. Bone is wise in bending over counters, peeping on tiptoe at top-shelves, and craning his neck to read the signs on the lintels. How many tokens he finds in shops of a life suspended, and waiting like the cooks and turnspits, the major-domos and flunkeys of Sleeping Beauty's Court to be about its work again. In the Royal Opera Arcade the hair-dresser's wax head that looked ominously at Mr. Spec. when he began on

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commission from Mr. Punch his *Travels in London*, still shows those whom it may concern how to train their 'weepers.' When the clock strikes the hour that unseals those faded lips they will probably tell us (at last!) which turning to take for the Royal Opera. Yesterday there was a shop in the Strand where Nelson's hat that he left for the repair of a clasp was still waiting for him, and another that purveyed sauces to 'H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.' (In 1905, it appears, they consented to make the sign read 'Purveyor to H. *late* R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester'; then, tired of saucy fellows like the Perambulator, went away to another part of the town.) And there was, too, that moonlit grot in Buszard's back-shop, where the slim ghosts of all the Victorian heroines' bride-cakes unfolded their glimmering petals like sugar *Sylphides*. For our own part we do not despair, considering how much of London there is that no one can yet have seen, of finding some time, in the street between Old St. Paul's and the echo of Westminster Bridge, that 'dim shop, low in the roof and smelling strong of glue and footlights,' where Stevenson stood 'in quaking treaty with great Skelt himself, the aboriginal, all dusty from the tomb,' and came out every pocket bulging with dreams.

One at least of these we must try to catch before it dissolves. It is the most persistent and paradoxical of all the mirages spun by our elusive city. The rurality of London! It envelops us all at some time or place — perhaps under the languishing trees of an egregious country churchyard in the middle of town, perhaps

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before the curve of Islington High Street, perhaps at the corner of one of the Chelsea bridges, on a day of light mists when the sun glints on trees and water no less solitary than an upper-Thames reach. Boz began his sketches of the metropolis with the words 'Our Parish,' and even his was not the most rustic London. What a festival of Flora had Rainy Day Smith seen in his round-eyed boyhood!

'The gaiety during the merry month of May was to me most delightful; my feet, though I knew nothing of the positions, kept pace with those of the blooming milkmaids, who danced round their garlands of massive plate, hired from the silversmiths to the amount of several hundreds of pounds, for the purpose of placing round an obelisk, covered with silk fixed upon a chairman's horse. . . . This obelisk was carried by two chairmen in gold-laced hats, six or more handsome milkmaids in pink and blue gowns, drawn through the pocket-holes, for they had one on either side: yellow or scarlet petticoats, neatly quilted, high-heeled shoes, mobcaps, with lappets of lace resting on their shoulders; nosebags in their bosoms, and flat Woffington hats, covered with ribbons of every colour. But what crowned the whole of the display was a magnificent silver tea-urn which surmounted the obelisk, the stand of which was profusely decorated with scarlet tulips.'

It is a fall from that to the draggled May Queen with mournful eyes and the sullen clown with shoulders hunched against the sleet, who bear their tottering Jack-in-the-Green along the muddy kennel in the

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Cruikshank plate to 'Boz.' But still in the 'fifties, when business men jogged into the City on horseback, as if hacking across the downs to market, the watercress girls, the lavender sellers, the rushbearing chair-menders, brought scents from the hedgerows and brooks up the long London streets (they are not all gone yet), and cows are seen tied to the posts of St. James's Park in the drawings to Sala's *Twice Round the Clock*.

Such a book as Mr. Beresford Chancellor's *Pleasure Haunts of London During Four Centuries* leads one to believe that almost all the old London amusements were meant to console the home-sickness of an essentially rural people for the countryside. Even raffish Cremorne lived on its avenues of fine trees and summer-houses by the water. Sham 'spas' and 'wells' were invented as a sheer excuse for picnicking – and how zephyr-like, with curls dancing out of their scuttle-bonnets, the little City misses pursue one another through the tea-gardens in Cruikshank's other 'Boz' plate called *London Recreations*. After the chapter on the fairs – Bartholomew's, Southwark, the May Fair – we seem to watch the enlargement and scattering all over London's area of their simple frolics. There is Richardson's Show, festooned in tallow lamps, where the spangled Columbines and Roman warriors pace up and down outside to the blare of the beefeaters' band, and where 'you have a melodrama (with three murders and a ghost), a pantomime, a comic song, an overture, and some incidental music, all done in five and twenty minutes.' Multiply this booth on the

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farther and hither side of the bridges, and you get your 'minors,' the 'Lesser Theatres' pressing riotously round the solemn deathbed of 'the legitimate' at Drury-lane and Covent Garden. Lo! the waxwork has expanded into Madame Tussaud's eerie palace of illusion, and the menagerie assumed learned dignity in the Regent's Park. It is a step from the humble peep-show to the dioramas, panoramas, poluphusikon and Great Globe of Leicester-square, and only a stride – using for a stepping-stone Don Saltero's Coffee House collection in Cheyne-row with its hodge-podge of scientific specimens and nonsensical sham relics – to the stateliest of Victorian or Albertine museums. The ring of the pugilists must ever seem to be cut from the turf of the village green; the cockpit to be a corner of the barnyard. And in the last analysis the old English circus, with its scarlet-coated grooms and grinning clowns, its jockeys in tops and habited Dianas taking their five-barred gates, is an extract mixed from the foxhunt and the racecourse.

If these naïve and seemingly trivial entertainments appealed to no smothered instincts, no buried ancestral memories in the townsfolk, we should be baffled by the inexplicable charm that Astley's and the jovial Grimaldi pantomimes and the transpontine melodramas exercised on the great London writers of their day. We can believe, too, that in these rude, bucolic shows the romantic genius of the nation would flame forth. Ducrow, the equestrian, was likely a prodigious mime; and we still read with a faint tingling of the flesh Fitzball's account of the spirit scene in *The White Maiden*

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of California, when 'the Indians, clad perfectly in white, mounted on their war-steeds, cream-coloured every one, rose on traps, the horses as collected and still as the statue at Charing Cross.' The thirst for wonders is not to be quenched in 'our village'; it was we who made the Italian pantomime into a nursery tale, and dowered Harlequin with his wand and his invisibility.

We could almost believe at moments that we hear the tap-tap of the mischievous fellow's bat all over town. Doesn't he take a hand with the twisting river in 'those curious topographical illusions' that confound the Perambulator, 'by which St. Paul's and the Abbey seem constantly to be appearing and re-appearing in the wrong places'? Doesn't he give the signal, just as in the pantomime, for the monuments to upheave themselves and walk away? Temple Bar, insulted once too often, went off in a huff to Cheshunt and has been deaf to all entreaties to come home and be forgiven; and the pillar of the Seven Dials has strayed as far as Weybridge. Crosby Hall admires the sunsets and the fuming Four Sisters at Chelsea; the giants of St. Dunstan's have borne their huge clock, sweating, to a sylvan retirement in Regent's Park; and you even find bits of old London settled by the seaside at Swanage. Listening to the daily crash and rumble of demolitions, the gloomy predictions of architects and the threats of councillors, we prefer to detect behind it all just one more prank of our sprite, who never lets London really down. It is at least a more cheerful view than Mr. Bone's in his last chapter, with its hint, in the title 'Gone!', that the proprietors are selling up at last the

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Old Curiosity Shop. That will not happen. If they ever attempt it we shall see strange sights. One may be the spectacle of Mr. Bone's 'mighty fleet of Wren, with their topgallants and mainsails of stone,' led by St. Paul's, their admiral, its huge sail bellying to the wind, weighing anchor for the place from whence they came, going back to Portland and the sea.

TO-MORROW'S THEATRE

'THIS, after all, is the common-sense of the matter.' So an un-biased reader might pronounce on Mr. Granville-Barker's work *The Exemplary Theatre*. Such a one, however, even as he frames his verdict, will be conscious that the thesis which seems to him now so obvious, the need for national recognition of the theatre as a branch of public education, is a thesis from many quarters loudly denied. How is this paradox to be accounted for?

'I sound old-fashioned, but I'm a weary bureaucrat myself and not over in love, it may surprise you to hear, with indefinite increase of bureaucracy. It takes many generations to train competent officials, you know. Heaven knows that so far we haven't enough to go round. What's wrong with the dear old discredited law of supply and demand to regulate the theatre by? Can't even you put up with it for a bit?'

Thus the Minister of Education in Mr. Granville-Barker's introductory Dialogue, giving voice to the thoughts of many when State dramatic enterprise is mentioned. Beyond doubt this is a bad moment to speak of an increase of public burdens; yet though we must cut our coat according to our cloth, we need not give up hope of one day having more cloth to spare. Nor should the question be allowed to pass as one more aspect of the broil between Socialism and its critics. A

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national theatre cannot be built on the convictions of a party. We must not base it on the ground of any economic theory, but explicitly on the ground that it transcends bare economic considerations. It has not to do with the question whether mines, or factories, or shipping should be collectively owned. Let the whole economic realm be surrendered to the law of private supply and demand; there will yet remain a realm of spiritual values in which it is sometimes necessary to create a demand. The Minister of Education himself exists to supply the defects of supply and demand. For the theatre to-day: —

‘It is [says its champion] under the control of business men who are not concerned — why should they be? — with its social functions. They are only indirectly interested in its artistic development. But they are very particularly concerned that what I have called its mob appeal should remain. All’s fish that comes to their net with a piece of silver slipped in the gills, and the bigger the catch the better. What other standard of success then should we expect them to recognize than the power to attract the greatest possible crowd in the shortest possible time?’

It is hard to deny that this is a true picture on the whole of our stage to-day, now that the baronial epoch — as we may call it — of the great actor-managers, each with his artistic individuality, has passed away. And could the bungling of bureaucrats, the notorious obstructiveness of officials, make a worse job of it? (Be it said in parenthesis that the perils of this obstructiveness

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can easily be exaggerated. Conservatism in the directorate might lessen the usefulness of a national theatre, but need not inhibit its primary function of keeping the classics alive. Nor are national theatres so reactionary as they are often painted. Even the Théâtre Français, by the production of *Hernani* and *Henriette Maréchal*, gave its stage to be the battlefield of the Romantic and Naturalist insurrections.) Historically, the case against the unsupported theatre is clear. The drama of Greece was sustained by the religious authority of the pagan State. The theatre emerged from the Dark Ages 'by clinging,' in Mr. Granville-Barker's words, 'to the skirts of the Church and the Guilds.' Even the Elizabethan players were 'servants' of the Crown or the nobility. A national theatre in the proper sense must be a State theatre, but the State need not be the sole patron of the public drama. Churches might own theatres; so might universities. Guilds, unions, associations, and private patrons may aid in striking off the fetters of profit-making. Together they may cleanse the theatre from commerce and give it its proper *rôle* of social service.

Here a second group of critics joins the opposition. This, they protest, is taking the theatre too seriously. As an artistic recreation it is — better perhaps say it might be — a refining influence, but the man of the playhouse must not exchange his hobby-horse for the high-horse. To these objectors the present state of things must, one would think, be more disquieting on its civic side than it is to anyone else. For the public shows a quite unbalanced absorption in the theatre. The number of playhouses grows and with them the

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diversity of the entertainment they offer. Colossal variety palaces contrive to be filled daily during the working hours of the community as well as in the evening. What is lost to the living theatre is drained off by its enigmatic step-sister the moving picture drama, whose artistic future no prophet can forecast, and this new invention has enormously increased the grand total of playgoers. A mass of periodicals exists solely to deal with stage and cinematographic matters by illustration and letterpress. The idols of the theatre fill the streets with queues, and the idols of the screen, when they appear in flesh and blood, upset the traffic arrangements of great cities. The ever-deepening influence of the stage on dress, house decoration, behaviour and ideals of conduct need hardly be emphasized. Concurrently with an increased itch among leaders of the fashion world to set foot occasionally on the professional stage or face the cinematographic camera there is a remarkable widening of the scope of amateur acting. The dingy private theatres where in the days of Boz young donkeys paid for the privilege of murdering *Macbeth* and *Richard III*, long ago gave place to those well-organized dramatic societies which were content with nothing less than complete replicas of professional productions. To-day the amateur, wisely realizing that it is not his rôle to compete with the professional on his own ground, is seeking paths of originality, as by the revival of neglected classics, and in multiplied numbers is finding fresh worlds to conquer. Parish churches are reviving the religious drama, local pageantry is not exhausted by the end of

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its more pompous phase, village drama is struggling into being, school plays are no longer a mere excuse to show off. With all this zeal expended, is it possible any longer to treat the art of the theatre as a negligible social interest? If the greater part of this energy is badly directed, or even dangerously perverted, it cannot surely be matter for a shrug.

'I don't think the theatre does rank with the fine arts — no. The drama . . .': the Minister of Education was bound when cornered to put up the barrage of that distinction. It is the old, undying quarrel between the literary man and the actor. We will not enter into the debate about which came first, the hen or the egg, the playwright or the player; it is enough that they are inseparable. They cannot exist apart, though they may be united in one person, as when the dramatist acts his own hero, or the players make their drama as they go along, like Harlequin and Brighella in the *Commedia dell' arte*. But Harlequin and Brighella have still, unluckily, to face a certain prejudice against their calling. The stigma dates from the infamies of the *pantomimi* and gladiators of the Empire, and thence tinged the consciousness of a Christian civilization. It produced the vagabond and excommunicate status of the player, and with the growth of rationalism this settled into the conviction (which Mr. Belloc reminds us still troubled even the French Revolutionaries) that the habitual assumption of diverse characters is destructive of the character of the assumer: 'Well, Tom,' asks Dr. Johnson sourly of the player, 'and what art thou to-night?'

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Mr. Granville-Barker sees that the cause of this prejudice is the severance of drama from its broad basis in the natural expressive and interpretative activities of man. 'Children,' he contends, 'begin to act as soon as they are free of their cradles; their kicking and gurgling within them may well have a dramatic intention.' What are all their ensuing games of make-believe but an attempt to understand the world by appropriating and 'trying on' its characters? By trial and error, selection and rejection, the conscious self is built up, and in this very discrimination lo! the world that is not one's self is defined and realized. It is relatively a small thing that the technique of acting teaches the arts of external self-expression, as movement, behaviour, propriety of diction. If these things might with advantage be learned by all the community, they are but the shell of dramatic education. The essence of drama is interpretation; it is truly getting into the skin of our fellows, to know them better, and by reflection gain more knowledge of ourselves. As training in psychology might it not then be at least a useful adjunct to the scientific text-book and the laboratory experiment?

So far it has been a question of the benefits to be gained by the individual from dramatic training, but Mr. Granville-Barker, whose whole mind is civic in inspiration, is not caring overmuch about the individual. His conviction is that the art of the drama 'is anti-egotist to the last degree.' If dramatic training means no more than a heightened power of self-expression, self-realization, self-perception, it would to the adoles-

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cent be something near a curse, since it might merely 'cultivate a brutality of egotism, emotional and spiritual.' Far from that —

'Dramatic art, fully developed in the form of the acted play, is the working out — in terms of make-believe, no doubt, and patchily, biasedly, with much over-emphasis and suppression, but still in the veritable human medium — not of the self-realization of the individual, but of society itself. A play is a pictured struggle and reconciliation of human wills and ideas; internecine with destiny or with circumstance. . . . And it is generally in the development of character, by clash and by mutual adjustment, that the determinant to the struggle is found. What livelier microcosm of human society, therefore, can there be than an acted play?'

Grant these theoretic postulates and the logic of Mr. Granville-Barker's practical programme is clear. We see why the great buildings he plans (alas! in the clouds) for the home of the 'exemplary theatre' are not primarily playhouses (though they will contain playhouses), but primarily schools. We see why the work done in these schools is not presented chiefly under the aspect of actors rehearsing on a stage, but under the aspect of students gathered at a round table. We are to substitute for the idea of acting as mimicry and emotional facility the idea of acting as understanding and interpretation. Of course the mechanism of expression ('the tricks of the trade,' if you will), all that control of voice, feature, and limb needed to give outward form to the inner idea, must be learned by those

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who are ultimately to be its 'actors' in the strict sense; but it is to come last, not first, and it is but a fraction of the total labour needed for the making of a play. There must be few people at all actively interested in the theatre who have not at some time visited a store-house of stage accessories, and felt a wave of sickliness at the world of shams in which they found themselves. The sight of all these masks, false noses, false beards and tresses, false complexions, pasteboard armour, glass jewels, and counterfeit coins gives a yearning to lay hold of something that is not hollow. Yet the unreality of a picture gallery or a shelf of novels rarely produces an analogous disgust. What is wrong is the presence of 'shoddy,' and the essence of 'shoddy' is not perishableness or imitativeness, but want of conscience. It is an article which has cost no spiritual effort in the fabrication. Not only a costume, a scene, but a piece of acting or a play can be shoddy, and 'shoddy has no place in the theatre.' The cure comes simply by taking thought — 'Study more, perform less,' is the maxim — by seeing that your drama is assimilated inwardly with every faculty by all concerned in it before it is expressed outwardly by those who carry the physical burden of it.

There would be in such a school as Mr. Granville-Barker dreams of the collaboration of every student who could contribute to the elucidation and comprehension of the play that is being prepared, intellectual and artistic contributions to be made by many who will, perhaps, never confront an audience themselves. Seeing how wide is the range of study and scholarship that

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can be made to subserve dramatic art (for the single end must be kept in view through all enrichment of the means), it is plain that the ideal school of drama has room for a wide stream of scholars besides those who will graduate as proper actors. The school will have room for those who seek from it just the measure of dramatic ability which can aid them in such professions as the Church, the Bar, politics, and pedagogy. It will be a place for testing the vocations of the 'stage-struck,' whom, if it dismisses, it need not send away empty-handed; by the influence it will diffuse through its wide membership it will aid in forming that intelligent audience which is to displace the 'mob' audiences of Mr. Granville-Barker's present displeasure; it may even go farther and make the critics teachable. 'I once met a man,' says Mr. Granville-Barker, with charming malice, 'who had been studying drama [in America, where they are beginning to organize university courses in it] solely as a preliminary to becoming a dramatic critic. He said he thought it a reasonable thing to do!' Very good; but when critics are blamed for knowing 'little or nothing of acting as an art' we must enter a warning. If by critic is meant a writer of articles about plays, his business is with results, not machinery. His criticism ought not to be the kind of technical comment which the producer of a play offers his company when the curtain falls, nor should it resemble those analyses of prize-fights round by round which boxing experts write for boxing practitioners. The critic's task is interpretation just as much as the playmaker's. What he hopes to produce is art about art; blame him,

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when he deserves it, for insensibility or poverty of ideas and culture, but do not ask him to talk technique. For that the school might keep its own critics.

Mr. Granville-Barker's exemplary theatre, we understand, is a structure which can be internally adapted to provide four kinds of staging – the 'picture stage' of modern realistic drama, an Elizabethan stage, a setting for medieval Mysteries, and an equivalent of a Greek theatre. 'The architectural problem,' he remarks, 'is not an easy one, but it can be solved.' We wonder whether it need be faced at all. There seems no call on the national theatre to concern itself much with Greek plays; schools may fitly do Greek plays in Greek, but there is slight artistic value in the acting of translations. Even more doubtful seem the prospects of medieval drama on the modern stage. In spite of the curious case of *Everyman*, the revival of the old Mysteries, as distinct from the modern treatment of sacred themes, is not likely, we fancy, to be often demanded. Our exemplary theatre then need only trouble itself with the picture and Elizabethan stages, and we believe that, in spite of current ideas, these two can very easily be made one.

It is an error to suppose that Shakespeare's plays demand a particular shape of stage in the sense that the Greek and medieval dramas do. The work of Æschylus or Aristophanes is adapted to the Athenian theatre as closely as the rites of a Latin or Byzantine Mass are adapted to the structure of the churches where they are celebrated. The Mystery plays also presuppose a special setting, though it is not always

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easy to say exactly of what kind. But a play written for the Elizabethan theatre is really a play that can do without a theatre at all. Of Shakespearian drama more than of any other kind it is true that 'the best basis for any production is a bare stage' — a stage, we may add, of any kind. A great deal of learned controversy is possible over the exact features of the perfected Elizabethan playhouse, but what is hardly a matter of controversy is that it represents nothing but a rudely adapted courtyard or cockpit. It may find means to present a rampart, a balcony, a tent, or a bedchamber, but ultimately all that Shakespeare asks is a clear space on which his actors may speak and move. Why then is a modern picture stage inadequate?

The reason is accidental. From the days, roughly speaking, of Charles Kean's Shakespeare revivals at the Princess's Theatre in the 'fifties of last century, though no doubt the first moves were made as long ago as the Restoration, it has been the fashion to load the stage with piles of heavy scenery, the changing of which wastes so much time that the play must needs be mangled and curtailed. Simplify the scenery so as to dispense with intervals and the incompatibility between the picture stage and the Elizabethan play disappears — for we cannot think that the 'apron' or jutting forth of the stage into the midst of the spectators has any particular value. Unhappily, where the need of abolishing the old heavy realistic scenery has been perceived there has usually been a tendency to resort to conventionalized scenic decoration, and this, also, is a fault. Shakespeare's conception of the drama is

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obviously realistic and not, like that of the Greeks, conventional. There is proof enough of this in the duels, killings, suicides and mutilations, which are all shown directly to the spectator and not conveyed to him in the narrative of messengers. Only the limited resources of his theatres put a check on the realistic effects which the poet demanded. Enobarbus paints Cleopatra's barge in words because there was no scenery to bring it before the eyes of the onlookers. The right reform, then, in Shakespeare presentation is the removal of the solecisms of the older realistic mounting — those flower-beds springing from the boards, those glimpses through real window-frames of motionless canvas rivers. Realistic suggestion is possible with the utmost simplicity of resource. We do not desire to see stuffed birds on wires in the 'temple-haunting martlet' scene of Macbeth, but there are colour-washes and effects of light that can almost bathe the audience in the atmosphere of that Scottish mountain-keep. Mr. Granville-Barker's notable production of *The Dynasts* gave several opportunities for judging the value of conventional against realistic scenery. There was a scene representing Villeneuve on his flagship which aggressively forced its irrelevant background of yellow curtains upon the spectator, and there was a night scene on a hilltop by a beacon which seemed to spread before our eyes the whole moonlit countryside which it yet did not strive to depict.

Of course, the problem of reforming our Shakespearean performances (the chief problem of all for a national theatre) is not merely a scenic problem. There

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is a whole tradition of conceiving and acting Shakespeare's people to be set aside. Mr. Granville-Barker inquires into the origin of this statuesque tradition, which he dates from the eighteenth century. He speaks of the imperfect stage lighting which would tempt the actors to stay posed 'in the focus.' But he comes nearer the mark when he speaks of the influence of 'the French theatre.' It was their overshadowing by French classical tragedy that destroyed such native traditions of Shakespeare interpretation as the Commonwealth had left. Roger Boyle (Lord Orrery) has left on record how in his playwriting after the Restoration he adopted 'French manners, because I heard the King declare himself more in favour of their way of writing than ours'; and Professor Eccles's Tylorian Lecture on 'Racine in England' shows how wide were the ravages of an influence uncongenial to our native genius. The French models to which we owe *The Distrest Mother* and *Cato* and *Irene* reacted upon the interpretation of Shakespeare, restraining his romantic wilfulness within the bounds of classic type and convention. Mr. Granville-Barker groans, as many have done, over the 'bass Claudius and contralto Gertrude' of the traditional *Hamlet*, those 'brass-bound effigies, a ton-weight on our chests.' Exactly: they are the *Sire* and *Madame* of the classical stage, and ought logically to appear in flowing periwigs. The individuals that Shakespeare drew lie buried as a Gothic arch in the smoothness of a stucco wall. The first concern of the exemplary theatre will be not to play Shakespeare, but to rediscover him.

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THE European theatre of the latter half of the nineteenth century was predominantly realistic, in the broad sense that, even when it dealt with worlds of romance and fantasy, it sought to create the illusion that the persons, places and events of some story were actually shown to the spectator. It represented things not directly presented, and imitated what was really absent. Wagner's stage-directions are as good an example as can be chosen of this method, just because of the exorbitant sweep of their demands. Enchanted gardens, rainbow bridges and cloud-castles; giants, naiads, and even fiery dragons must all (by elaborations of illusive mechanism) appear in simulacrum on the stage. Just as heresies and revolutions spring from loyal attempts at reform in Church and State, so the first breach with Realism came of the effort to make Realism more consistent. We were no longer to look through a window-frame that might have been brought from a real house into a garden of paper flowers and painted perspectives. Steps had also to be taken to reduce the intolerable waits while the stage was piled with canvas and carpentry. There was a simplification, a preference of suggestion to display, and a remarkable improvement in machinery, such as revolving and sinking stages. Mr. Kenneth MacGowan in his *Continental Stagecraft* maintains that we have reached 'The

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'Twilight of the Machines'; but he pays tribute to their ingenuity, especially in Germany.

The fact is that the twilight of the machines has been hastened by the dawn of electricity. Electricity as mere illuminant is old enough; but with the publication of Adolphe Appia's book on Wagner in 1893 the possibility of light and shade, of light as the source of animation and variety, of light, in short, as an actor determining mood and atmosphere, began to receive a more sustained attention. Skies of painted canvas gave place to the Fortuny firmament, a silken canopy filled with reflected and diffused light. Soon Omar's 'inverted bowl' was represented by a fixed plaster dome, upon which all the varied tints of the heavens can be simulated. The Schwabe-Hasait lighting system has a cloud-machine whereby photographs and drawings of clouds can be projected upon a sky-ground made of a canvas cyclorama. The original realistic function of light (how seldom regarded!) was to supply the equivalent of that degree of sun or moon or lamp or candle light that would in reality have illuminated from particular angles the scene represented. But more and more now light is used as its own justification, for the appeal it makes to the eye and to the feelings. At the same time the backgrounds upon which it falls are being progressively simplified, from the realization that you cannot faithfully 'represent' the contours of a landscape by a painted cloth, or a rocky cavern by lumps of *papier mâché*. Stage setting comes to be valued for its 'form' ('significant form' is Mr. MacGowan's question-begging phrase), not for its capacity to repre-

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sent any place outside the theatre. Scenically Realism recoils before Expressionism.

By logic such an evolution calls for a change in ideals of acting. For a considerable time there has prevailed what may be called the Protean ideal. An actor has been respected in proportion to his ability to sink his personality in assumed characters. The wider and more contrasted the range of his impersonations the greater the admiration he elicits. His own flexibility of imagination and physical resource must be his chief equipment, but he draws aid, too, from the artifices of wig-making, grease-paints and putty for moulding new features. But there are limits to man's power to steal the arts of Proteus; moreover, physique and temperament not only set bounds, but confer power if respected. Players like Duse, Bernhardt or Giovanni Grasso

'use their own mask frankly for every part, achieving impersonation and emotion by their use of feature and voice as instruments. . . . There is magic in the soul of such players, not in their make-up boxes. They create their impersonations before your eyes, not in their dressing-rooms.'

The actor's own personality is, in fact, beginning to dominate the personality he is supposed to represent. Mr. MacGowan maintains that this degree, at any rate, of expressionism has deep roots in theatrical tradition. The great actors of the classical and early romantic schools (many of whom played Shakespeare in their own clothes) took little pains to conceal that they were Garrick or Kemble, Kean or Forrest. We might,

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indeed, carry the argument a step further and inquire whether the rhetorical drama is not itself to a good extent expressionistic, say in Racine:—

‘His dramas [Mr. Lytton Strachey has lately reminded us] must be read as one looks at an airy, delicate statue, supported by artificial props, whose only importance lies in the fact that without them the statue itself would break in pieces and fall to the ground. . . . We come to realize [of his formal scene] that if it is nothing else, it is at least the meeting-ground of great passions, the invisible framework for one of those noble conflicts which “make one little room an everywhere.”’

Earlier still, Mr. MacGowan contends ‘Roscius was Roscius, Molière was Molière; even the Baconians cannot deny that Shakespeare was Shakespeare when he appeared as Old Adam.’ And this, it is suggested, is still only a half-way house; the actor has now to be told that ‘he is far too near life and its accidents to spend his time imitating them.’ Let players be frankly themselves. ‘They cannot try to represent actual people; they can only present themselves to the audience as artists who will give them a vision of reality.’ Examples of this the stage, no doubt, already shows; the great dancers (outside *ballets d’action*) are expressionists; so are the famous music-hall comedians, who have fought their way to recognition, in spite of the wretchedness of their repertoire, just because expressionism is bound to conquer. Now, it is suggested, we may stand on the verge of an immense growth of ‘presentational’ acting.

If so, what, we may ask, will be acted? A vision of

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the stage and the players of the future it is not hard to attain; what of the play? Mr. MacGowan's pages cannot fail to suggest that the extreme expressionist drama is practically sterile. In truth it must be so; and perhaps the best way of showing why will be to examine what happens when advanced expressionist stagecraft is applied to a great drama of the past.

One of the German productions which is described and illustrated most fully in this volume is the *Richard III*, produced by Leopold Jessner, of the Berlin State Theatre. The basis of this production is provided by the famous *Jessnertreppen*, the stage of steps which the Prussian director, we are told, uses in almost all his productions. At the prologue-like opening soliloquy Gloucester appears at the foot of them, a black figure, showing a pale mask-like face against a black curtain. When he comes to the line:

“‘That I may see my shadow as I pass’”

the lights grow dim to display his humped shadow on the wall, brightening in the same way later on at the entrance of the little princes. To receive the offer of the crown from the citizens Gloucester appears at the top of the steps, which he does not again descend till the catastrophe. As King he comes clothed in blood-red, with red attendants who ‘sink down in a heap below him like a pile of bloody skulls.’ The followers of Richmond are robed in white, and in the battle Richard, after crying, ‘A horse! A horse!’ ‘mounts his sword, and, as if on a hobby-horse, hops down the steps until exhaustion overcomes him and he falls.’ The last

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speech is spoken epilogue-wise by Richmond, a white figure against a white curtain. Now this mode of interpretation may be blamed for its crudity or praised for its directness (simplicity and breadth are no doubt sound principles of stagecraft). But a much more important question is: What has become of Shakespeare's play? It has simply been buried in a shroud of emotional symbolism. 'There is nothing of fifteenth-century England in it,' the authors admit. We suspect further that there can be little of the delicate interplay of character and motive left in it. We are not surprised to be told that the actor who plays Richard for Jessner plays it and Othello 'on the same two notes; a soft, precise and almost whispering voice, and another that rasps and all but squalls.' In make-up he suggests 'a humped toad, a fat, cross monkey, a grinning Japanese mask.' The last words give the key; the man has been made a mask. Thus on the last analysis it will be found that there cannot be a purely expressionist drama if by drama we continue to mean the conflict of characters and wills. As soon as we begin to show that, we begin to 'represent' — which is *strengstens verboten* on strict 'presentationist' principles. Accordingly we have had to watch Richard being robbed point by point of his place, his period and the subtleties of his nature.

We are far from maintaining that there is no place for the expressionist theatre. But it will be lyric, not dramatic. We may get a notion of it by imagining the choric element in the Greek theatre separated from the speeches. The pure ballet, the pageant, the music-hall, even the old-fashioned 'transformation scene,' are fur-

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ther adumbrations of the expressionism of the future, which may well reach undreamed-of heights in the arts of design and emotional suggestion. But it can never be more than a part of the life of the theatre. It will, for its own purposes, make further developments in stage structure, mainly, we expect, in the direction of what the Germans call the *podium* and we the 'apron,' the projecting stage that brings the actor into intimacy with the audience. Mr. MacGowan is right in his remark that it is chiefly the realistic drama which demands the proscenium arch, since behind its transparent 'fourth wall' it does not acknowledge the existence of the peeping spectator; whereas your 'presentational' actor, especially the comedian, craves an intimate give-and-take with his audience. But it is surely fanciful to add: 'It is only decadence, whether Roman or Victorian, that has withdrawn the actor into a sheath, a cave, a mouth, and has tried to drag the spirit of the spectator in with him.' A very interesting late experiment in expressionism is the theatre that has been made in the Redoutensaal, a great baroque ball-room in the Hofburg at Vienna. All that has been done is to erect a dais (stage is too formal a word) with one or two masking screens and doors, in the style of the rest of the room. Here actors and spectators meet by the light of the same crystal chandeliers, in the same setting of tapestry, mirrors and gilding. Gozzi's *Turandot*, which figures in Reinhardt's programme for the Redoutensaal, is an ideal piece for the purpose. The Venetian Masks that appear in it are almost purely expressionist types. Pantaloon and his

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comrades never seriously pretend to be anything but themselves. With the account of the Redoutensaal it is amusing to compare Mr. MacGowan's imaginative reconstruction of the Cirque Medrano on Montmartre as an expressionist playhouse. There must be some peculiar fascination about this little circus, for it figures in the works of the Goncourts' disciples in the 'nineties. Undoubtedly much can be said for the circular form of stage, and it is a strong point in its favour that: —

'On any stage that is surrounded by its audience, the player can speak to his fellow-actor and to his audience at the same time. In the Medrano it is no question of backs or faces. The whole man plays, and every inch of him has an audience.'

It may be conceded, further, that there is scope for the new style of mounting in dramas where the spiritual and symbolical element dominates the realistic. The Wagnerian music-drama is an obvious case in point. We have only to glance at the sketch made by Mr. MacGowan's illustrator, Mr. R. E. Jones, of Linnebach and Pasetti's lovely Valhalla apparition for *Das Rheingold* in Munich to realize the possibilities of the method. But we cannot always make do with such grandiose and dim evocations. There is in Mr. MacGowan's book a drawing of a black vastness, pierced by a huge tapering column like a spear hurled by a cyclops into the Gulf of Erebus. At the foot of the shaft two pygmies huddle together, one of whom says to the other, 'Have you not sometimes seen a handker-

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chief, spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?' Thus is it possible, by sheer dint of 'production,' to reduce *Othello* to bathos! Direr still, we fear, might be the fate of Mr. Shaw. Imagine Broadbent's office in the first act of *John Bull's Other Island* equipped with a desk like a cathedral dome and a row of hat-pegs casting shadows like scythes! Evidently there is still a field for the despised Realistic setting; it is only necessary to remember that, as in other arts so on the stage, simplicity and selection are the essence of Realism. A shade of light may convey a whole landscape; a snatch of music will bring back a period. The evocative power of scents is prodigious – and at present almost wholly neglected by producers, who attack eye and ear alone. Odour is no doubt a dangerous weapon. Sir John Martin Harvey's lavish use of incense to thicken the atmosphere of his production of *Everyman* called forth much protestantism of a quite un-theological kind. From the same revival another lesson may be drawn. Not all the rich accessories, though they had their own indefeasible value, gave so poignant a sense of being in the heart of the Middle Ages as was conveyed some years ago by a private guild when they acted the play with hardly any *décor* beyond a single crucifix of a good period. Selection is everything.

Assuredly the problem of realistic stagecraft cannot be shelved – most of all for the sake of Shakespeare. It is puzzling to see how anyone who had read, say, *Antony and Cleopatra*, filled, as it is, with the glare and reek of Egypt, and Balzacian almost in its details of

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sex and femininity – it is puzzling to see how anyone who had read this play could deny that ‘the Elizabethans had the slightest interest in the thing that has absorbed our stage – plausibility, representation, resemblance.’ Yet even Mr. MacGowan was almost vanquished by the Moscow Art Theatre production of *The Cherry Orchard* – ‘realistic production at its best.’ If scenic artists would work on that line, and draw their inspiration not from old-fashioned photography but from the painters and the great descriptive novelists, speedy reforms could be looked for.

A SURVEY OF THE BALLET

THE posthumous work of the late Cecil J. Sharp, entitled *The Dance: An Historical Survey of Dancing in Europe*, is a contribution of singular importance to its subject. Books have been written on this topic by scholars who could not dance, and by dancing masters whose scholarship was to seek. Here we have the labours of a scholar who had led a great practical revival of dancing in this country. Possibly his efforts on behalf of the Morris and other English folk-dances gave Sharp a certain prejudice in favour of that style above all others, but it did not obscure his perceptions or his essential fairness of judgment. The value of his book is out of proportion to its brevity. It is really the start in England of scientific dance-history.

'Originally,' says Sharp at the opening of his essay, 'the dance was an instinctive, spontaneous, communal utterance, due to the desire on the part of a tribe or community to give concrete expression to spiritual conceptions, aspirations and ideals, felt and held in common.' Rather than 'conceptions' one would have thought that it was 'emotions' that primitive man sought to express and to relieve by rhythmic bodily motion. But since there could be no relief or satisfaction to the lover, the warrior or the worshipper, except in free and well-adjusted movements of his frame, dancing was bound to become the cultivation of

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strength, agility and harmony – qualities which alone make dancing a pleasure to the dancer. But in proportion as this was realized dancing became agreeable to watch as well as to do, for the sight of fine and pleasurable movement is by sympathetic suggestion exhilarating and tranquillizing to the spectator.

It is well to begin, thus, by rubbing together one or two dry sticks of theory, for they soon kindle the spark of one of the liveliest controversies about the dancer's art. Should dancing be 'natural,' and if we say so, what do we mean by 'nature'? 'Natural' has been a tricky word in ethics, law and politics. An illustration of the elusive way in which it has been used by dancing theorists and critics lies to hand. It was common when the new Russian Ballet was revolutionizing traditional ideas to blame what M. Fokine, the pioneer of the innovating school, called 'the conventions of the older ballet . . . with its artificial form of dancing on the point of the toe, with the feet turned out, dressed in short bodices, with the figure tightly laced in stays and with a strictly established system of steps, gestures and attitudes.' Here, it is evident, the old-fashioned ballet technique of the Milanese schools is regarded as opposed to nature. Yet the new ballet under the inspiration of Nijinsky proceeded to such works as *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, with its attempt to adapt the rigid postures of archaic sculpture, and *Le Sacre du Printemps* with its strange conventions of gesture and movement derived from post-impressionist painting. Whether they be judged beautiful or ugly, an advance on the old ballet or a declension from it,

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it is hard to look on them as in any sense a return to 'nature.'

Let us approach the question from another angle. Children at the sound of music or under the spell of sunshine are apt to dance. Impulse guides them to some sort of rhythm, and suppleness of limb, poise and sureness of movement may be a gift of birth. That may truly be called 'natural' dancing, but is it the ideal? Should we ask no more of the grown-up dancer than surrender to impulse and say that where art begins nature ends and artificiality threatens? But if we turn to other bodily accomplishments, such as rowing, riding, skating, we evidently do not take the untrained, undiscriminated actions of the beginner as aim and end. From the many possible ways of performing the necessary movements and muscular adjustments we require that the most efficient and harmonious be selected by toilsome practice. And shall we then call the best horseman or oarsman 'conventional' and the blundering beginner 'natural'? That seems an affront to human dignity; we prefer to think that we are 'natural' when we have reached the fullest development of which we are capable. If then there is such a thing as natural dancing, and this is what ought to be striven for, it is likely to involve hard and elaborate technique. To what models must we go to learn it?

Let us first remark that, whoever may have fallen into the fallacy that perfection of dancing depended on 'simplicity and instinct,' Sharp, who had not only watched and read about dancing, but practised and made it, was not to be trapped.

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'It is commonly assumed [he writes] that the folk-dance, being the invention of primitive, unlettered, country people, is necessarily of a very simple, embryonic type; and that peasant dancers are crude, uncouth, heavy-footed performers, making up for their lack of technique by an unrestrained exuberance; in this way, indeed, they have always been represented in pictures. But this is by no means in accordance with fact, as those who, like the writer, have been in close touch with genuine traditional dancers, are in a position to testify. . . . The expert drawing-room dancer would be hard put to it to memorize a Morris or Sword Dance, or to execute either with the dexterity, the force, and at the same time, with the restraint of the best folk-dancers; or, again, to acquire the technique of that easy, swaying movement of the body, akin to that of the skater, which is the peculiar accomplishment of all folk-dancers.'

To turn from the traditional ballet to folk-dancing with some vague idea of returning to the founts of nature would plainly then not be a move from the complex to the simple, but from one virtuosity (we might almost say) to another. It is the course recommended at the end of his survey by Sharp. Rejecting the Milanese technique as a development that has drowned beauty in gymnastics (though he was far too practical a dancer to deny it any merit with the sweeping crudeness of some critics), Sharp complains that the new Russian school, so far as he was able to follow their course in his lifetime, provided no satisfying

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substitute. 'M. Fokine and his coadjutors were themselves trained in the technique, and saturated with the conventions, of the very type of dance that they essayed drastically to reform; and this, it seems, has proved a heavier handicap than they were able to carry.' Sharp therefore suggests turning in a different direction: —

'I am therefore of opinion — though I express it with some diffidence — that the better way to bring about the reform, and perhaps the line of least resistance, is not to attempt an amendment of the existing ballet but to revert to first principles, to start afresh and endeavour to create a ballet founded upon one or other of our national folk-dance techniques. Many of the European nations could provide it. The technique of the English folk-dance, for example, is very full; it comprises a large number of different steps, arm and hand-movements and gestures and is especially rich in concerted figure evolutions, a form of expression in the dance of which the ballet has hitherto made but little use. Here, surely, is sufficient material from which to develop a spectacular dance for the theatre which shall consist wholly of movements at once natural and expressive, and possessing the advantage for England that they are cast in the dance-idiom of our own country.'

Before examining the value of this suggestion, let us inquire what is this traditional ballet technique which is voted unsatisfactory both by M. Fokine and Cecil Sharp; what are its principles and how was it evolved?

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The materials for a historical sketch are to be found in Sharp's essay, and they can be supplemented by Gaston Vuillier's large but formless treatise, translated into English under the title *A History of Dancing* (1898), by Crawford Fitch's *Modern Dancers and Dancing* (1911), and one or two other compilations of the same sort.

Sharp does not begin his history of the ballet until the Renaissance. If we follow his division of his subject into 'Social' and 'Spectacular' dancing, a division not entirely satisfactory, we must agree that the 'Spectacular' development begins in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth century. For it is with the Renaissance that theatrical art in the widest sense begins to separate itself from social and civic celebrations and develop as an independent profession. The Middle Ages are full of dancing, but if we except the strolling *tomblesteres* and *sauters*, who were professional dancers of a rude type, just as the masked buffoons of the *commedia dell'arte* were professional actors of a rude type, dancing was either a folk-survival, often making its way into the more popular feasts and rites of the Church, or else a diversion of the nobility at their *fêtes* and banquets. As drama revived in the religious plays performed in or before churches, and in the comedies played in their houses by wealthy amateurs, so spectacular dancing grew out of the sumptuous masquerades that entertained royal and ducal courts. Splendid and fantastic enough in the Middle Ages, these vast spectacles, played in great halls or courtyards, and embracing 'songs, dances, recitations, processions' with elaborate

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scenic devices and mechanism, became more and more sumptuous with the growing luxury of the Renaissance. Played under the auspices of 'the humanists and their theatrical theories,' they usually set forth some mythological tale or allegorical conceit; and we perceive that in their intricate medley the distinct elements that were to become ballet (in the modern sense) opera, poetic drama and pantomime are not yet fully discriminated. Some of these gorgeous primitive ballets have acquired historical fame, and we find mention or illustrations of them in Sharp's book. Such were Bergonzio di Botta's ballet given at the banquet held on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Milan to Isabella of Aragon in 1489, and the magnificent *Ballet Comique de la Reine* produced at Paris in 1581 for the nuptial celebrations of the Duc de Joyeuse and Marguerite de Lorraine, which was prepared by an Italian designer, Baltazarini, called in France Beaujoyeulx. There is also in this book a striking picture of a grand Florentine ballet of the early seventeenth century on the theme of the giant Typhœus confined within Mount Ischia. This shows plainly the nature of the arrangement, the ballet being staged in what is apparently a colossal banquetting hall, clear of tables. The spectators line the sides; the dancers occupy the floor; the dais or platform at the further end is converted into a stage with scenery, from which steps lead to the floor-space below.

We cannot here pursue the Renaissance ballet down the attractive bypath of the English Masque, but it may serve to sum up what has been said if we point

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to *The Tempest* as showing the mixture of *genres* on the Renaissance stage, for *The Tempest* is tragedy, opera, ballet, masque, and fairy pantomime all in one. The point to emphasize is that the ballet is essentially an appendage of court and noble life, and that in consequence the style of dancing employed in it – if we except the deliberately grotesque or savage interludes and ‘antimasques’ of satyrs, clowns or wild beasts – was of the stately and solemn type demanded by the dress and habits of those who took part in it. This note is stronger still in the next phase of the ballet, which is at the court of *Le Roi Soleil*. By the time of Louis XIV the magnificence of the Renaissance had ossified into a formal ceremoniousness and rigidity of etiquette. When the King himself was pleased to tread a measure in such a spectacle as *The Ballet of the Prosperity of the Arms of France*, it can be imagined with what deliberate and grave pomp the affair would be conducted. The fashions of the age were heavy-skirted coats, high heels, ruffles and great perukes; stage costumes were not less ponderous. We are as far removed as can be from nature, if nature in dancing means the free and varied employment of the limbs.

The first move towards striking off these fetters was the transference of the ballet from the *salons* of the Court to the stage of professional theatres. Louis founded a Royal Academy of Dancing in 1661, and in 1669 established the Opéra by the licence granted to the Abbé Perrin and Cambert. In 1672 the musician Lulli superseded these directors and began to produce works like the *Fêtes de Bacchus et de l'Amour*, and *Le*

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Triomphe de l'Amour, which blended opera and ballet. In the later work, produced in 1681, women dancers made their first appearance on the professional stage. But there was still much to be changed before anything like a natural style of dancing could be achieved. As Sharp points out, the first professional ballets were still clogged by 'the heavy, cumbersome dresses which ballerinas had inherited from the Court ladies. They wore high-heeled shoes, heavy skirts puffed out with panniers and reaching to the ground, towering wigs, sometimes three feet in height, decked with ribbons, flowers and plumes, and they covered their faces with masks.' From Lulli to the French Revolution the history of the ballet is the history of the breach with one after another of the traditions derived from the pomp of Court dancing. Most of these reforms are associated with particular dancers in the hearsay that has come down to the historians, but Sharp, a more critical investigator than many of his predecessors, tends to throw doubt on these attributions. Made-moiselle Camargo, who danced from 1726 to 1741, enjoys the credit of many of these innovations. The 'gliding, deliberate and stately steps' of the gavottes, minuets, *bourrées* and other Court dances no longer sufficed. It was necessary to relieve the ballet with the free and springing steps *en l'air*. Camargo wore a shorter skirt, ending above the ankle; coiled her hair more simply about her head; 'discarded,' says Sharp, 'the high-heeled shoe in favour of the ballet-slipper' — though this is not borne out by Lancret's famous portrait of her. She is said to have invented the *entrechat*

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(which the English call 'cross-capers'), a leaping step in which the feet are crossed and uncrossed in the air; but Sharp – it is rather a pity – explodes this most venerable of ballet myths, tracing the *entrechat* back clearly into the preceding century. (In the same way he takes from Mlle. Heinel the prize of being the first to whirl in the pirouette in 1766.) Like all dancers who practise steps *en haut*, Mlle. Camargo had to devise some form of *caleçon* or 'tights', and with that device we are beginning to look forwards. When, in 1772, the male dancer Gardel flung away the mask, full-bottomed wig and great copper orb with which he was expected to load himself in the character of the Sun-god Apollo in Rameau's *Castor and Pollux*, to appear in his own hair worn long and showing his face, another weight was laid aside.

But the most decisive step forward was taken when, in 1758, Jean-Georges Noverre, dancer, author and ballet-master, began the publication of his *Lettres sur la Danse*. The first words were significant. 'Poetry, painting and dancing are, or ought to be, the faithful copy of nature.' Only a few years before, Rousseau's celebrated *Discours sur l'Origine de l'Inégalité* had startled the learned world with the paradox that men in the state of nature are equal and virtuous; society and civilization have made them unequal and corrupt. The paradox quickly became the mode; and those who had most to fear from it were foremost in adopting it. The aristocrats, whose last taste of the simple life was a ride in farmers' carts to the guillotine, began to cultivate simplicity of dress, and a love of the country

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and picnics; while the Queen Marie Antoinette liked to serve as an amateur milkmaid at the Trianon. This is going ahead of Noverre, but it shows that he was ahead of the fashion. Like most dance reformers who have reverted to ideals of simplicity, he tried to divert dancers from attention to ingenious and difficult steps, and set them on the expression of the emotions, the narration of some ancient fable by gesture and facial play. It is difficult to resist the impression, from such accounts and pictures of Noverre's ballets as have been preserved, that what he called 'nature' and the return to antiquity was more the *genre larmoyant* palatable to an age steeped in Rousseau's sentimentalism than a genuine return to the simplicity of classic art; but it is important to note that while Rousseau sought the return to nature in politics by upholding the classic city-state, the miniature republic, as the ideal, Noverre also dimly felt that to be natural meant somehow to be Greek, or at any rate Greco-Roman. Out of a list of twelve of his ballets given by Vuillier, ten are on classical themes, and it is to be remembered that this classicism was not merely nominal as in the days of the *Grand Monarque*; it implied a serious (if not always a successful) study of antique sources.

But greatly, and perhaps deservedly, as Noverre has been lauded in histories of dancing, it is hardly to be believed that he would have brought about the immense change between the eighteenth-century and the nineteenth-century ballet by his writings and examples alone. A much mightier force intervened, the great Revolution itself. Politically this upheaval represented

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the overthrow of the feudal and medieval State by a revival of Roman Republicanism; and this could not fail to have its effect upon fashions. Hair-powder, high-heels and hooped skirts disappeared, to be replaced, among the female population at any rate, by an imitation of Greek dress, the sandal, the light, flowing tunic, the scarf, the hair bound by a fillet. When the Republic gave way to the Empire this mode did not change, for the empire of Napoleon was in outward appearance the ghost of the empire of Augustus. Its architecture, decorations and furniture were all a pale copy of what can be seen in Greco-Roman sculpture. Even the helmets of the cuirassiers resemble those of Homeric warriors. The storms of the Revolution and the wars of the Empire were not a favourable time for the development of the art of the ballet, but they set the dancers free at last from all those conventions of dress or etiquette that had hampered in the past their freedom of movement.

The new conditions and their potentialities were clearly grasped by the next great dancing theorist after Noverre, the Italian; Carlo Blasis, who, becoming like all the stars of the ballet a cosmopolitan, published his textbook, *The Code of Terpsichore*, in England in 1828. Blasis' treatise is illustrated with a number of quaint little cuts showing dancers in the positions he inculcates, and anyone who compares these with the prints of the eighteenth-century *ballerine* will at once perceive the completeness of the transformation. The *ballerina* of Camargo's day is a lady of fashion, the *ballerina* of Blasis' time is a classical nymph who might have

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stepped down from any mediocely sculptured Greek urn. The men, too, wear as a rule the simple tunic of an Olympian athlete, and not the silk stockings and buckles of Vestris, the great male dancer of the *ancien régime*. A fresh and vigorous technique could now be enforced and the essential element in it is admirably explained by Sharp:—

‘Ever since Beauchamps [seventeenth century] first prescribed and taught them, the technique of dancing had been based upon the five fundamental positions of the feet, on one or other of which every step in the dance had to begin and end. These positions were first described in choreographic symbols by Feuillet (1701). They are given twenty-four years later, unaltered, in words as well as in pictures drawn by himself, by Rameau (*Maître à Danser*, 1725); and again, still unchanged, by Malpied (*Traité sur l’art de la danse*, Paris, 1770 and 1780). In each of these treatises the feet were turned outward through an angle of 45 degrees. At Milan, however, under Blasis the students were required to turn them through an angle of 90 degrees, so that with heels joined the feet were in one line. . . . The extreme, lateral, sole-position of the feet, which Blasis prescribed and which has since been universally adopted by ballet-dancers, though it has an awkward appearance through the unnatural outward flexion of the hip, knee and ankle-joints, has the great virtue that it provides the dancer with a wide base-line and a stance of great stability. It thus brings within his range a large number of difficult physical

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movements which he could not otherwise have attempted.'

These paragraphs are an excellent instance of Sharp's power of condensing a long line of historic development into a few pregnant sentences. We have here the whole basis of the nineteenth-century ballet which had its centre in Milan, as the ballet of the preceding centuries had its centre in Paris. That this empire, like that of Rome, ultimately divided itself into a Western and an Eastern half, having its second centre in the Tsar's Imperial Academy whose pupils danced at Petersburg and Moscow, is unimportant from the point of view of theory. For the great ballet-masters of the Russians before the Diaghilev-Fokine Secession, men like Marius Petipa and Cecchetti, were pupils of the prevailing Italian school.

At this point the reader may wish to interject a protest. 'You tell me,' he will be inclined to say, 'that the technique of the Milanese ballet represents a return to nature, as against artificialities, and that its general inspiration is drawn from classical models. Forgive me, if I fail to see either trait in it. The *ballerina* in pink tights, laced-up bodice and short circular skirt, poised in a stiffened shoe on the point of her toe — a position that gives me a pain even to watch — does not strike me as natural, and no such figure have I ever met on Greek frieze or antique vase.' In reply to this let us resume our historical sketch. We have mentioned the little classic figures in Blasis' work. They do not differ very much in appearance from the French society

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dancers of 1809 shown in Sharp's 63rd Plate – for, as we have remarked, the modes of the time were Grecian. Now compare the figure of Marie Taglioni in Plate 67, showing the ballerina of 1831. At a first glance it will appear that the great Taglioni is very like the *ballerine* familiar to us in old days in London at the Empire and the Alhambra, and very unlike the Grecian figures of Blasis and the Napoleonic era. But if we look at the essential structure rather than the cut and fashion of the costume we shall see cause to revise our impression.

Taglioni wears sandals, not heeled shoes, and if her legs are not bare it is because the ideas of propriety that ruled in her epoch demanded that she should cover them with tights. But the tights, called *maillot*, from the name of the costumier M. Maillot who invented them, are flesh-coloured as a substitute for nature – and apparently the substitute was considered convincing enough for one of the stricter Catholic governments (that of Naples, I believe, not of the Pope as Sharp and others say) to forbid them unless they were coloured blue. Taglioni's simple gauze skirt represents the lower part of the flowing Greek *cheiton* well enough, though it has been shortened and stiffened to stand clear of the limbs – in order that when she executes difficult steps like the *entrechat* or the *fouetté* or the *pirouette*, the results of her laborious practice may not be hidden behind clinging draperies. (After her time, with the same end always in view of showing the legs, the skirt of the *ballerina* will be made continuously shorter and stiffer until it becomes a mere gauze parasol round her waist, and is indeed very ugly.)

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Taglioni's bodice is drawn in tighter at the waist than the Grecian girdle used to be, but the arms and neck are free as in the Blasis figures, and her head is classically crowned with a wreath. The Greek norm then, though distorted, still persists. But Taglioni, further, is standing on her *pointe*, on the extreme tip, that is, of the toe, and what are we to make of that?

Sharp, it is interesting to observe, confirms the impression received by the ordinary student of the subject that Taglioni was the first dancer to use this position, which came to count for so much in ballet technique, or that at any rate it came into use during the period of her life, for it cannot be seen in prints or portraits of an earlier date. Blasis when he speaks of *pointes* means simply standing as high as possible on the bent toe, not rising on to the extremity itself. This position, as Sharp says, 'is extremely difficult to acquire, and one that needs long and painful practice before it can be used without danger of dislocating the upper joints of the toes. Even then it cannot be sustained without the artificial support of square, hard-toed slippers.' It is certainly hard to find any means of bringing it under the conception of natural dancing. But was it devised simply as a gymnastic *tour de force*, an achievement analogous to that of the acrobat who seeks to show not what are the natural capacities of the body but the surprising things that can be done with it, by those who seek to force it beyond nature? No doubt toe-dancing has degenerated into something of the kind, but we may doubt if in the beginning it had so crude a purpose.

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One of the most prized qualities in a good dancer is lightness. It may not be reasonable to desire to see the human frame made more ethereal than by nature it is, but human beings have always sighed for the fulfilment of Titania's promise to the clown: —

‘And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.’

Now this delusive vision is certainly brought nearer by the employment of *pointes*. A dancer who makes a *pirouette* or any swift turn or swing on them, creates a momentary illusion of freedom from earthiness that cannot be gained by movements on the flat of the foot. Taglioni's most celebrated rôle was *La Sylphide*, and by making herself a sort of feminine Ariel she responded to an instinct of her period. For the glare and bloodshed of the empire had been succeeded by the twilight and moonlit melancholy of the Romantic era. The poetry of the day revelled in ghosts, sprites and sylphs; it was ever dreaming of disembodied spirits floating above the tombstones of Gothic ruins. Dancing, like all the arts and entertainments, follows the general spirit of its time. Pagan and joyous with the Renaissance, stiffly ceremonious at the Court of Louis XIV, dainty and coquettish in the era of Lancret and Boucher, sentimental in the epoch of Rousseau and Noverre, loose and mænadic in the frenzy of the Revolution, it was bound to grow mournful and spectral in the gloom of the Gothic revival. *Giselle* is the monument of this phase, the most extraordinary story for a ballet, when one reflects on it, that could well be

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devised. Despair, madness and death, the spirit rising from the grave to pursue and punish the faithless lover – it might serve for a medieval *danse macabre*, but what has it to do with the twirls and skirts of the modern *ballerina*? One of the most curious of the illustrations to M. Svétlov's sumptuous work *Le Ballet Contemporain* is that which shows Pavlova as Giselle, leaning languorously in her gauze skirts against the moss-grown churchyard cross. We can only say that this taste for supernaturalism in the Romantic period created a demand which the ballet supplied, and that the invention of toe-dancing came pat to meet its need, by suggesting a figure that hovers over the ground rather than treads upon it.

Of the Milanese technique in its later stages it can hardly be said that it kept much affinity with classic or natural models. Indeed, when Isadora Duncan began to dance in a strictly Greek dress with steps and attitudes copied from Greek sculpture (though neither she nor anyone else knows what dances the Greeks really performed) she appeared as the actual antithesis of the traditional ballet, and as such she is the heroine of M. Svétlov's book, for he is an opponent of the technique of Blasis and Petipa. It is well, however, for the lover of dancing before taking sides in that controversy to study carefully Maurice Emmanuel's *La Danse Grecque Antique*. That elaborate piece of research collects all that can be gathered from statuary, vase-painting and other classic remains to show the steps and poses of the Greek dancers, and then compares them carefully with the technique of the ballet.

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The conclusion to which, we think, the judicious reader will come is that, while on some points the disciples of Blasis have deteriorated from the best classic standards, on a good many matters they have refined and strengthened the methods, so far as we can guess at them, of the Greeks. It may sound fanciful, but there are among classical statuettes certain winged Victories and other figures alighting from flight that suggest to the present writer an aspiration towards *pointes*.

It is greatly to be doubted if the ideal of natural vigour and harmony that we attribute to the Greek dancers would really be promoted by a servile copying of the Parthenon frieze or some other favourite piece of sculpture. What is needed is to take from Blasis and his school what can be seen to mark a progress and to graft it on the classical stem. Much that the Italian trained *ballerina* exhibits on the stage should be relegated to the practice room, of which the use is to strengthen and supple the members. For the dance itself, those movements only should be retained that are beautiful as well as powerful or skilful. As for *pointes*, they might have their place, when needed, for the expression of ethereality. Fokine's ballet *Les Sylphides* displeased nobody, and it could not have been danced without the technique of Taglioni.

A further question remains, or rather two. Is there really a natural norm of grace in a dancer, and, if so, why should we look for it among the Greeks? The first query will be answered in the negative by those who consider that all beauty is relative, altering as taste

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alters from age to age. Mention has already been made of the paradox that whereas nature was lately used as a stick with which to beat the toe-dancer, it was soon thrown away in the fascination, on the one hand, of theories derived from Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Rayonnism and other novel schools of painting, and on the other of the renewed interest in archaic and barbaric sculpture. If we consider the work of the Russian Ballet since Fokine, who (according to Svétlov) was powerfully influenced by Isadora Duncan, left it, we cannot see in the variety of strange steps and poses which it has introduced anything like a natural rhythm and grace. The great painters who by their work for the Russian Ballet greatly developed the art of scenic decoration have in fact had a deleterious effect upon dancing, because they have filled the dancer's mind with the notion that he can somehow assimilate himself to the 'stylized' renderings of the human form which painters and carvers are free to adopt. When he does this he commits the abuse of taking methods from the medium to which they are appropriate and transferring them to a medium which is recalcitrant. In fact, a live dancer will never 'realize' the square lines of archaic sculpture or the elongations of a Byzantine *ikon* or the whirring synthesis of a Futurist canvas. He will only appear what he is, a man making himself uncomfortable.

The human form does not change with the plastic artist's imagination of it, and that is the fixed quantity in the dancer's calculations. The root principles of his art are as unchanging as the body of man; they are true for all times and all places. The whole value of dancing

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rests on the conviction that the human figure is capable of beautiful motion; to elicit its capacities without straining or distorting it should be the aim of the ballet-master. Happily there are signs that the cult of the queer is coming to an end. The rapture with which the English public has watched the physical drill in the great tattoo at Wembley shows that they realize the beauty of physical culture at least in the restricted form that military training pursues. It is only a step from this to the appreciation of dancing (an art which the ancient Greek soldiers assiduously practised), and it is certain that no dancer, male or female, will enjoy a wide and lasting popularity except by satisfying our instinctive and normal love of bodily fitness, strength and grace.

And for that, whether we deliberately copy the Greeks, or simply find ourselves going parallel with them, we shall be in line with classical art. Students of sculpture have doubtless a right to grumble at the looseness of phrase that identifies 'Greek' art in its many varieties with the Pheidias school. But the art that produced the Parthenon frieze is the art with which those who are seeking the measure and grace of human movement must always be primarily concerned, for it is the art that most faithfully expresses the majesty and harmony of the human frame. It has a share in the permanence of its model, and may claim to be normative and universal. We do not want to imitate its details, but to absorb its principles.

On this ground Sharp's conclusion that a reform of the ballet must be sought in English folk-dancing is

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to be rejected. English folk-dancing, like the folk-dancing of other countries, contains treasures that it would be folly to neglect. But the ballet, though it may make use of the particular, also needs the universal. It must express the beauty of human form as such, not only the qualities and distinctive marks of this or that people. The technique laboriously built up by Blasis and his successors, on the basis, often a rather buried basis, of Pheidian canons, had this quality of universality. It is capable of purgation and development, but the art of dancing can never do without it. The ballet, by renouncing it, will only fall into eccentricity, feebleness and chaos. Indeed, it is already doing so. In this, as in more important human affairs, reform without revolution is the true policy.

THE GENIUS OF THE RING

'LES exercices du cirque,' says Jules Lemaître, 'consistent essentiellement à contrarier les lois de la nature.' Does the charm of the circus lie in that paradox, or in the scope it gives to an inherited instinct, our dormant sense of kinship with the animals? Or is it, as those aver who love to sit close on the curve of the ring and swallow clots of tan, a case of genuine Lippsian *Einführung*, the bliss of feeling the rush and thrill of the movement? Perhaps it is hardly worth while to pursue the discussion. The charm of the circus somehow eludes analysis. Or, if we must go on probing its æsthetics, let us anyhow first take a glance at its evolution. We shall find that, like the drama and the novel, it has always reflected the fashions of the moment.

The foundation-stone of the English circus was laid in the eighteenth century. Somewhere about 1770 a cavalry trooper named Philip Astley returned from service abroad with a horse and a medal and roped in a simple pitch on a field near Lambeth, where he showed equestrian feats in the open air. His wife, his son and a pupil or two joined the troupe; success followed, and within a short time there were covered wooden seats for the spectators. Notices proclaimed that Astley could be seen daily 'riding, on full speed, with his head on a common pint-pot, at the rate of twelve miles an hour.' 'Please to ask for a bill at the

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door,' adds the programme with severe probity, 'and see that the number of fifty feats are performed.' Competition, at Sadler's Wells and elsewhere, failed to kill the enterprise, and in 1780 there rose near Westminster Bridge a building that called itself 'Astley's Amphitheatre.' With the usual breaks due to fires, enlargements and bankruptcies, this historic house lasted till 1893, when Lord George Sanger, its final proprietor, surrendered it to the L.C.C. for destruction.

The name of George Sanger brings to mind his memoirs, lately reprinted with a delicious introduction by Mr. Kenneth Grahame, over the pages of which it is impossible not to dawdle. They are a link between the eighteenth century and the Romantic circus and also an entry into a vanished England. We commend them earnestly to the social historian. Their author began life travelling with his father, one of Nelson's old sailors who had taken to the road with a peepshow. But it is the book itself that is the most vivid of peepshows, revealing glimpse by glimpse the fierce and lawless England of the years that followed Waterloo. As we pass through the countryside in the showman's caravan we hear of the Devil joining the alehouse circle, of unprovoked murders perpetrated with bill-hooks, of mysterious wayfarers who ask for a lift at night, and are betrayed by the horrid contents of their sacks as 'body-snatchers.' Town populations cower in cellars, while Chartist mobs sweep the streets and are volleyed by soldiery; tribes of gipsies fight set battles with brigades of grim, top-hatted police and

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leave their dead and wounded on the field; tipsy mobs wreck the showmen's booths at fairs for sport, and the owners take vengeance with their whips of whalebone; on the road the showmen fight each other for precedence till the maddened elephants rush from the wreck of the wagons and stampede the combatants back into their senses. Justice Shallow, with his constables and beadles, in summary raids deals out vengeance rather than law, reserving a special thick stick for the 'strollers and vagabonds.' On such an anvil was forged the generation that gave the circus its place in fancy and literature.

'Now, sir, if you please, inquire for Miss Woolford, sir.' Such, according to 'Boz,' was the formula with which Widdicombe, the famous ringmaster at Astley's in the 'thirties, would cut short the jesting of the clown. On these magic syllables, to a charming *galope*, there arrives the Romantic circus. Miss Woolford, gauzy and roseate dream! She haunts the novels of Dickens, she is the 'Donna Inez Woolfordinez' of the cockney laureate Bon Gaultier, it is she (or we like to think it is she) who appears, with her lustrous orbs a trifle exaggerated, at the foot of an illustration by Doyle to the 'Newcomes.' She is the Taglioni of the ring, the *écuyère de panneau* in her classical quintessence. It was not for her to vault on and off like a tomboy, to throw somersaults from the pad, or hang inverted (Mercy on us, my dear!) with tresses dabbling in the tan as Mazeppa. She might by condescension flit across the outspread 'garter' or the 'banner,' or even burst through the wrack of a paper 'balloon,' like Phœbe piercing the

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clouds with silvery visage. But for the rest the art of the ballerina sufficed, *entrechats*, attitudes and arabesques. What man (what schoolboy) with a soul could ask more? Was the hand that looked so ethereal on the neck of the great white horse, curved like a chess knight's, really claimed in mortal marriage by the intrepid Ducrow? History says so, and surely he deserved the prize, the tremendous fellow, who rode his three horses abreast right on to the stage of Drury Lane, where, putting to flight Macbeth and the Prince of Denmark, he regaled the age of the Eglinton Tournament with the jousts of 'King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.' We discern, also, our old friend Fitzball, a manuscript protruding from his frock. It is 'The White Maiden of California,' in which the spirits of twelve dead Indian chieftains are to rise through traps on statuesque cream-coloured horses. We have reached the apogee of arenic Romanticism – Sylphs, paladins and ghosts – 'the charm's wound up'!

It was somewhere in France that a change came over the spirit of the dream. Astley, who built a circus there in 1804, handed on the torch to the Franconi dynasty. Caroline Loyo, who may be seen in prints in her waving Grecian draperies, and Pauline Cuzent, who dressed as a Polish hussar, were the opposite numbers of our English Woolfords. But the time came, about the middle of the 'seventies, when this all went suddenly out of date. It was the hour of Realism, and, on the principle *omne ignotum pro diabolo*, the English clowns who were then performing in Paris became the target for æsthetic shafts.

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The humble individual who, in all innocence, after asking Mr. Widdicombe, 'What can I come for to go, for to fetch, for to bring, for to carry, for to do for you, sir,' tripped on his face and rose bleeding profuse sawdust from his nose, now learned that the red crescents on his cheeks were 'two bloody patches, the insignia of boxing and English consumption,' that the genius of his nation had marked him with its *caractère de flegme et d'ennui noir*, that his knockabout business evoked *visions de Bedlam, d'amphithéâtre d'anatomie, de bague, de morgue*. Thus De Goncourt, who in *Les Frères Zemganno* and its charming illustrations, where Big Ben is shown changing above the London fog-bank into a tall black sprite with a dolorous white clown's face, has given the expression in fiction of these theories. The Hanlon-Lees troupe proceeded to put them in practice. Six brilliant acrobats with a taste for the *macabre*, they announced their arrival in some American city by appearing to fling themselves from a public monument. They performed mute dramas, full of violent catastrophes, during which emotions of palpitating terror were frozen into savage caricature. 'What do you mean by your pantomimes?' a critic once asked of a similar troupe, the Pinauds. 'Absolutely nothing,' was the reply. 'On the contrary, we try to destroy all connection between the scenes of our entertainment. We only wish to produce upon the audience the impression of violent terror and madness. And therefore we represent a man alarmed by the successive apparitions of animals, which play music when they are touched.'

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In such an atmosphere no wonder the *écuyère de panneau* wilted. The wasp-waisted riders of the *haute école* got all the flowers. There was a *frisson* of wickedness about their silk hats. Around one of them, famous at Paris in the 'nineties, hung many legends, 'L'écuyère baudelairienne, la tragique petite centauresse, funeste aux Lapithes dévorés de désirs'; so Lemaître writes of her, and paints her on her spectral horse, 'semé de vilaines taches pareilles à des ulcères,' pursued on her course round the ring by indignant shades.

When the last Realistic novel had been written the circus sank into dullness. It evolved towards closely specialized gymnastics. We were told that the new feats are ten times more difficult and breakneck than the old. That may be true, but they are not half so pretty to watch. In the continental atmosphere of the great Christmas circuses of to-day we cannot but sigh for a return to our own traditions. We feel the thrill of them when Miss Poppy Ginnett rides her six horses, round the track on her revival of Ducrow's old 'flying act,' the *Courier of St. Petersburg*, and we yearn for sandals and tarlatan, banners, garters and balloons! . . . What was it the ringmaster said just now to the clown? It is hard to be sure, the band is so very strident. But how much we would give if the words that we heard were these: 'Now, sir, if you please, inquire for Miss Woolford, sir.'

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HE is a forlorn-looking little figure, with one arm broken short. He has the nose and hump of Punch, the sad eyes and shaven head of Pierrot, and his large feet in their clumsy sandals are plain precursors of Charlie Chaplin's shuffle. This is not astonishing, since he is the father of all the clowns of Europe. His name is Maccus. He was dug up, I believe, at Herculaneum in the early eighteenth century, and he is known to be the hero of the Atellane farces at Rome. He is the ancestral cell from which by successive differentiations have emerged all the variety of clownish types we know to-day. From his loins, poor slave that he is, will spring all those flamboyant figures that gleam upon the sheets of Maurice Sand's *Masques et Bouffons*. He is *en raccourci* Harlequin, Trivelino and Truffaldino; Pulcinella, Polichinelle, Meo-Patacca and Marco-Pepe; Pierrot, Bertoldo, Pagliaccio, Pedrolino and Peppe-Nappa; Stenterello, Scapin, Brighella, Beltramo, Francatrippa, Turlupin, Scaramouche, Pasquino, Pasquariello, Coviello, Fritellino, Burattino, Tartaglia, Joey, the Old 'Un, the Doctor and the Policeman. And yet he stands there humbly in his coarse tunic, the great, grotesque head bowed, it would seem, in the act of craving pardon. It is a wise father that knows his own grandchildren.

So much may, perhaps, be said without talking too

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great nonsense. But what is the medieval link between the buffoons of antiquity and the Cinquecento Comedy of Masks? Nobody can tell. The broken arches of the aqueducts that still stride across the plain of Rome in quest of the city are a symbol of this as of many other investigations. We cannot bridge, at all the vital points, the waste of oblivion that lies between the Roman world and ours. In such matters a pennyweight of poetry is worth a ton of pedantry. Let Vernon Lee sum up the situation.

‘We can dimly watch the buffoon masquers, with their gibbosities and sootiness and patches, playing their antics and cracking their jokes amidst the crumbling remains of antiquity, in the fast-increasing darkness involving the world; until at length, when Rome had been reduced to a heap of ruins and Italy to a babel of nationalities, when memory of the past, consciousness of the present, and care for the future, seem simultaneously extinguished, we lose sight of the old Mask Comedy in the general obscurity, and strain vainly through the gloom to see the silhouette of the buffoons of antiquity. What became of them during that long period of darkness? Did they lurk with the last remnants of paganism, in the rural festivals, playing their pranks in honour of antique gods disguised as medieval saints? Did the Church absorb them, as it absorbed all the life that remained, and let them loose to dance, gesticulate, and jest among the donkeys and drunken clerks of the feast of fools or the mummers of Shrovetide . . .?’

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No one can really say. All we know is that there came from Bergamo a loutish valet in patched and tattered suit, a cudgel thrust into his belt and a scrap of fur ornamenting his ragged hat. His name was Arlecchino, and he made one of a group of farcical types – the rogue, the fool, the doctor, the dotard, the notary, the swaggering soldier – to be seen playing tricks and brief comedies at the fairs and on the piazzas. By degrees he and his comrades got themselves ‘taken up’ by noble society; they appeared in palaces and stately villas, improvising their comic scenes as interludes in the classical comedies performed by their cultured hosts. What they had seen they did not forget. They returned to their professional trestles with enlarged ideals; added a noble Lelio, an elegant Isabella, to their serving wenches and bucolic lovers; put together a stock of ornate set-speeches with which to vary their own rude *lazzi* – their ‘gags’ and ‘wheezes,’ we should call them. Compare in Maurice Sand’s volume the Harlequin of 1570 with the Harlequin of 1671. The patched jacket has become a suit of brilliant symmetrical lozenges; the rabbit’s tail adds gloss to a new hat; the later Harlequin has a ruff to his throat, and in place of rude sandals ribboned and buckled shoes. A similar change from chrysalis to butterfly has befallen many of his comrades – for example, Pulcinella. That Neapolitan bandit, wearing his black mask and the white blouse in which he disguised himself (an earlier Grindoff) as the miller’s man, fell in somehow at Paris or Madrid with the magnificent Captain Spavento della Valle Inferna, himself enriched

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by many ducats and much finery since he tramped the highways and haunted Alsatia in rusty black with the lean beak of Ancient Pistol. Pulcinella (so I read the story) bludgeoned the craven braggart and stole his clothes, his proud peaked cap and gay jerkin. This metamorphosis made the Punchinello of France, the Punch of our English puppet-show, though it would seem that the Neapolitan clown had a brother who survived him. Him I have lately seen in his primitive white and black performing outside the apse of Santa Maria Maggiore, a harder hitter even than our Punch, though over here, it is true, the audience do not thrust their fists into the combats as they do in Rome. As for Pantalone dei Bisognosi, the merchant of Venice, he, I think, can never have passed through a threadbare stage. Prosperity is his essence; if ever he was poor, you will never discover it. He is as inscrutable as the Doges you see in Venetian art kneeling in the foreground of scenes of sacred history. We are not so ill-bred as to ask how they came to be there.

This Masked Comedy flourished from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. It is a branch of the classical drama, although its dialogue was technically improvised (*sc.*: fitted together from traditions and stock note-books). Had it been left at that it would have gone down with the rest of the *ancien régime* at the Revolution. But there were other forces at work. Exactly how the Masks gained their footing in England is another of the unsolved mysteries of this story. There is, as it were, an aroma of them in Shakespeare. By the Restoration, when so many foreign fal-lals were

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brought upon our stage, they were ubiquitous enough to stir Dryden to satire.

‘Instead of wit and humours, your delight
Was there to see two hobby-horses fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in
And ran a tilt at Centaur Arlequin.’

The first name that matters is that of John Rich, the founder of Covent Garden Theatre. Illiterate knave as he was, Rich had the romantic instinct of the Englishman; for the *commedia dell' arte* as a symmetrical comedy in the classical mould of repartee and intrigue he could have no taste. An accomplished pantomimist (he could not speak correct English) he invented Harlequin the enchanter. If we turn to one more plate in *Masques et Bouffons* we find ‘Harlequin, 1758.’ This Harlequin, transplanted to France, is simply the Harlequin of Rich. His loose particoloured jacket and trousers have become a tight-fitting shape of variegated lozenges, his hat a close skull-cap, his cudgel a white magician’s wand. He is now a fairy, hatched out of a giant egg by the sunshine, and able by the tap of his bat to make palaces of hovels, and transform crowded streets to barren wastes. Most of us can still remember the incomprehensible annexe to the annual Drury Lane pantomime called the harlequinade. How came it there? We must go back to the pantomime of Rich for the answer. This was an entertainment in two parts. The first half might be a mythological spectacle filled with pagan gods and goddesses, or, better still, a country comedy. If the latter, there would be a

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Squire with a lovely daughter, a poor but preferred suitor and a rich but ugly wooer. In striving to keep his girl from the man she had chosen, and press upon her the wealthy *parti*, the heavy father was aided by a comic country servant. At the crucial point, says Planché,

‘the good fairy made her appearance and, changing the refractory pair into Harlequin and Columbine, the old curmudgeon into Pantaloon, and the body servant into Clown, the two latter in company with the rejected “lover,” as he was called, commenced the pursuit of the happy pair, and the comic business consisted of a dozen or more cleverly constructed scenes, in which all the tricks and changes had a meaning and were introduced as contrivances to favour the escape of Harlequin and Columbine when too closely pressed by their enemies . . . till the inevitable dark scene came – a cavern or forest in which they were overtaken by their enemies and the magic wand of Harlequin snatched from his grasp by the Clown.’

Then the Fairy again intervened, enforced a happy ending, and waved on the grand scene that made the climax of the spectacle. Such was the English pantomime formula until about the 'eighties of last century. Any nursery tale would do for the opening, the only essential was the changing of hero and heroine into Harlequin and Columbine, ogre and comic character into Pantaloon and Clown.

Let us fasten on that Clown. He is the least Italianate of the four. He it is who is called when the direction

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'Enter Clown' appears in Shakespeare. He remains Elizabethan; look at his frill, his trunks, his love-lock. As Harlequin is the creation of Rich, so is the Clown the re-creation of Joseph Grimaldi — his name will be 'Joey' while he lives. In 1838 Dickens wrote a preface for a curious little volume (illustrated by Cruikshank) which was based on some memoirs left behind him by the famous Clown. Grimaldi, the son of an Italian ballet-master, began to make his mark about 1794, and he died in 1837. He thus belongs to the age of the Regency and the bucks, and his whole conception of the Clown reflects that period of genteel black-guardism, pugilism and practical jokes. The 'grimacing, filching, irresistible Clown,' his white face larded with red like a schoolboy's that has been dipped in a surreptitious jam-pot, is a plebeian successor of the 'mohocks,' a companion of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom, whose recreations are breaking windows, tripping up old women and assaulting the constable. Grimaldi's private life, though he was a sensitive creature and had more sorrows than most Clowns, was a continuous series of hoaxes, of which sometimes himself, sometimes a tradesman, yokel or lesser limb of justice were the victims. The spirit of the day may be gauged from an anecdote in the memoirs. Some stage hands having a grudge against Ellar the Harlequin, who had not tipped them, coolly proposed to hold the blanket into which he was to do a dangerous trick fall so that he would miss it. Ellar, suspecting their plan, contrived to fall so as only to break his wrist, not his neck. In half an hour he

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had forgiven the men! Dibdin's pantomime *Harlequin Hoax* is an excellent example of the humour of the day.

'To meet Columbine at the street-door, Harlequin throws himself out of a three pair of stairs window, and is caught with his head in a lamp-iron; the lamplighter pours a gallon of oil down his throat . . . and sticks a lighted wick in his mouth, and a set of drunken bucks, having no better business on earth than to break lamps, knock his nob to shivers and all go to the watch-house together.'

No wonder the harlequinade wilted slowly and faded away with the progress of the Victorian age.

We must pick up the thread meanwhile in France. By an infiltration of which it is hard to trace the steps, perhaps simply through the migratory habits of showmen, the English pantomime found its way during the eighteenth century into the little theatres of the Parisian fairs which were always fighting the Lieutenant of Police for the right to exist, and arguing that dumb-show performances were not 'plays' within the meaning of the Acts protecting the great Paris theatres. I do not think we can doubt the English parentage of the French pantomime when we find such a title among them as *Ma Mère l'Oie, ou Arlequin et l'Œuf d'Or*. Moreover we see the same quartette of characters but slightly changed. Cassandre is the variant of Pantaloon; Harlequin remains the dancer and trickster, though he is now more the amorous adventurer than the magician; Columbine is still heroine, 'if more

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coquette than fay. The only missing partner is the jovial Clown. His place is taken by the spectral Pierrot. Gaspard Deburau is the Grimaldi of France; only – we meet these amusing national differences at every step – he does not appear at the Française or the Opéra, as Grimaldi does at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. His theatre is the Funambules, a dank cellar on the Boulevard du Temple, where he was engaged in 1826. The wordless Pierrot of his creation, which brought the literary world of Paris crowding to his tiny show, is the ironic and passionless spectator of existence, faintly smiling where Grimaldi grinned, tricking friend and foe with a restrained *finesse* that has nothing in common with the broad humour of the English clown. Delicate observers saw something more. They remarked, to quote M. Hugounet, ‘every time Deburau had to play with some instrument of death or violence, *e.g.*, a razor or a poison, a special gaiety, sombre and terrifying, a gaiety that escaped the crowd, but was seized by certain choice spirits, and provoked an admiration, tempered by a doubt how far the will of this cold and cruel mocker would go. A Satanic Pierrot, in short, and plainly a *compère* of the sinister heroes of French Romanticism. He has the coldness and the menace of the moonbeam.

If Deburau had not invented the Romantic Pierrot the Goncourts could not have written *Les Frères Zemganno*. Their two clowns bring us from the stage to the ring; but the difference of *milieu* is not important. Grimaldi himself seems to have been liable by the terms of his engagement to serve as ‘clown to the rope,’

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that is, to fill the intervals in which the rope-dancer rested. The brothers Gianni and Nello in the Goncourts' novel, although they may appear on the tan, are of the tradition of Deburau and his successors, who have made of the white-faced Pierrot with the drooping sleeves a tragic rather than a sinister figure. The fantasy of their displays 'évoquait dans l'esprit des spectateurs, l'idée et le souvenir d'une création ironique baignant dans du clair-obscur, d'une espèce de rêve Shakespearien, d'une sorte de "Nuit d'Été," dont ils semblaient les poétiques acrobates.' We are evidently still in the Romantic era.

But *Les Frères Zemganno* also marks the coming of a change. Circus clowns are international figures, and the arrival in Paris of the English disciples of Grimaldi – they were a craze in the 'sixties – had a peculiar effect, which is registered in the Goncourts' book. One nation always puts the worst construction upon the humour of another. As we find the French Pierrot cruel and debauched, so they found the English Clown brutal and drunken! The wild contortions and frenzied 'knock-about' over which English schoolboys chuckled gleefully aroused in Parisian audiences visions of 'Bedlam, Newcastle, operating theatres, gaols, and morgues.' They put the cruellest construction upon the crimson patches that adorned the cheeks of Joey. Demand creates supply, and if the Continent, then in the throes of the Naturalist novel, and craving gloom and horrors, desired the *macabre* in its pantomimes, there were performers ready to give it. In 1872 the Hanlon-Lees appeared at Paris, to be, as the quality of their talent

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disclosed itself, loudly acclaimed by Zola. If the business of their scenes was conventional, burlesque duels, tipsy misadventures, crazy juggling with household furniture, upsets in stage-coaches and collisions of railway-trains, the savage intensity of their silent acting was, to those who could pierce a little beneath the surface, Mephistophelean. Zola saw the personages of their pantomimes in vision, 'revelling amid broken limbs and riddled trunks, triumphing in the apotheosis of vice and crime in the teeth of outraged morality.' There would be a pretty outcry, he said, if he dared to make his novels as brutal as their buffooneries. These ironists of genius were not only the quintessence of the 'Realistic' epoch; they were also the embodiment of the age of mechanical invention. Next to the cruelty of their caricature, what was most remarked was the precision of their movements. They were human marionettes. The coach in which they made their entry might fall to pieces, but they would roll out of the debris and the confusion into a faultless line sitting parallel to the footlights. The sleeping-car of which they were the demon conductors might take fire and explode with a crash: above the wreckage when the smoke grew thinner they would be seen perched safely on the trees by the line. They were the cynic philosophers of the *fin de siècle*, the unconscious prophets of the crash of its civilization.

Out of the ruins what Clown has crawled? The pathetic Grock. He is, in his naïve helplessness, the interpreter of the post-war spirit. With his tremulous grin of good-will, his wistful eagerness for achievement

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and happiness, he simply does not know which way to turn. He opens the great 'cello-case to find nothing but a tiny doll's fiddle inside. The grand piano and its ocean of sleeping melody is just six inches beyond his finger-tips as he writhes upon his seat. Now he is straining frantically to push the piano closer to the stool — you expect him every minute to appeal to the League of Nations. He bursts into full-throated song: by what malign enchantment does the unpropitious atmosphere give back only this faint cackling and quavering? He is the victim of black bewitchment, but he has not the sense to see it. You would feel inclined to kick him, if the innocent vacuity of his face did not turn you to pity. If he has still illusions let him keep them, at least he means no harm. He will not have *del. trem.*: brandy costs too much. He will burn nobody with a red-hot poker, cut off no one's head and stick a baker's loaf into the collar. Loaves do not grow on trees in post-war Europe. What is it he is fumbling and searching for? The great jaws gape portentously; they work to and fro, up and down, in the agony of frustrated expression. So cruelly does he embody an age of befuddlement that we pick up our hats and steal away ashamed.

STILL LIFE

IN 1766 Dr. Christopher Curtius, established in Paris as a modeller in wax, paid a visit to his family home in Berne, and returned bringing with him his six-year-old niece, Marie Grosholtz. He had done so well himself in the French capital that he meant to train the child in his own profession. His benevolent thought was singularly rewarded; the girl proved a pupil who swiftly excelled her master. There was witchery in the tips of her supple fingers. They could coax the wax to forsake its cadaverous tinge and to bloom more daintily than living flesh. Each figure she made was instinct with fairy-like life, and haunted undeniably by a soul. It was as if the spirit of the old court-painters had touched her, the grace of Lancret, the pensive mind of Watteau. On the rouged and powdered beauties of her epoch she conferred just the immortality they sighed for, an eternal youth of delusively tempting charm. Thus she grew to womanhood in her uncle's studio, the rendezvous of all the great Liberal thinkers, where Benjamin Franklin sat stolidly for his effigy; where Lafayette and Mirabeau spouted their politics and Voltaire purloined the ideas of Rousseau as he uttered them. She did not bestow much notice on their debates, but they took good notice of the handsome girl, with her royal head and proudly curved, dominant nose, and prophesied that she had a destiny. One

day it knocked at the door, and proved – the King's sister!

Madame Elizabeth, who thus entered her life, was a strenuous Princess and a woman of varied accomplishments. As soon as she saw the work of Marie Grosholtz she was convinced that she ought to learn modelling herself, and take her pretty professor to live with her. Dr. Curtius would not oppose his niece's promotion, but when she had gone, he altered his arrangements. He resolved to keep his Palais Royal Museum for scenes depicting Court life and fashionable events, while he opened a second show in the Boulevard du Temple, where he ranged the busts of the coming men in politics, and tentatively made a plan for a Chamber of Horrors. The details, he felt, he might leave for time to fill in. His niece, meanwhile, was extremely happy at Court. She taught the great ladies to model flowers and fruit, and made group after group to be shown at her uncle's establishment. This life went on till 1789, when a peremptory recall arrived from Curtius. There was nothing for it but a tearful leave-taking of the gracious Queen and beloved Madame Elizabeth, of Mesdames de Polignac, and the Princesse de Lamballe. She reassured those she was forced to disappoint. But certainly she would keep her promises to them! But, of course, she would model all their heads one day! Travelling back to the Boulevard du Temple, she learned that the Palais Royal Exhibition was closed. She wondered, and then her eyes were rudely opened. On July 12 a mob foamed up to the doors, and demanded from Curtius the busts of two popular favour-

ites: 'Egalité' d'Orléans and the banished Minister Necker. These they carried aloft by torchlight, swathed in crape, till the Prince de Lambesc's dragoons charged down upon them, when the figure of M. Necker was sliced in two, and that of d'Orléans splashed with the blood of its bearer. But this charge did not stop the course of the Revolution, nor even the march of these restless waxen figures, which knew they had still a long journey to perform.

But Curtius was soon absorbed in national service, so that what modelling had to be done was left to his niece. The leading men of the Revolutionary Government (who had dined so often at the Doctor's house) had imbibed a faith in propaganda by waxwork. So Marie now found herself forced to keep old promises: she modelled the heads of her aristocratic patrons, as they were brought to her fresh from the knife of the guillotine. It was not always her own friends that passed in this nightmare defile; sometimes, when the cloth was removed from the oozing relic, it was . . . one of those diners at her uncle's table. But, whatever the pressure put on her by authority, she would never prostitute her art to mere horror.

'Thought and affliction, passion, Hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness;'

— and sometimes she served her employers best this way. When they brought her to view Charlotte Corday's horrid butcher-work, she protested (loyal little 'White' that she was) that 'the cadaverous aspect of the fiend' made her ill. But the spirit that guided

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those fingers had no politics, and her Jean Paul Marat, lying in his bath, is the sleeping martyr of the Revolution. It is the fit companion of her other masterpiece, that pale, lovely mask of Marie Antoinette, with the crimson drop where the patch of beauty once rested. Happily, we can study them still in the photographs given in Mr. John T. Tussaud's Memoirs.

Between 1789 and 1802 Marie Grosholtz lost her uncle and a colourless husband, and acquired her historic name of Madame Tussaud. She also had her share of internment as 'suspect.' At last, when the Peace of Amiens was signed, she was free of entanglements and ready to fly. Once again the restless wax figures prepared to march; their mistress directed them to the shores of Albion. There was only one thing lacking to her Hegira; she ought to have brought the Dauphin concealed in her cases! She was now a shrewd, buxom woman of 42, sufficiently hardened against all blows of destiny. For many years her show travelled up and down England. At Bristol one Sunday in 1831, she found that *ces Anglais* were having their own Revolution; but how should a Reform Bill riot unnerve this woman, who had lived at the very heart of the Reign of Terror? She posted her negro servant with a blunderbuss to guard the building against incendiaries; then gave the familiar order for transportation to the patient companions of her pilgrimage, who suffered themselves to be borne out into the square, where, mixed in the ranks of the panic-struck inhabitants, they surveyed with their changeless smile the blazing city. At length these wanderers came to rest in

London, in the house with the squat, yellow columns in Baker Street. But Madame Tussaud would still be at her witchery; as though drawn by the magnet of her invisible magic, all the objects with which she had been ever so faintly associated in the days when she lived amid the historical turmoil began to collect in her exhibition rooms. Hither came, among many relics of minor importance, the knife and the posts of the Revolutionary guillotine, and the travelling-coach of the Emperor Napoleon, who had shown her some slight kindness during his Consulate, remembering she had shared a prison with Josephine. In these tranquil days, as she drew on into longevity, while her waxen progeny increased and multiplied, she presented the figure by which she is known to millions, the little old lady in the black poke bonnet, with great spectacles garnishing the gaunt, dominant nose. At night, when the last sightseer had long departed, she would traverse the silent halls with her wavering candle, in wordless maternal colloquy with their denizens, and linger beside the 'Sleeping Beauty,' St. Amaranthe, the fairest of all her cut flowers from Sanson's basket, whose muslin bosom stirred with tremulous breath. One night she did not come to bed at all, and in the morning they found her rigid at the head of this figure. They could not move her, so she stood there to the end. . . . At least it used to be hard to believe she did not!

She left 'Two Swords' (as the populace would have it) a great British institution, which until its ultimate fiery apotheosis rivalled Westminster Abbey and the Tower and put St. Paul's Cathedral out of the running.

Fire and flood are sore ravagers. They may melt Madame's handiwork into pools of dripping wax; they may char the guillotine, and make ashes of the Waterloo carriage. Imagination they cannot tarnish, and there the English people will always see her trotting – the old woman in black shawl and frilled mob-cap, with her gaunt nose and spectacles and her load of fearful memories. Some of us cannot help believing (with or against the evidence) that she has yet another immortality. We never open the *Old Curiosity Shop* and hear a famous voice speak to the chinking of silver without seeing the same impressive little figure.

'So be in time, be in time, be in time!' said Mrs. Jarley at the close of every such address. 'Remember that this is Jarley's stupendous collection of upwards of One Hundred Figures; and that it is the only collection in the world, all others being impostors and deceptions. Be in time, be in time, be in time!'

Perhaps we put off our last visit, from laziness, or from that mysterious dread of waxwork that troubles many (and what place should be haunted if that receptacle of tragic relics was not?), and now we shall never make it. To us the words come to-day with a note of reproach, 'Be in time, be in time, be in time!'

HISTORICAL

1

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A DARK gulf, the gulf of her crushing personal bereavement, lies between the period of Queen Victoria's life that was covered in the earlier volumes of her correspondence and the period that opens with Mr. Buckle's selection from her letters and journal during her middle years. These were momentous both for the Queen's own development and for the history of the British monarchy. For the first time the woman who had gone from her schoolroom to the throne, who had been first the docile pupil of Lord Melbourne and then the submissive disciple of an idolized Consort, found herself standing alone. The position of the Crown would henceforth be what she made it; for, as she wrote immediately after her husband's death: 'I am *determined* that *no one* person, may *he* be ever so good, ever so devoted, among my servants — is to lead or guide or dictate to *me*,' while later she adds, '*No child can help me — no one!*' In fact, she appears at the dawn of her young widowhood singularly lonely. She had still for a few years her uncle, the King of the Belgians, for support and counsellor; but Stockmar was declining to his end. Palmerston and Russell, the leading statesmen of the day, showed the hardest side of their hard

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natures in dealing with her; from Gladstone, who would have rejoiced to share her burdens, she was yearly more and more parted by divergence of creed and sympathy; the flattering personal homage of Disraeli – not the most dignified episode in his or her career – had not yet had time to mature. It is no wonder to find her writing, as she surveys her situation, that ‘there is *now utter desolation, darkness, and loneliness*, and she feels *daily* more and more worn and wretched.’

The deep seclusion into which the Queen was driven by her mourning, her nervous exhaustion and her natural love of privacy could not but affect the public status of the monarchy. It is possible to exaggerate the ill-effects of a curtailment of State ceremonial in the years of victorious Whiggery and Cobdenism. The sense of the sacramental value of the Crown, the reverence for the symbols and shows of Empire, had to be rekindled in the nation. It required the decay of the Utilitarian calculus, the assiduous labour of Disraeli, the diffused influence of the ritual revival in the Church that the Queen so distrusted: above all, it required the growing veneration called forth by her own character, as it deepened and became better known, to make such pageants as the two Jubilees the fitting expression of national feeling. Anyone who reads Thackeray’s *Roundabout Paper* on the marriage of Princess Alexandra at Windsor in 1863, will see that he cared only for the human pathos of the scene, and thought the splendour of heraldry and retinue fair food for chaff, as at Drury Lane or Astley’s. Nevertheless, the Utilitarian age had a jealous desire to get value for its

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money, and, as it saw no function for the monarchy but 'representation,' was inclined to censure the Queen for not fulfilling her contracts. Her shrewd uncle in Belgium, moreover, put his finger on another trait of the national character when he warned her: - 'The English are very personal; to continue to love people they must see them, and even in part touch them. . . .' But Victoria was not to be persuaded.

'That the public should wish to see her [she writes to Lord Russell in 1866] she fully understands, and has *no* wish to prevent - quite the contrary; but why this wish should be of so *unreasonable* and unfeeling a nature, as to *long* to *witness* the spectacle of a poor, broken-hearted widow, nervous and shrinking, dragged in *deep mourning*, ALONE *in* STATE as a *Show*, where she used to go supported by her husband, to be gazed at, without delicacy of feeling, is a thing *she cannot* understand, and she never could wish her bitterest foe to be exposed to!'

The loss of contact with her people was not the only disadvantage of this persistent seclusion. It was an inconvenience to the public service and an unfair tax on burdened Ministers that their boxes and themselves must journey continually to and fro between London and the Isle of Wight or the Highlands. In Bishop Wilberforce's *Life* there is a letter written to him by Disraeli from Balmoral in which the Prime Minister declares with a groan that 'carrying on the Government of a country six hundred miles from the metropolis doubles the labour.' Even in the acutest crisis it was

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hard to bring the Sovereign nearer to the scene of affairs than Windsor. It must be reckoned a fault; for, if Queen Victoria might defend her rare public appearances on the ground of her mourning or on the theory that they were waste of strength, unflagging attention to public affairs was the foundation of her whole doctrine of queenship. It was during this middle phase of her reign her special contribution to the theory of constitutional monarchy.

Queen Victoria's conception of the duties of her office, which differed widely from that held by the preceding monarchs of her line, was probably not quite original. It derived from the habits of her dead husband; and these were such as his peculiar position suggested to him. With a strong political bent and an honourable zeal to serve his adopted country he was compelled to find some way of working without seeming to interfere, a method of influence without authority. This could be done only by perfecting the art of counsel. He and his Queen were permanent, while the Ministers were transitory; they had leisure, if they chose, for study while Cabinets were battling for existence in the unceasing party-war; they were linked to the Continent by a network of family relationships that made the most travelled Foreign Secretary look insular. To caution, to retard, to foresee, to smooth away the crude angles of hasty policies, to intervene with discreet personal appeals at foreign Courts when the wheels of the diplomatic machine were stuck fast in the formalities of procedure – it was all that a distinguished foreign resident like Prince

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Albert could offer to do; and it became all that the widowed Queen, vowed to walk closely in his footsteps, desired to do when she was left alone. As an alternative to the perilous adventure of seeking to recover abandoned prerogatives for the monarchy, or to the humiliation of sinking into a 'decorative inutility,' it was far from a weak ideal.

The service done by the Prince Consort when in his last days he aided the Queen to soften a dispatch to Washington on the Trent affair which might easily have led to war is now generally recognized. That the line followed by the Queen in the ensuing years has been on the whole less generously appreciated is due to circumstances which she would have needed more prescience than most statesmen of her day possessed to foresee. No doubt she was wrong in her fixed belief that, as she wrote a week after Sedan, 'a powerful Germany can never be dangerous to England;' but a generation that has staggered under that danger is apt to forget how slowly it was disclosed. It is in the Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio of 1864 that Queen Victoria's partiality for the country with which she had so many ties is most marked; but in 1864 Bismarck had hardly shown his hand. The cynicism of the tussle with Austria for the booty of Schleswig-Holstein and the headship of Germany, the Ems telegram, the reign of the jackboot inflicted upon Europe after the triumph of 1870, were all in the future. It is too often forgotten that the Danish case in the issue of the much-contested Duchies was at certain points juridically vulnerable; the suspicion that both Queen Victoria and her Ministers

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persistently felt for Napoléon III, unjust as it seems to-day, was hardly unnatural when it is remembered that this Prince had made his first prominent public appearance – his trial after the Boulogne attempt – with a challenge to the decision of Waterloo. But what is really significant in this long-drawn dispute is the consistency with which the Queen refuses to overstep the line of her constitutional duty as she had traced it for herself. ‘I hope,’ she warns her daughter, the Prussian Crown Princess, ‘that *my* opinions and my actions will not be quoted in opposition to my Government, for THAT beloved Papa never permitted.’ To her own Ministers her language, no doubt, was habitually warm and peremptory; but phrases like ‘will not willingly consent,’ ‘will not sanction,’ scarcely imply a resolve to press her own policy to a constitutional crisis. Her real mind is shown by what she wrote at the most critical juncture of all, when Russell had told her that the Cabinet had promised material aid to Denmark if Germany refused a particular arbitration: –

‘Considering existing circumstances and the feeling of the country, the Queen will not say that she will *ultimately* withhold her consent to the proposal of the Government, *should it be* for the *interests of this country*. It appears, however, to the Queen to be *too important* a decision to be arrived at without the *fullest consideration*.’

Thereupon it became clear that Palmerston and Russell – ‘those two dreadful old men,’ the Queen wrote to her Uncle Leopold in Belgium – were throw-

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ing firebrands about as they had done before, without the assent of the Cabinet as a whole. What higher function can a constitutional Sovereign fulfil than to save the country from going inconsiderately to war for any cause?

These letters show that Queen Victoria's Prussian sympathies have been exaggerated sometimes since 1914. It is true that she held firmly by her theory of Prussia as the 'natural ally,' and that, after Lord Ellenborough's impertinent or maladroit speech about her German tendencies in 1864, she told Russell, with that candour which is so attractive an element in her character, that Germany was after all the 'country, from which *every one* nearest and dearest to the Queen has come, and to which she is bound by every possible tie.' But as the unscrupulous Bismarckian diplomacy was more and more fully displayed, her resentment grew hot. 'Odious people the Prussians are, *that I must say*,' she declares to her uncle; and in the height of the crisis of 1866 she even ventures to write to the King of Prussia, saying:—

'You are deceived, you are made to believe that you are to be attacked, and I, your true friend and sister, hear your honoured name attacked and abused for the faults and recklessness of others — or, rather more, of *one man!*'

Her growing alienation from the Prussians is clearly to be traced in her correspondence with her daughter, the Crown Princess Victoria; and the Crown Princess's letters make some of the most attractive reading in this

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collection. 'How well the Crown Princess writes!' Lord Granville remarks after seeing one of them. But the charm of her writing is not her style, but her personality. She has all the warmth and forthrightness of her mother, without the formidable strain of the English Queen; and this explains why, if she was a more lovable woman, she was a far less successful Empress. It is exhilarating to watch this high-mettled spirit struggling to harmonize her loyalty to her second country with her English instincts and her detestation of Bismarckian brutality. There is only too much truth in her confession that she enjoys a 'pitched battle' and sometimes longs for 'the satisfaction of knocking somebody down, which would be such an intense relief and so *very* good for those who would be knocked down.' But there is a beautiful chivalry in her wish, during the war of 1870, to return a screen looted at the Palace of St. Cloud by the Prussian soldiery and sent to her as a war trophy, through her mother's hands, to the exiled Empress Eugénie.

It is hardly possible to credit the Queen with any large coherent view of European relationships. To what she supposed her husband would have thought she added such sentiments as national and Royal prestige suggested and such ideas as were in the air around her. Her letters show no sign that her daily industrious scanning of dispatches and State papers was balanced by reading or sustained reflection on the problems of power and policy. It is not surprising, after the trivial and domestic character of her early education. If she left her imprint on the course of

affairs it was because she was strong where her Ministers were often weak, in good sense, in the instinct for handling persons, in acquaintance with Continental feeling, above all in the respect and confidence that her transparent good faith inspired. More than once her personal intervention was of decisive and salutary effect. Thus in 1867 she wrote to the King of Prussia begging him to yield far enough to France in the Luxemburg contention to avoid a war. And again in 1875 she wrote to the Emperor of Russia to urge him to exert his influence to crush the plots for a 'preventive war' against reviving France that were being hatched in Berlin military circles. Yet, perhaps, the Queen's greatness is even better shown in her failures. She knew how to frame an appeal by letter or interview to a foreign monarch so that when it was refused she retained both her dignity and his cordiality. Supreme tact, one is tempted to say, until one reflects that it was but the natural reward of supreme sincerity.

The dynastic sentiment undoubtedly was strong in her, and her international outlook was much influenced by concern for Royal Houses, their rights and their property. Here is an illuminating confidence to her daughter in Prussia:—

'To me he [King Victor Emmanuel of Italy] has never been the same, since he undermined his own uncle's kingdom, and took that as well as other people's, near relations of his own; and it used to be my pride and dear Papa's, to be able to say that your excellent father-in-law never would let himself become a tool of

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Bismarck's ambition, as the King of Italy had been of Cavour's. . . . This does not mean that the unity of Germany was not right, or not wished for by me and dear Papa. We both earnestly wished for that, for one head, one army, and one diplomacy; but not for dethroning other Princes, and taking their private property and palaces—no, that was, and is, a grave mistake. And I never could live in their palaces if I were the Emperor or you.'

In a similar spirit we find her replying to the news of the deposition of the wretched Sultan Abdul Aziz in 1876:— 'She hopes that the change of the Sovereign at Constantinople may have a good effect; but she *cannot* APPROVE these violent depositions. . . .' And perhaps her nearest approach to positive indiscretion was her attitude to the fallen dynasties of France. All her hostility to Napoleon III seems to vanish after Sedan; and she even wrote privately that it would be best for the Prince Imperial to be restored to the French throne. Most startling of all is a message that she sends to the Duc de Nemours in 1873 expressing surprise at his long stay in Paris, and asking 'si c'est politique pour votre *avenir*, d'accoutumer le public à vous voir, pour ainsi dire, *réconciliés à la République?*'

As head of a Royal House herself, she did not hold lightly by the proprietary side of her position. No doubt she entered into Disraeli's imperial purpose in establishing her title as 'Empress of India'; but she was claiming it in 1872 before Disraeli returned to

office, and her letters on the subject have her usual sharp tone when she is defending a possession. It must be owned that her tenacity in maintaining personal and family rights (which led to Dilke's ill-informed attack on the administration of the Civil List in 1871, and to criticisms of the grants to Royal children) does not go well with her reluctance to bear the burdens of public 'representation' and of entertaining Royal visitors to the country.

It is not perhaps wholly fanciful to find traces of the possessive instinct in the Queen's attitude towards certain institutions that might seem most clearly the domain of the nation – namely, the Navy, the Army, and the Church Establishment. Over all three a minute personal supervision was apparently what she felt to be demanded of the Sovereign. 'Her Majesty,' Disraeli records in a memorandum of an audience in 1867 at which he had proposed an unsatisfactory candidate as Secretary for War, 'said that in her present state of health she really had neither inclination nor energy sufficient to educate boys for such offices as War and Admiralty.' She gives Palmerston a sharp rebuke for allowing changes in naval regulations without her sanction; demands from him minute explanations of a change of plan in the Spithead fortifications; defines precisely when Prince Alfred may hoist the Royal Standard during his naval service, and issues a command after careful consideration on the wearing of beards and moustaches in the Fleet. She is equally conscious of her unique relation to the other service, and during the controversy over the abolition of Purchase

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reminds Cardwell that 'as head of the Army she is bound to do all that lies in her power to make her officers sensible that at least their complaints are fairly investigated.' Nevertheless, it is in her use of her military prerogatives that her patriotism and constitutional loyalty are most admirable. The tradition of the Georges and the letter of the law were such as to encourage the theory that the Army was in a special sense the Sovereign's personal sphere of command. The Duke of Cambridge was not backward in reminding his cousin that it was necessary 'by every means to keep up that connecting link which binds the Army to the Crown.' Yet when Gladstone and Cardwell carried through their momentous series of reforms, which vitally affected the status of the Commander-in-Chief and brought the military administration of the country definitively under the control of its constitutional organs, the Queen, though painfully anxious, exerted herself simply to bring it about that the inevitable transition should be made with justice, consideration, and care not to embitter the spirit of the Army. Kinglake in one of the notes to his 'Invasion of the Crimea,' declares that her action at this crisis was 'a victory achieved over Self by the genuine State Queen . . . beyond all comparing, the greatest feat of her reign, and may well be remembered with gratitude -- remembered even in times when all the cant phrases shall cease, and praises in earnest begin.' His verdict is strikingly confirmed by the knowledge now given us. What the country owed the Queen for her tact in cautioning the Duke of Cambridge against in-

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judicious words or acts at critical junctures is, of itself, no light debt. The whole episode is an impressive instance of her tendency to rise highest at the most exacting crisis.

We may suspect that it was in part the fervour and directness of the Queen's private religion that impelled her to act on many occasions as if the Church of England were in quite a special sense the sphere of personal Government by the Crown. There is an amusing flavour of Queen Elizabeth's imperious methods of 'taking order' for the Church in Queen Victoria's peremptory command to the Rector of Whippingham in the Isle of Wight to resume his black gown in the pulpit, and her severe lecture to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Longley) after he had presumed to lay the first stone of the Cathedral at Inverness, thereby in the Queen's opinion affronting the Scottish Establishment with a display of Episcopalian sympathy. In 1874 she wrote to Disraeli:—

'She must draw his attention to an observation of Mr. Hardy's the other night, which if it was correctly reported, would be very extraordinary. It was reported in the newspapers that he had said the Queen was *not* the *Head of the Church*. Now the Sovereign of this country has always been considered the Head of the Church, and also of the Scotch Church, but still more so of the English. This might be rectified if he really said it.'

Even Disraeli could only reply by stating that Queen Elizabeth had long ago waived the title 'Head of the

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Church' of England, and that in the opinion of the Lord Advocate 'the connexion of the Sovereign with the Kirk is purely civil.'

Such niceties were not of a kind to deter the Queen from pursuing an energetic Church policy and pressing by every legitimate means upon the will of her Ministers to make them follow it. Upon the beneficence of one element in this policy churchmen of all schools must agree. Queen Victoria insisted that appointments to high offices in the Church should be the fruit of a conscientious endeavour to find men of proved distinction and fitness. Although she might now and then be rather easily satisfied when the chance of rewarding a Royal tutor or a favourite preacher of her own came up, she did make an effective stand against the idea that a bishopric or a deanery was the proper prize for a friend or a partisan of statesmen in office. If she failed to alter the ways of Palmerston, who brushed aside her remonstrances over his unworthy choices in a style that can only be termed rude, she prevented Disraeli, an impenitent offender in this matter, from many grave mistakes, notably the selection of a nonentity for the Primacy in 1868. It was owing to the Queen's persistence that Tait went to Canterbury, one of the most momentous events in modern English Church history. With her usual intuition she discerned, while Disraeli was baffled by the Scotsman's politic reserve, that here was the prelate who would support with vigorous sincerity her own views of religion. The foremost of these was an ardent Protestantism: —

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'The Reformation in this country was *never* fully completed, and had we applied the pruning-knife more severely, we should *never* have been exposed to the dangers to which the Church of England is *now* exposed, and for which the Queen thinks it will be *absolutely* necessary to take some measures. The Queen feels *more strongly* than words *can* express the duty which is imposed upon her and her family, to maintain the *true* and *real principles* and *spirit* of the *Protestant* religion; for her family was brought over and placed on the throne of these realms *solely* to maintain it. . . .

This impassioned conviction was gratified by the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874, whereby Tait with Disraeli's support hoped in a summary fashion to 'put down Ritualism.' In using all her influence to make it pass the Queen was undoubtedly the interpreter of an immense body of public opinion, and she was doubtless pleased by Disraeli's assurance that:—'If this blow is dealt against the Sacerdotal school, it will be entirely through the personal will of the Sovereign.' But she did not perceive how deeply the moral strength of disciplinary measures against the High Church was impaired by the general knowledge that the beneficiaries of the operation were to be the Latitudinarians of Dean Stanley's school, whose own attitude to the Anglican formularies was in the widespread opinion of Church people equally open to criticism. The Queen pooh-poohed the 'bugbear of Broad Church,' and warned Disraeli not to recommend for office 'either Ritualists or people belonging to the

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Evangelical School than whom no more narrow-minded and uncharitable people exist.' Disraeli, however, saw the impossibility of imposing by authority on the Church the philosophic German Liberalism which had been favoured by the Prince Consort. In a characteristic letter he represented that a historic institution does not suffer violence in this way. He was opposed to Ritualism, but: —

'Of Neology, he will only remark that he looks upon it as he would on "the music of the future," whether it be destined that coming generations may find consolation and charm in either, he stops not to inquire; but those who have to gratify the public taste, or to assist your majesty in the business of government, must be practical men and deal with the present, and there only find the materials for managing mankind.'

The failure of the Queen to stem the cross-currents that have continued to agitate the Church of England in spite of her worship Bill contrasts with the success of her influence in another vital domestic question, that of Parliamentary Reform. The great Bill of 1867 was passed, Disraeli alleged, 'in a great degree, nay, mainly, owing to your Majesty's determined support of your Majesty's advisers in their difficult enterprise.' Here the Queen was playing the part suited to her peculiar abilities. She was not framing a theoretic policy but exerting the force of her character to end a controversy that was becoming a running sore on public life, as the continuous unrest and eruptions like the Hyde Park rioting gave evidence.

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Force of character – we are always brought back to that. Behind the Queen, with her ideas, traditions and set habits of thought, we see the woman, transcending in emergencies the limits of her upbringing and position. Victoria can never have been ‘good’ in a mild or placid sense. She had a remarkably passionate and vehement nature, with the marks of the romantic temperament in her love of solitude and the ‘simple, wild freedom’ of Scottish scenery, her brooding consciousness of communion with the dead, and her half-superstitious belief in the protective power of a particular Highland servant. It is not to be denied (since she herself confesses it) that her early rise to her great place had fostered a strain of self-will and self-importance. Even in maturer life there are undercurrents of egoism and hardness – notably a certain jealousy of the Prince of Wales’s and his wife’s popularity. The House of Hanover had usually been unfortunate in the relations between Sovereign and Heir-Apparent, and in various subtle ways of this kind Queen Victoria recalls traits of George III. But the purifying effect of her great grief was progressively softening the harsher element of her nature.

Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

The Queen’s sympathy with widows and all manner of sufferers is repeatedly disclosed in her correspondence. Beautiful in its simplicity is the letter she wrote at Goldwin Smith’s suggestion to Mrs. Lincoln after her husband’s assassination. ‘I always,’ she confesses in another place, ‘feel drawn to the sickbed of anyone,

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to be of use and comfort.' The death of Dickens moves her to note in her journal that: —

'He had a large, loving mind and the strongest sympathy with the poorer classes. He felt sure that a better feeling, and much greater union of classes would take place in time. And I pray earnestly it may.'

She is watchful to protect her servants not only from overwork but from slights — a sensibility not widely enough spread in the higher society of her day — and she strongly criticizes the proposed match tax in Lowe's 1871 Budget for its cruelty to the poor. She sympathized with the storm-tossed African prelate Colenso, not solely because of his Latitudinarian theology, but also because of his 'noble, disinterested conduct in favour of the natives.' A certain scheme of 'barbarous' reprisals on Malacca brings down on the Commissioner in British Burma her sharpest, most justifiable wrath. As we traverse the new instalment of her letters we seem to watch the shrinking widow, whose inconsolable vigil by the tomb of her foreign husband had for a while perturbed and pained her people, acquiring bit by bit that sense of a wider motherhood in one of the greatest of human families which glorified the final years of her reign.

CARDINAL MANNING

FEW of the great careers of nineteenth-century England touched at so many points as Cardinal Manning's, an old order that was passing away and the new order that was succeeding to its place. When Henry Edward Manning was seven years old he heard his aunt read out 'a great battle that had been fought in a field of corn in Flanders' in the June of 1815. He was at a Harrow where the memory of Byron was still green, and at the unreformed Laudian Oxford which, with its own laws and police, its ecclesiastical governors, its special costumes and ceremonies of worship, was an Anglican analogue to the State of the Church in Italy — banishing its Popish chapel to a suburb across Magdalen Bridge, just as the Pope banished Protestant worship to an inn outside the Porta del Popolo in Rome. As an Anglican Archdeacon Manning held cure of souls in a Sussex yet unfurrowed by railways, and as a Roman prelate took part in the last great pomps of the Temporal Power. He was the adviser and support of Florence Nightingale in her Crimean venture, the adversary first of Garibaldi and then of Bismarck, and in the new era that followed these battles the champion of the liberalism of Pope Leo XIII and the ally of the American episcopate in their struggle for Catholic democracy. In the affairs of Ireland he had an intimate, difficult rôle to play from the days of the Disestablish-

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ment to the Parnell catastrophe; and, driven by the 'Mosaic Radicalism' of his latter years, he won fresh lustre as the settler of the great Dock Strike, and died a comrade of Ben Tillett and John Burns. A long journey from the day of Quatre-Bras!

Mr. Shane Leslie, his latest biographer, speaks of 'a strong, self-willed, and lonely man, who believed he was fighting the battles of Divine policy in the Church.' He might have added, a man tortured by the personal ambitions he was ever struggling to tread underfoot. One of Mr. Leslie's most valuable finds is the analysis of his subject's character as a young man written down by Miss Bevan, the author of *Reading Without Tears* and the 'spiritual mother' who woke Manning to his religious vocation. 'He covets *every* gift,' we there read, 'from the highest to the lowest, the admiration of every creature from the highest to the lowest. So towering an aim, so grasping an ambition, can never be gratified.' In a pitiful passage from his Anglican diary Manning has the courage to own, 'I could not bear to hear Laprimaudaye [his curate] commended even in a matter which ought to make me give thanks' — namely, the good effects of the curate's preaching. It has been suggested that when Manning took orders after his father's business failure, which quenched his burning hopes of a political future, he did so with the idea of making a career in the Church, according to the sentiment of the day. It is evident, on the contrary, that he underwent a genuine conversion, turning from personal aims to the service of religion. He rightly named it a call from God *ad veritatem et ad seipsum*.

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Such fierce ambition as Manning's, however, was (as the extract just made from his diary shows) of too stern a stuff to be purged by a single act of self-dedication. Like all temptations exorcized by a firm will, it came back from subliminal depths masked in fair-seeming attributes, calling itself by names that might well deceive an active, self-confident man who realized his superiority in ability and devotion to the run of his fellow-workers, alike in the English and Roman communions. The drama of Manning's life is hidden both from those who look on him as a self-seeking adventurer and those who regard him as a saint with a touch of obstinacy. The warfare between the natural and the spiritual man in him is incessant, and responsible surely for the scarred look of his old age; it is, to those who can realize even the shadow of such conflicts, awe-inspiring. Mr. Leslie does well to print at length the meditations which Manning committed to paper while he made his retreat at Highgate, looking down upon the city spread beneath him, before taking up his work as Archbishop of Westminster. Some such commentary from his private records is needed at every stage of Manning's life. 'O my God, if in this there has been ambition, make me to see it as Thou seest it, lest I go down to the pit deceiving myself,' he writes; and again, giving words to his passion for humanity, 'What beautiful souls are in it [London], made in the likeness of God with all the capacities of eternal life, but outcast, disinherited, darkened, stained, poisoned, distorted, disfigured, twice dead!'

This austere sincerity and stripping of the soul is

one side of the medal; on the other are the equivocations of Manning's Anglican course, the tenebrous intrigues with Mgr. Talbot at the Vatican for the ousting of Dr. Errington from his right of succession to the See of Westminster, the bitter jealousy of Newman's gifts. Mr. Leslie, no doubt, does something to mitigate the common view of these passages in Manning's history. He shows that in fighting Errington Manning was fighting a principle with no sure knowledge that Errington's loss must be his own personal gain; and he prints a letter written in 1875, at the height of Newman's disfavour with the Roman authorities, in which Manning generously undertakes the defence of his rival to ward off a threatened censure. It was acts like these that mortified the man of whom the aged Cardinal smilingly said, as he looked at the clock tower of Westminster, 'If I had been able to have my own way and go there, what a rascal I should have been by this time!' Yet to the end perhaps Manning never quite realized that the Kingdom of God cometh not by maxims of worldly policy. Manning while in the Church of England was a typical Anglican dignitary of his epoch, just as he was under Pius IX an intransigent Ultramontane and under Leo XIII almost a Liberal Catholic. This was not a deliberate trimming of sails to catch the wind, but a result of the practical genius and keen perception of realities which were Manning's master qualities. He would always adapt himself, if and so far as he could, to the ruling spirit of the institution in which he was working; no tangible results could be looked for by ecclesiastical

Ishmaels. Manning was never a Puseyite, and when the Gorham judgment offered evidence that the Church of England in the person of its rulers and the mass of its members stood opposed to the principles he held, he accepted the omen and resigned his preferments. One should not be too satirical of the inconsistencies of Manning's Anglican friends when abruptly faced by the question whether a living Church, with all its energies, resources, traditions and hallowed memories, is so frail an organism that its breath depends on the right or wrong of a particular legal decision. But no doubt they had proclaimed so loud the absoluteness of paper theory that their surrender to facts when it came had an air of disingenuousness.

The zenith of Manning's career must be reckoned, unless we take a narrowly insular or Anglo-Saxon standpoint, as falling in his middle period which culminated in the definition of Papal infallibility at the Vatican Council of 1870. Already in sharp conflict with the opinion of his fellow-countrymen on the question of the Temporal Power, he lost even such sympathies as remained to him among High Church Anglicans by his successful battle for a doctrine peculiarly disappointing to their hopes. But it is only fair to Manning to take into account when judging him his own view of the ecclesiastical situation. 'General Councils,' the Anglican article says, 'may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of Princes.' At all events they cannot be gathered together without the assent of civil rulers, and there is ground for suspecting that they will not work smoothly in a Christendom

politically disunited. How troubled are the annals of the Council of Trent, held nevertheless in days when there was yet the wraith of a Roman Emperor sitting above the warring States. The Congress of Vienna, aspiring to a European concert (though it took the form not of a league of nations but of a league of dynasts), had prolonged the existence of this wraith by restoring the State of the Church to the Papacy as the seat of an international spiritual Power. This arrangement made at Italy's expense, in defiance of the principle of nationality, was bound to disappear, with the consequence that any future parliament of Western Catholicism must meet on the territory and by the permission of this or that national sovereign – a contingency that seemed less compatible in the middle decades of the nineteenth century than it would to-day with freedom of debate and decision. The assembly of 1870 itself, though gathered on the still neutral soil of Peter's Patrimony, met under the protection of French bayonets, and such a condition could be, and was, used in an attempt to influence its deliberations.

This progressive impracticability of the conciliar system was an argument for ratifying by a solemn act the concentration of sovereignty in the hands of the Pope which carried great weight in the mind of an ecclesiastical statesman like Manning. For him, as for so many of the leading Ultramontanes of his age, the question of the seat of doctrinal authority readily took the colour of an administrative rather than a speculative issue. Manning, of course, held that a theological vindication of Papal infallibility could be given, but

the historical and philosophical difficulties that appalled Döllinger, Acton and Hefele, and subtly tormented Newman, scarcely existed for him or for Veuillot. It must not be forgotten that Count Joseph de Maistre, whose treatise *Du Pape* played the chief part in popularizing Ultramontane doctrine at the opening of the nineteenth century, defends the infallibility of the Pope as analogous to the finality of last Courts of Appeal in secular States, and even goes to the length of saying that it is more important for theological disputes to be settled authoritatively than for them to be settled in any particular sense. Friedrich, the mordant Old Catholic historian of the Vatican Council, declares that de Maistre, a diplomatic adept, applied to theology the maxims of his own profession, including the legitimacy of cajoleries, menaces, and even fabrications to gain an end. History shows that recourse to such methods is not the exclusive badge of any one school of opinion, but the practical cast which de Maistre gave to the discussion of what might seem a question of abstract truth cannot be denied. Manning and his allies could have replied to the formidable brief of the historians against their case that the Vatican Council by its quasi-abdication of its own rights showed the power of the Church to adapt its organization to the changing demands of its environment. A basis for such a view had already been laid in the *Essay on Development* – but Newman disliked the Herculean looks of this new child of his own principles.

The promulgation of Papal infallibility and the disappearance from the map of the State of the Church

CARDINAL MANNING

were almost simultaneous events. With the first secured, the second appeared to Manning a blow less grave than it would have been a few years before. To the consternation of some of his old associates he began to modify his intransigence. His eyes were in fact turning to fresh horizons, and he was embarking upon the liberalism of his third and last phase. On the whole, however, Manning's radicalism was of a very cautious kind. 'I may say,' he declared, 'my politics are summed up in the words "I have compassion on the multitude, for they have nothing to eat."' His keen conviction that the workers had not yet received anything like a fair share in the fruits of their labour made him anxious to stretch every point he could to keep on terms with Henry George and other Socialist leaders, but his theoretical divergence from them must in the end have made itself felt. At bottom one suspects he was more than anything else a Tory Democrat, with a strong dash of Imperialism. In 1879 he wrote to Beaconsfield (forgetting their tiff over the Irish University plan in 1868):—

'I am no politician, but it is clear to me that, having an Empire, we must either give it up or keep it up. To give it up would be our extinction as a power in the world; to keep it up seems to me to demand, and even to dictate, the policy you have pursued. And Englishmen must give up trembling at dangers and puling about taxes. There is nothing Imperial in such conduct.'

The activities of Manning's old age may be looked on as his belated entry into the main stream of English

public life, where he had always yearned to have his place, and where he was so well fitted to take the lead by his breeding, his education, and his habits of thought – on every subject but one. When he drove down to the City to intervene in the Dock Strike, he was returning to a sphere in which his father, a London merchant, had been an honoured if unfortunate figure. When he served on the Housing Commission, his name was placed next to that of the Prince of Wales, a recognition of his purple won solely by his individual prestige. The moral authority he had thus gradually gained in the eyes of his countrymen was a kind of shadow of that Primacy of all England which he would both have enjoyed and adorned had his star led him to Lambeth. *Inglese italianato* he has been called, and doubtless there had been tortuous corridors in his life, in negotiating which *il Diavolo del Concilio*, as they dubbed him in Rome during the strife of 1870, had earned the sour proverbial title. Beneath this body-armour, however, there was always an English gentleman of the old school, retaining to the end of his life the early influences of Wilberforce's Evangelicalism and the theology of Paley, and graced always by the severe delicacy of Tractarian Oxford. His death on January 14, 1892, was mourned (as the crowds at his funeral showed) by the masses of English Labour, while the news of it made a black day at the Papal Court. It was as though for an hour beside the death-bed of Manning there was a truce in the age-long feud between England and Rome.

LORD PALMERSTON

PALMERSTON during one of his disputes with his colleagues in the Aberdeen Cabinet let fall the remark that he could not bear certain changes 'at his time of life.' This was the first time, Clarendon confided to the malicious ear of Greville the diarist, that he had heard Palmerston 'acknowledge that he had *a time of life*.' Doubtless the perennial youth of the indefatigable Minister, who was just over seventy at the time of this incident, with the crown of his career still before him, was fed from an even more miraculous elixir than the one which preserved the famous gloss of his whiskers; but in another sense Palmerston had always a plainly marked time of life. His life was of the time before the great Reform Bill. Like some formidable monster that had waded breast-high through the Flood, he bore imperturbably forward into a Cobdenite world the methods and aptitudes of the sunken oligarchy. He was the last of the great proprietorial statesmen who with the ease of instinct looked after England as after their own acres and dealt with foreign Powers as with county neighbours. To those who lacked the key it was a baffling riddle, that blend of arrogance with rough benevolence, of scorn for tyranny with respect for station. The paradox at home of *un pays qui se gouverne sans police*, which intrigues a sympathetic foreign student of England's *ancien régime*, was

reflected abroad in the paradox of a foreign policy without premeditation — which was observed at the time with a good deal less sympathy.

Nor was it only on the Continent that Palmerston's elusive guiding sense, which led by fearful paths to staggering triumphs, tormented folk of more plodding mental gait. Henry Reeve, for instance, the laborious news-collector and grave leader-writer, and Charles Greville, Chief Clerk of the Privy Council, who heard all the gossip of the governing class and sifted it with the cynical horse-sense of a racing man, both found themselves continually outwitted. Their rueful reflections when, after all their black prophecies, Palmerston strides jauntily along the razor-edge of war with France, and brings down the trumpeted power of Mehemet Ali with a crash in one short campaign, are amusing to read. 'Was I altogether wrong?' asks Reeve incredulously. 'Have Palmerston's opinions been justified by an extraordinary good fortune or by superior knowledge?' And, after much chewing the bitter cud, he concludes: 'As I have been all along among the warmest opponents of a scheme which, if it had not succeeded, would have consigned its authors to infamy and the world to misery, I am bound to acknowledge the superior knowledge, or the superior luck of the Foreign Office.' But how came 'Il Pomposo,' as Delane, his restive editor, dubbed him, to ignore or to neglect the fact that Palmerston, before making his stroke, had sent Dr. Bowring as a special agent to Egypt, and received from him a report that can be summed up in the words, 'I have seen the nakedness of the land; the

pasha's power is a sham, and he is incapable of serious resistance'? It would seem that even those with the best opportunity of knowing failed to discern the efficiency masked by Palmerston's nonchalant manner; and neither Reeve nor Greville, bred in the faith that government was the art of governing classes, understood the new force that he was manipulating. For it was the highest achievement of the ancient oligarch's suppleness – an achievement in which Lord John Russell was but a blundering rival – to sustain his dictatorship by demagoguery.

Greville when he set down Palmerston's memorable *Civis Romanus sum* speech in his diary as 'a profusion of magnificent and successful claptraps,' betrayed his insensibility to the changes of his time, and not to them alone. The ideas and phrases that Palmerston dispatched like fiery crosses through the English people were seldom claptraps. They bore the stamp of grandeur, not always a moral grandeur, not always the grandeur of wide horizons, but at least the grandeur of self-reliance and energy. The man who coined that image of the citizen of new Rome treading all lands 'confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong' might appeal to national insolence or rapacity, but not, like some later demagogues, to cravenness or imbecility. Nor did Palmerston feign ideals he did not share. He became a democratic leader by virtue of that community in thought and aim with the English people that had made his class in the days of its supremacy the most national of all aristocracies. He found nothing

alien from his nature in the thriving, pushing England of the mid-Victorian years – neither its generosity nor its greed, its good nature nor its resentments, its candour nor its disconcerting astuteness. His speeches, to a detached observer to-day, seem humbug or jargon. But he appealed in them to a secret which he shared with his people; they had in their fervid souls the alchemy that fused the contradictions of his formulas, the flame that lit up his shadowy suggestions.

At his prompting England made war with the Tsar in the Crimea. The justification of that decision is an entangled problem. The plainest way may be to assume that since the war in the Crimea (like the breaking of the Sultan's insurgent vassal, Mehemet Ali) was undertaken in the cause of 'the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire,' it should be judged by the moral and practical worth of that cause. One may fairly object to the endeavour to have it both ways. We cannot praise a war expressly waged to maintain the Sultan's Empire for leading to a convenient dismemberment of it. It tasks our powers of belief very far to credit even a great proconsul when he says that, 'had it not been for the Crimean War, and the policy subsequently adopted by Lord Beaconsfield's Government, the independence of the Balkan States would never have been achieved.' Was another two decades of the regime that culminated in the Bulgarian massacres and the overrunning of European Turkey to the very walls of Constantinople by the armies of the Tsar really a better time of incubation for Balkan independence than the vague protectorate of Russia, conceded and limited

by the Powers in that momentous Vienna Note whose rejection by the Porte destroyed the hope of peace in 1853? It was the Spirit Ironie from *The Dynasts*, surely, that stood peeping over the shoulder of the Tsar when Nicholas told a scandalized British Ambassador his wild dream of freed Balkan nations and England in Egypt.

We doubt if any apologia yet devised for the war would satisfy to-day the shade of the one great Englishman who moves through the maze of that tragedy of errors with the beams of sublimity haloing his mistakes. When the *Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy* says of Stratford de Redcliffe that 'it is an entire error to attribute to him, as some have done, a passion for war,' it says what can only be granted with reserve. Stratford made his attitude plain enough:—

'He is neither for peace nor for war. He is for the Question . . . if it knocks at our door, stands on tiptoe, and looks in at our window, it may be an ugly and frightful object, but we must look it in the face and deal with it as men and statesmen ought to do.'

The vacillating Aberdeen, infuriated by the clear purpose of the great Ambassador whom he, as Prime Minister, lacked the courage to recall, once dared to speak of 'the dishonesty of Stratford.' It was a two-edge word if honesty means braving the consequences of conviction. Yet it is plain that even Stratford, drawing near once more to Constantinople on that bitter Carniolan journey of snow and starlight from Vienna to Trieste in the spring of 1853, was followed by a

ghost. One glimpse into the mystery of his awesome self-communings he has given us himself in words that ring like a burst of fatidical Eastern music:—

‘There is hope to be derived from the best of books, and possibly a pebble from the brook by the wayside may be found once more the most effectual weapon against an armed colossus. My pebble is the simple truth, but I must stoop to pick it up where the heavens lie reflected on smooth flowing water.’

But did there not dance more than once before the keen eyes buried in the shadow of the heavy Canning brow the fear he had confessed to his wife from Paris earlier on the road?:—

‘As to any real change in the Porte’s system of administration, or the adoption of sound measures in a right spirit, I only don’t despair because we live in miraculous times, and because it would be too painful to go on without a glimmering of hope.’

Judging the war, then, by its immediate aims and results, we could do little but acquiesce in the satirical representation of them given by Mr. Kingsley Martin in his brilliant study, *The Triumph of Lord Palmerston*. The wires are pulled by the crafty strength of Palmerston and the loftier resolution of Stratford, while Press and public leap in bellicose frenzy. It is truly a curious picture, and Mr. Martin paints it with caustic skill. Turkey, said one speaker, was ‘among the most enlightened of European nations, if enlightenment meant high moral principle.’ Than the Sultan, declared

another, no, Sovereign 'has done more for religious toleration; for he has established religious equality in his dominions. It would be no dishonour to Englishmen if they were to rank him with the Alfreds and Edwards. . . .' In fact, added the *Quarterly Review*, we were 'fighting not for Islam but for Christianity.' The clergy were inspired by this pregnant hint. A respectable and learned High Church clergyman, when the news came of the Tsar's death, observed that 'the suggestive remark of the Saviour naturally comes to one's recollection: "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from Heaven." ' The Vicar of Kenilworth went further. He 'had no doubt that the last trump would follow the last British victory.' To crown all, at a time when diplomatists knew that the only path to quick and decisive victory was to secure the entry of the Austrian Army into the campaign on the side of the Allies, Kossuth put to an enthusiastic English audience the question whether they would accept such tainted help against Russia, and was answered by the rolling cry from all parts of the crowd, 'Crush both!'

In such hours the scapegoat and the 'hidden hand' are never far to seek. It was here that the crazy brilliance of the much-travelled Russophobe David Urquhart came into play. *The Times*, he sneered, 'continually repeated "a liturgy"; "the Christian subjects of the Porte require and deserve protection . . . and his [the Tsar's] four Archangels in Downing Street respond Amen!" ' While Clarendon talked, 'Russian money clinked in his pockets.' Nay, 'Pam' himself was a Russian agent, all the more dangerous for the vigour

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of his assumed hostility! The public paroxysm culminated upon the simultaneous news that the Tsar had committed the outrage of destroying the Sultan's fleet in the Bay of Sinope, on the flimsy pretext that he was in a state of war with Turkey, and that Palmerston, the one man whom all (except the prudent Urquhart) trusted, had resigned from the Cabinet ostensibly on the issue of Parliamentary Reform, really (his organs took care to let it be known) in protest against his colleagues' dishonourable shilly-shallying in the East. Mr. Martin is able to discuss that mysterious ten days' resignation more fully than previous historians, since he has had access to the privately printed correspondence of Aberdeen, including some unpublished letters of Queen Victoria. His examination makes it plain that it was not the Queen or her Consort this time who drove Palmerston from office, though Victoria was very glad when he went and very angry when he suddenly returned. 'He will be a source of mischief to the country as long as he lives,' she wrote, but she had sore reason to know 'his unscrupulous dexterity, enabling him to represent himself, even in this instance, as an injured, innocent man, whose traducers had been finally obliged to beg him on their knees to come back.'

For the real 'injured, innocent man' had been her husband. The news of Palmerston's resignation had brought down an avalanche of reprobation on the foreign Consort, 'the shadow behind the throne.' He had stabbed Palmerston in the dark again for the sin of patriotism, and one Englishman at least wished

(in a letter to the papers) that he could avenge himself 'by the use of the knout, which he [Albert] has been so insidiously attempting to introduce into Europe with his friend the Tsar.' Charles Greville, coming forward with an appeal to reason in the *Morning Herald*, was warned by that organ that 'Mr. Greville, if he desires to retain the fruits of a jobbing age which has fortunately passed away, had better maintain a secluded silence.' No wonder the Queen (whom many people believed to be already in the Tower with her traitor spouse) wrote to the Prime Minister that this sort of thing 'she DEEPLY resents,' and that 'if the country *really* has such incomprehensible and reprehensible notions there is no remedy but the introduction of the *Salic Law*, for which *she* would *heartily* vote.' Could it be true that Sir Robert Peel (the statesman's son) meant to open an attack on the Prince at the opening of Parliament? 'As he is half mad,' answered Aberdeen consolingly, 'it is difficult to say what he may not do.' When the agitation collapsed with surprising suddenness Greville whispered to his faithful diary, 'I cannot help partaking in the opinion that the whole thing has been got up, managed, and paid for by Louis Napoleon, Walewski [French Ambassador], and another person here.' But nothing has ever been proved against that person, now safely returned to power on the back of his colleagues.

Yet, are the extravagances and absurdities that Mr. Martin so cleverly satirizes the whole truth about the judgment of the British public on the Russia of Nicholas I? It is not, after all, to the dervish-like

ululations of Urquhart that we need to turn for a haunting picture of the Russian menace in the 'fifties – the menace of a continuous advancing empire, spread over three continents and enclosing more than half Europe in its grasp, in almost all lands by influence or actual force the stay of despotism, 'a huge, half-barbarous Power, hanging like a pall on the confines of civilization.' It is to the unemotional pages of Mr. F. A. Simpson's *Louis Napoleon and the Recovery of France*. Palmerston's recognition of Louis Napoleon after the *coup d'état* was neither a freak of judgment nor necessarily, as Mr. Martin suggests, due to the fact that 'he was exceptionally long-sighted and realized that we should eventually need the friendship of Napoleon against Russia.' He may simply have understood that in the battle he was carrying on for the nationalities against the despotisms of Europe the author of *Des Idées Napoléoniennes* must be his ally. It is no doubt, as Mr. Simpson warns us with his usual wisdom, only another 'moralized and codified version of the facts' to hold with Ollivier that Napoleon III deliberately forced the war with the Tsar in order to open a way, by cleaving Austria from Russia, for the ultimate liberation of Italy. Napoleon III groped and vacillated in the Crimean imbroglio as in all else; and the question whether he really wanted to fight is one he would have been far less capable of answering than his accusers or his apologists are. But his gyratory drift had always one direction. We may then deplore the fact that the English people – turning a deaf ear, once on the occasion of the Vienna Note and again

on that of the Olmütz proposals, to the Tsar's explicit acceptance of their own Cabinet's terms – persisted in fighting Nicholas in the one corner of Europe where he was playing the rôle of liberator, without convicting them of aimless folly. They had excuse for the delusion that they were striking a blow for liberty; and after all it was this very public opinion, with its characteristic extravagances unchanged, that was mobilized by Gladstone, a little more than twenty years later, to prevent a second war in defence of the Turk against the Tsar.

LORD SALISBURY

AT the great turning-point of English history, the crisis of the Protestant Reformation, the hazardous conduct of affairs of State lay chiefly in the hands of the Cecil family. Macaulay in a famous page of his essay on Bacon has sketched the new school of politicians, laymen and middle-class in origin, to which Lord Burghley and his son the first Lord Salisbury belonged. After noting with sub-acid Whig satisfaction that in carrying through the momentous change of religion they acted 'not like men who considered the Romish worship as a system too offensive to God, and too destructive of souls, to be tolerated for an hour, but like men who regarded the points in dispute among Christians as in themselves unimportant,' he goes on to describe their cast of mind and character:—

'They were men of letters. Their minds were by nature and by exercise well fashioned for speculative pursuits. It was by circumstances, rather than by any strong bias of inclination, that they were led to take a prominent part in active life. In active life, however, no men could be more perfectly free from the faults of mere theorists and pedants. No men observed more accurately the signs of the times. No men had a greater practical acquaintance with human nature. Their policy was generally characterized rather by

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vigilance, by moderation, and by firmness than by invention, or by the spirit of enterprise.'

For two centuries and a half after the death of William Cecil's son and successor in place the powers of the family seemed to suffer eclipse. Then suddenly the genius of Lord Burghley woke again in a descendant. Once more a Queen of England in an hour of glory and expansion found a Cecil at the head of her Council Board. The stately bearded face, calling imperiously for the frame of an Elizabethan ruff, the subtle line of the lids that rose to mask the watchful eyes, the spirit of firm and practical conservatism, were traits that linked him with the sixteenth century. Yet between Robert Arthur Talbot Cecil, third Marquis of Salisbury, and the founders of his house, the differences are as marked as the resemblances. In the fine biography by his daughter no theme is of a more subtle interest than the variation he shows on inherited qualities.

The prelude to his career was a clouded childhood. He was nervous and delicate of constitution when he passed from a private school where he had endured an 'existence among devils' to an Eton still owning a royal tradition of bullying. 'The thin, frail, little lower-boy' (as his friend Lord Dufferin remembered him) had lost his mother before he was ten years old and was driven in on himself for sympathy. 'I am bullied from morning to night without ceasing,' he wrote to his father; even in the holidays he skulked about the by-ways and mews round his London home

for dread of meeting his schoolfellows in the main streets. But below this shrinking and this tendency to querulousness there lay a stubborn core. 'I am obnoxious to them all because I can do verses, but will not do them for the others, not choosing to sacrifice my liberty at the bidding of one lower than myself.' At length, in the spring of 1845, his father, moved by the boy's sufferings, which he could do nothing to alleviate, withdrew him and placed him with a private tutor, from whose hands three years afterwards he went up to Christ Church.

The years of his residence there were the last, flat years of Laudian Oxford. The thrill of the Tractarian battles was ended; the stir of the reformed University was yet to come. The remnant of Newman's broken army shrank, like early Christians, from the light of public intercourse, while the impervious dignitaries of the Hebdomadal Board enjoyed in starched pomp the sunset of their reign. Lord Robert, further weakened in health by the Oxford climate, did not strive for a high class in the schools; he contented himself with an 'honorary fourth,' to be gained in those easy-going days by a 'nobleman's privilege' after two years' residence. None the less, this period was crucial in his development. Not only did he begin to display a vigorous political instinct at the Union and the 'Pythic Club,' but he framed — in part, no doubt, under the influence of his brother-in-law, Beresford Hope, in part, we may surmise, by contact with survivors of the Tractarian party — the outlines of a fixed religious creed. We can see in the loneliness and torment of his youth

impulses driving him already to lean on other than earthly supports; we may also discern in the toughness of fibre that made him at school refuse to obey the bullies, and led him at Christ Church to head a bold attack of reading men upon their would-be 'raggers,' an aid to the robust, almost fatalistic, confidence he showed throughout his life in Providential guidance. Clearer still is the austere stamp of his religion, the austerity of one who found natural beauty only in 'a desolate seashore, a wild moorland, precipitous rocks, snow-clad mountains.' In this, as in his sense of mystery and his distrust of human systems, he was a Tractarian assuredly of the primitive model. Differing as he did from that party by condemning monasticism and ascetic practices, he yet took a view of the governance of the world which at times recalls Joseph de Maistre by its severity. His daughter remembers a conversation of his later days during a holiday on the Riviera in which he quoted with agreement Clifford's charge against Christianity that it had destroyed two civilizations and only just failed to destroy a third.

'We had been warned that Christianity could know no neutrality and history had verified the warning. It was incapable of co-existing permanently with a civilization which it did not inspire and any such as came into contact with it withered. How much more must this be so with one that had been formed under its auspices and had subsequently rejected it. Such a society must inevitably perish. His voice and manner, as these reflections developed, grew heavily oppressed,

and his eyes – looking out upon the sunlit sea beneath him – seemed to be filled with a vision of gloom as he dwelt with unforgettable emphasis upon the tragedy which would be involved in such a catastrophe.’

Even more sombre are some extracts from a notebook of the 'fifties. One entry is an essay directed against the facile presumption of 'tracing the hand of God in history.' He was convinced that the attempt to guess God's ways by what we know of man's ways is 'utterly unsound and deceptive.' The fallacy of Rome to him was its desire 'to pigeon-hole the mysteries of faith.' We have but to translate this sense of the burden and riddle of existence, this distrust of glib theory and of expert omniscience, from the sphere of religion to that of politics to reach the essence of Robert Cecil's Conservatism. It is the prudence of one who moves with cautious yet manful steps through the gloom of a tangled forest. It is a mental but never an ethical opportunism. The truth may be obscure, but its claim is compelling. There is here none of the indifference of Mr. Secretary Cecil, who rattled his rosary-beads to impress Queen Mary and tuned the pulpits to Protestantism for Elizabeth.

Lord Robert's Oxford terms had been cut short by a voyage for his health. When he came home he eyed his prospects dubiously. For the Church he felt unsuited; the Bar he judged 'a public nuisance – though perhaps for the present inevitable'; Parliament was tempting, but looked out of reach. There seemed little left but 'writing for newspapers.' Through the influence of

the elder branch of the family he was, however, in 1853 returned unopposed in the Conservative interest for the borough of Stamford. Sceptical and languid as his mood then was, he might have made but small use of his opening if he had not very soon after fallen in love. It was still within the charmed circle of Tractarianism that this occurred, for the lady was Miss Georgina Alderson, a daughter of that Baron Alderson who is known to readers of the religious memoirs of this period as one of the most winning of the High Church laymen. To Lord Robert a new vista opened. The sympathy and the vivacious enthusiasm of his fiancée were the needed spur to his efforts. A letter to his father, who had objected to the marriage for money reasons, is characteristic in its candour, its decision, and, it must be added, its slightly chilling note. To the warning that marriage means 'privations' he replies: — 'If the privation in question is the want of food, warmth, clothing, I am not prepared to face it. But I cannot lose anything else I now enjoy, for the simple reason that I do not enjoy anything.' He has come to the conclusion that he will 'probably do Parliament well' if he marries, and that if he does not marry it is not worth troubling himself with so arduous a life. He has further come to the conclusion that Miss Alderson suits him perfectly. Finally, he never remembers 'to have receded from a resolution once deliberately taken.' And in fact he and Miss Alderson were married on July 11, 1857.

With a partner ever ardent that he should 'play the great game,' his powers began to develop and the

lines of his character to harden. For a moment, under the strain of a younger son's inadequate means, he was tempted by the idea of a Commissionership of Inland Revenue. He decided to hold by his political prospects, largely on the advice of his friend Lord Stanley. (How little could the counsellor foresee what this advice spelled for his own fate twenty years afterwards!) Meanwhile, the idea of 'writing for newspapers' had passed into act. Although *more suo* he must needs dub writing 'an occupation which I hate,' his contributions to the *Saturday Review*, and, more still, his articles in the *Quarterly*, were telling by their incisive strength and lucidity. In the House of Commons he was becoming a noted figure, even though it were still largely for 'blazing indiscretions.' The most notorious of these was when, after accusing Gladstone of devices 'more worthy of an attorney than a statesman,' he rose to make apology – to the attorneys. His caustic wit in these days has sometimes a touch of insolence, but it is easy to misinterpret its nature. If there was arrogance it was, as a rule, unconscious, an arrogance of intellect, not rank; but, in truth, aloofness would be the better word. 'If I speak when I am tired, I find that I always shock people,' he once confessed. If he was not specially on his guard, he forgot, in his single desire, to state the truth clearly, that it was people, not pure ideas, he was dealing with. It is significant, surely, that, small as his scientific attainments were, his private hobby was a laboratory. Here, in the calm interplay of hypothesis and fact, he found his satisfaction. Could political theories be tested with

equal dispassionateness! His outlook kept always this faintly inhuman tinge.

To the Marquis, his father, the most blazing of Lord Robert's indiscretions was not any gibe flung at Gladstone, but his contempt for his own leader in the House, Disraeli. With the perspective we now command we naturally find it strange that anyone should have thought it possible for Robert Cecil to defer to 'Mr. D'Israeli,' as he meaningfully chose on occasion to spell his name. The only difficulty would be in deciding which of Disraeli's qualities must have repelled this follower most – his glitter, his foreignness, his joyous gamester-spirit, or his naïve delight in the prizes and pageants of office. Almost from the moment of Lord Robert's entry into Parliament the Reform Bill duel of 1867 was foreshadowed. It has been said by Mr. Justin McCarthy that Lord Robert's quarrel with the Conservative leaders was due to the fact that 'he was an ultra-Tory; a Tory on principle, who would hear of no compromise.' That, perhaps, is a natural view to take, but it, none the less, entirely misconstrues his attitude. An 'ultra-Tory' – if he had been anything so romantic Disraeli would have found some way to his heart. But in fact he was, in these years, a Conservative of a most prosaic and cautious type. He supported the doctrine of the balance of classes against the doctrine of democracy, not out of Tory fervour, but from an opinion that, on the whole, of the two systems, it had worked best. To a politician who judged not by the glow of prophetic insight but by a cold examination of facts the aspect which democracy presented in the

early 'sixties was not inviting. So far, he might plead, the 'rights of man' had but established Cæsarism in France and wrapped America in the flames of civil war. The limited and balanced electorate of England had been, on the contrary, for all its anomalies, a guardian both of prosperity and liberty. The difficulty of maintaining representative government in a democracy was already apparent. 'A Government that yields and must yield to the slightest wish of the House of Commons is only possible so long as that House of Commons is the organ of an educated minority.' But the theorist goes further. Either by an exercise of that Puckish Cecilian malice or by the contagion of the utilitarian spirit of the time he is induced to argue as if the chief concern of the modern State were with property. Now 'the best test of natural right is that right which mankind, left to themselves to regulate their own concerns, most naturally admit.' But who ever heard of a joint-stock company in which it was laid down that all the shareholders should each have a single vote without reference to the number of shares they might hold?

If Disraeli's want of principles was shocking to Lord Robert, Lord Robert's principles must have been horrifying to Disraeli. One has only to flutter the pages of *Coningsby* to see his aversion from the prudential assurance school of Conservatism. It was worse than a mistake, it was a bore. In pure theory no doubt Disraeli stood near the *Quarterly* reviewer. He had pleaded in *Coningsby* that the House of Commons was not to be regarded democratically as the assembly of

the people, but as the 'Third Estate,' the House of a privileged class of property-holders. In 1866, even, he was still to urge against Gladstone's Reform Bill the claims of 'the Plantagenet tradition' and the 'Estate of the Commons.' But the 'Plantagenet tradition' and a 'joint-stock company' – what a world there sometimes is in a name! The cleavage ran deeper still. To Lord Robert the established balance was to be preserved as a safeguard against adventure, but to Disraeli adventure was the breath of political progress. In truth Disraeli's Toryism, his attachment to ancient institutions, was in the end but affection for the venerable and picturesque forms in which racial and national genius had found expression. Issuing from the creative genius of a people, they were presumably organs adapted to its needs. But – he had said it himself – 'the Age of Ruins is past.' The genius of a people might fashion itself new forms, and there was no need for panic lest these should depart from type. As Lady Gwendolen Cecil rightly interprets his thought: – 'The English nation would lose none of its characteristics because this or that set of men were or were not admitted to the polling booth. Its natural leaders would still remain its natural leaders.'

In 1865 Robert Cecil became by his weakly elder brother's death Lord Cranborne. In July, 1866, he was made Secretary for India in Lord Derby's Cabinet, and the month of February, 1867, saw the whole course of the short, fierce crisis at the end of which Lord Cranborne dealt his chiefs the staggering blow of his abrupt resignation, with his colleagues Peel and Carnarvon.

It is evident that Lord Cranborne was out of touch with the realities of the Parliamentary conflict. He demanded of the English party system, at a particularly fluid moment in its development, a consistency, a rigidity even, of principles which is alien to its nature. The divisions between English parties have seldom, since the extinction of Jacobitism, had the sharp edges which such groups as the Royalists, the Bonapartists, and the Republicans turn upon one another in France. Especially extravagant was it to look for dogmatic obstinacy in the Tory Party, which had suffered so rude a remodelling at the masterful fingers of Peel. Even if Disraeli is to be stigmatized as an alien adventurer, it seems absurd to suppose that men like Lord Derby and Sir Stafford Northcote had a smaller endowment of honour than other English gentlemen of their day. Curious, and impressive, however, is Lord Cranborne's detachment from the thrill and passion of the great party battle through which he moves. To 'dish the Whigs,' to 'extinguish Gladstone and Co.,' are elements in the great game played heartily by both sides, which do not seem even to cross his mind. It is not even his conviction of the disaster of household suffrage that principally moves him. It is on the point of honour, as he interprets it, that he is coldly, obstinately prepared to wreck, for all he knows, both his party and his prospects. He reveals in this hour all his formidable strength of purpose.

It is not easy to see by what right Disraeli's admirers cast stones at him. If we concede that the Conservatives are hardly to be accused of betraying a cause which

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they were under no binding obligations to defend, we cannot go on to admit that Lord Cranborne was bound to facilitate their manœuvres. He is charged with resigning at the eleventh hour so as to leave his colleagues in a quandary. But owing to the precipitance with which they shifted their course he had until the eleventh hour no reason for resigning. It is nevertheless hard work to vindicate an act that even looks unsportsmanlike in England. His secession might have been more disastrous – might have been less easily forgiven by Disraeli – if he had possessed any of the arts of the Parliamentarian. But he was not the man to rally Whig and Tory outlaws in a Cave. He was incapable of lobbying, and he was never able to recognize a face. This inobservancy proceeded from a deep instinct to isolate himself. His working-room at Hatfield and in London was cut off by special double-doors from outside sounds, and as a departmental head he spent much time ‘playing hide and seek’ to avoid his staff and his secretaries. It is, therefore, no paradox when his daughter suggests that but for the Reform Bill which he fought so tenaciously he might never have won the place he did as a statesman. Like Gladstone, he would never have learned to handle with tact and success the older, more independent Parliament based on the restricted franchise. It was to the democracy that his and Gladstone’s massive qualities appealed. And the riddle of his personality is that, for all his aloofness, for all that frigid, quasi-scientific view of the human animal which appears from time to time in his mind and language, he could read with a sureness

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few statesmen have surpassed the thoughts and wishes of the common man.

‘No lesson [he held] seems to be so deeply inculcated by the experience of life as that you should never trust experts. If you believe the doctors, nothing is wholesome: if you believe the theologians, nothing is innocent: if you believe the soldiers, nothing is safe. They all require to have their strong wine diluted by a very large admixture of insipid common sense.’

This capacity for democratic leadership was still latent when on his succession to the family title he left the House of Commons he had failed to dominate. By his entry into the Disraeli Ministry of 1874 Lord Salisbury was understood to bury the past, but he did not efface it from his memory. He had come to see that the collaborator whom he had once found intolerable he must now school himself to tolerate. But the mistrust lurked always near the surface, and if he was ready to smile at failings which had once made him rage, the smile had bitterness in it still. He followed the Turcophil policy of his chief with a hesitating step, and only after grave searchings of mind and conscience. ‘It is clear enough,’ he writes to Beaconsfield in 1876, that ‘the traditional Palmerstonian policy is at an end.’ If the abortive Constantinople Conference of the same year has done nothing else, at least he hopes that it has ‘made it impossible that we should spend any more English blood in sustaining the Turkish Empire.’ Gladstone, watching with vigilant eye from his hostile eyrie, judged his quality with keen insight.

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'Lord Salisbury [he wrote, on hearing of his mission to Constantinople] is rough of tongue in public debate, but a great gentleman in private society; he is very remarkably clever, of unsure judgment, but is above anything mean . . . keeps a conscience, and has plenty of manhood and character.'

That letter is the best of commentaries on Lord Salisbury's conduct from the outbreak of the Eastern troubles to the Berlin Congress. He had ever the most delicate of balances to adjust, but he did not know what it was to fear responsibility. Here his 'Christian fatalism' sustained him. His was the decision, but 'with the results I have nothing to do.' To go through the crisis in the light of his letters after going through it in the light of the Beaconsfield correspondence is like passing from the glamour of a Sardou drama into the world of cold fact. There is as much shrewdness and tenacity, but there is the sense of complex problems and grievous wrongs. The oppression of Turkey's Christian subjects is recognized as a fact too palpable to be puffed away as 'coffee-house babble.' On the other hand, Lord Salisbury's mind was not of the kind to share the crusading enthusiasm of Gladstone and Liddon. His theology did not lay him open to the glamour of 'Holy Russia.' Writing to Lord Bath in 1877, he points out the complexity of the problem.

'There is the danger of sliding insensibly into an alliance with the Turk; and there is the danger of arrangements hurtful to England. . . . If only one of these dangers existed, our course would be

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very plain sailing indeed, and would cause me no anxiety.'

But before this he had made up his mind on the vital issue. The mixing of inconsistent policies could only produce chaos. 'It is quite clear that the possession by Russia of Constantinople, if in no way counter-balanced, is likely to be a heavy blow to this country, and a war with Russia is the only mode of averting it on which the Cabinet are likely to agree.' This conviction, when it took diplomatic shape as the celebrated Salisbury Circular by which he signalized his entry into the Foreign Office (replacing and reversing the policy of the friend whose advice long ago had held him to his political career), proved a challenge that skilfully prepared the way for peace.

It is a pity for us to-day that discretion bound Lord Salisbury to make a colourless reply to Lord Derby's letter complaining that 'he [Beaconsfield] believes thoroughly in prestige – as all foreigners do, and would think it (quite sincerely) in the interests of the country to spend 200 millions on a war if the result was to make foreign States think more highly of us as a military power.' Far different were Lord Salisbury's notions of foreign policy, as he had expounded them in his article on 'Castlereagh,' that study full of intimate self-revealings.

'There is nothing dramatic in the successes of a diplomatist. His victories are made up of a series of microscopic advantages: of a judicious suggestion here, of an opportune civility there; of a wise concession at

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one moment, and a far-sighted persistence at another: of sleepless tact, immovable calmness, and patience that no folly, no provocation, no blunders can shake.'

Sometimes the effort yields no more than what the writer of these sentences prophesied would be the upshot of his own mission to Constantinople, 'seasickness, much French, and failure.' But he saw in that no reason for shirking the toil.

Of the Congress of Berlin much secret history must yet remain to be disclosed. Doubtless Lord Salisbury's letters require balancing; but they show his full hatred of theatrical diplomacy. 'What with deafness, ignorance of French, and Bismarck's extraordinary mode of speech, Beaconsfield has the dimmest idea of what is going on — understands everything crossways — and imagines a perpetual conspiracy.' He relates with exasperation how Gortchakoff took advantage of the fact that 'B. was short-sighted and ignorant of detail' to falsify a boundary line on the map, and declares: 'As to his [Beaconsfield's] own mode of proceeding, he is not exactly false but he has such a perfect disregard for facts that it is almost impossible for him to run true.' This annoyance culminated when the returning plenipotentiaries were assailed by the flamboyant 'Peace with Honour!' demonstrations. He saw the hand of the party organizers in these, and grimly foretold that they would learn their blunder 'at the polls.' He was not the less depressed when that crushing electoral judgment was ultimately delivered. His intuitive grasp of the workings of the popular mind made

it all the more poignant. He understood, as few others, the justice of the sentence – and its injustice.

It is again some sentences from his essay on 'Castle-reagh' that come most naturally to the mind as we take leave of him in the lull between two periods of achievement. The political character he had sketched with inward admiration in 1862 he had realized in himself and tested in action.

'He had his own notions of what good there was to be done, and what was the best way of doing it; and neither contradiction at home nor coaxing abroad ever moved him a hair's-breadth from his own particular point of view.'

And of the 'causes' championed by enthusiasts he goes on to say: –

'Some of them he thought pernicious, others impracticable, and of others he thought the benefit, though real, enormously exaggerated; and he would never pretend a sympathy he did not feel.'

This is not a character 'painted to look like iron.'

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LORD SHAFTESBURY's is a life that seems curiously to exemplify a fond idea of the Romantic age in which he grew up, the idea of a man marked from birth by a sombre destiny. These mysterious predestinations in romantic legend are debased too often to some vulgar curse or sinister defect of nature; the suffering of Lord Shaftesbury's early years has the stamp of a dark but sacred initiation. The events of his youth seem designed to a single end, the forging of a necessary instrument. Each stroke subserves the purpose – the neglected childhood in the house of parents who typified the polished heartlessness of the eighteenth century; the drinking in of the stern but fortifying dogmas of Evangelical religion in their rudest form from the lips of the only friend of his solitude, the old servant Maria Millis; the filth and bullying of a 'Dotheboys Hall' at Chiswick; and then, when boyhood might have expanded into gaiety and perhaps forgetfulness in the happier atmosphere of Harrow, the pauper's funeral shadowing his sunlight on the spot where the tablet still marks his memory. For others there was dreaming under the churchyard elms, triumphs in school and field, pride of oratory and joy of friendship; for him the drunkards lurching with oaths about the coffin they had dropped upon the stones, forerunners in the *danse macabre* that was from now

on to haunt the remainder of his days – the mill children deformed in spine and knee and stupefied with weariness, the infant mine ‘trappers’ quaking from the blackness and solitude of the rat-ridden pits, the all but naked women harnessed to the coal carts, the cancerous chimney-climbing boys, their raw knees and elbows steeped in brine, the lunatic women crawling, bearded and ragged, in the filth of uncontrolled asylums, the whole defile of spectres from the lower of the ‘Two Nations’ into which industrialism had divided England. *Panditur interea Ditis via.* In the free air of the hill, by the cheerful mellow walls of the Old School, a trap-door had opened from that fetid underworld of which we can scarcely bear to be told to-day, the long persistence of which we can hardly credit, when we read that as late as 1872 a boy was suffocated in an English chimney.

Viewed in external detail, as historians and biographers must view them, Lord Shaftesbury’s campaigns are complex and confusing. He fights in a tangle of figures: ages and hours of work, and the number of miles the operative walked in a day between his machines. There is the kaleidoscope of Bills and amendments and compromises, of the forming and reforming of Boards and Committees. Through these mazes Mr. and Mrs. Hammond thread their way as dexterously as it can be done. They aid us to trace separately and clearly the drawn-out, heart-breaking struggle from 1833 to 1847 to secure the Ten Hours Bill for young workers, the swift victory of the Mines Act in 1842, the disheartening experience of the Board

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of Health, the continual evasion of the measures passed to succour the sweeps' boys, the life-long service as Commissioner of Lunacy from the distant days of Wellington's government. But the inner essence of the matter is simple, as simple as the tale of St. George and the Dragon. The dragon is that endlessly complex system, that many-mouthed, grip-eluding monster, bred of false theory and foul fact, that coils itself veiled in smoke round the background of Dickens's novels, and provides the tense atmosphere of terror that haunts them. It thrusts forward two of its swarming heads like sooty gargoyles in the Gradgrind and Bounderby of 'Hard Times,' but it is most dreadful when it is least definable. It is the formless menace that pursues Smike and dogs the feet of Oliver Twist and sets Betty Higden pounding along the roads in terror; it is the invisible hand that 'moves on' Jo the crossing-sweeper through the inferno of Tom-All-Alone's and the putrescent City graveyards, that binds in leather and miserable vice the limbs of Rob, the 'Charitable Grinder,' keeps David sobbing among his dirty bottles and urges the flight of Nell with her crazy grandfather. The suffering children that fill the pages of Dickens are the bad dream thrown on his soul by the industrial system. When we view the combat thus in its simplest terms, the contradictions of Shaftesbury's character cease to perplex us. We are tempted to call him the 'necessary man.' He was a patrician who could plead the cause of the victims as the equal of their judges, and had yet been taught sympathy with pain by misery. He had the gifts of a statesman, passing young into the

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unreformed Parliament and taking office at the start of his career; but he had early tasted the transience of honours and the chicanery and time-serving of politics. Endowed with the mingled sensitiveness and strength that often marks the English aristocrat, he could feel as an ever-burning sore the wrongs he had set himself to redress, and yet endure the conflict and strain of the task. Above all, as befitted the combatant in a super-human struggle, his centre of gravity was not in this world. His religious zeal had the intensity of its narrowness; when men like Bright and Cobden in the blindness of theory took sides with the dragon, it was well that St. George did not see two sides of a question. When office, and possibly even the Conservative leadership, might have been the reward of turning from his task, it was as well that obstinacy should reinforce conscientiousness.

In the eyes of his latest enthralling biographers, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Shaftesbury's campaigns to improve the status of the workers are stages in a war that is still proceeding, and as stages only they have an unfinished air. The historians cannot forget that 'no system was ultimately tolerable which did not satisfy and stimulate the self-respect of the workman'; that it was not enough 'to protect the worker from low wages and long hours, to make him the armed servant of a system in which he had no voice.' They see the fruition of Shaftesbury's labours in the widening of democracy and the power of trade unionism, and look forward, doubtless, to still further advances. A reformer who failed to see the logic of all this, who did

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not foresee it even in dim prophecy, is necessarily to them an anomalous figure. They speak of 'the paradox' of his career; and, indeed, it is for them full of paradoxes. They note how after the triumph of 1847, when the Ten Hours Bill was at last carried, Shaftesbury's achievements grow less; how he seems buried in personal philanthropy and what Joseph Vance's father aptly termed 'real hideous controversy.' They remark that whereas he opposed the Reform Bill of 1867 he really represented the electorate created by that Bill, not the electorate of 1832. He was a Conservative with a keen dread of agitation, yet he won all his victories when backed by the menace of Chartism, and in the peaceful period between the Chartist collapse and Disraeli's Reform Bill did relatively little. He set the example of a Christianity fired by social zeal, and yet failed to make contact with the Christian Socialist movement. We might add that, in spite of his efforts to improve the lot of the Dorset labourers on the family estates so soon as he was given a free hand by his father's death, he never seems to have looked on the responsibilities of landowners quite in the same light as the responsibilities of millowners. But after all deviations from the norm and from consistency are the very stuff of English politics, especially in the Victorian age. Neither Peel nor Gladstone nor Disraeli conforms to the rules of political classification. Like Shaftesbury's, their careers derive unity from their characters.

This is not to deny that light may be thrown on the great figures of the period by applying theoretic tests. Thus judged, Shaftesbury is among the leaders of

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a reaction in Church and State that, owing perhaps to certain stubborn knots in the national character, won only a partial success. The industrial revolution had been but one aspect of the 'atomic' philosophy that by the beginning of the nineteenth century had pervaded almost the whole of English life. The distribution of the power of the Crown among the magnates of the governing class, the reduction of the Church to a collection of benefices, and of personal religion to the individual assurance of salvation, the economics of competition and *laissez faire*, the ethics of private pleasure and pain, the psychology of 'association' reducing even the mind to a collocation of disconnected ideas, were all parts of a drift towards disintegration. It seemed but logic if factory owners used unscrupulously for private gain the unorganized units of industry, if lunatics were consigned to private keepers, if the proprietors of great houses suffocated children rather than let the law interfere with the shape of their chimneys. The first half of the new century saw many efforts to substitute corporate and organic for individualist standards. Shaftesbury's 'ideal of government by a responsible class applying Christian standards to its politics' (the ideal of his friend and teacher Southey, whose *Colloquies on Society* with the ghost of Sir Thomas More are so Manchesterially rebuked by Macaulay) was kin to the generous flash in the pan called 'Young England,' and to the theory of 'estates of the realm' set forth in Disraeli's novels. Ultimately Conservatism preferred (not with Shaftesbury's consent) the 'hair of the dog,' and organized Labour was

left to forge a weapon of class solidarity that still confronts with menace the individualistic theory of our democratic franchise. In the Church (and one ventures to think that Shaftesbury's religious interests were too absorbing to be turned off in one gracefully satirical chapter) all parties made a move from individualism. Shaftesbury sought to lead the Evangelicals away from introspection; the 'Broad Church' produced Christian Socialism; and the Tractarians contributed Pusey's sermons, the chapter on the mines in Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and the work of Lowder in the docks and Mackonochie in the Holborn rookeries. No doubt, Shaftesbury's limitations were most marked in religion. The biblical literalism (which he shared with his Tractarian foes) helped to dig the gulf between the Church and intelligence; and his intemperateness in the ritual controversy impeded a constitutional issue from problems which continue to harass the course of the Church to-day. This must be said even though his faculty for spouting gorgeous nonsense at Exeter Hall if anything endears him to modern readers. It is the touch of homeliness that permits affection, where otherwise awe and compassion would hold the ground. The strange beliefs, the quaint humour and disarming forthrightness of the diary prevent Shaftesbury from being in his weariness and disappointment too glacial a hero. And the rare simplicity that touches the reader to-day must have been the secret of his public success.

THE SNOW-QUEEN

THE education of Eugénie de Montijo, who was married to the Emperor of the French in Notre Dame in 1853, was not soft or sentimental. She came of a titled Spanish family accustomed to play for heavy stakes with Fortune. Her uncle, the Count de Montijo, had tried a *coup d'état* against Ferdinand VII and his minister Godoy; her father, the Count de Téba (who afterwards took the elder brother's title), joined the French army under Napoleon I, supported the claim of Joseph Bonaparte to the Spanish crown, and, as colonel of artillery, fired the last shots against the Allies from Montmartre in 1814. This record cost him dear when the Bourbons returned. On his death in 1839, his two daughters, Francesca and Eugénie, were left to the care of his wife Maria-Manuela, whose father had been a Malaga wine-merchant of Scottish descent named Kirkpatrick. The Countess de Montijo was a born intriguer and matchmaker; shrewd, resolute, and practical, she was ever on the wing, now in Paris and now in Madrid, with a finger in all the political pies of her time and a set will to make golden marriages for her girls. Stendhal and Mérimée, close friends of the Countess and admirers of her children, were hardly tutors for bread-and-butter misses. The influence of Henri Beyle could only intensify in the young Eugénie her audacity, her romanticism and her faith in the

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Napoleonic legend. Round her childhood and adolescence hang characteristic tales. We read of a little girl, forbidden as a punishment for naughtiness to go out on horseback, defiantly riding the banisters of the house and picked up stunned from a fall; of a beauty of sixteen arriving at the bull-ring on a fiery Andalusian horse, dressed in national costume with a dagger in her girdle. She had come to the age of amorous follies, but she allowed the men to commit them. M. Lavissee in his Preface to M. Augustin Filon's *Souvenirs sur l'Impératrice Eugénie*, the most subtle study that has been made of her, quotes an utterance of deep self-revelation from her later years: 'Les cerfs savent ce que c'est l'amour; peut-être les hommes primitifs le savaient aussi . . .; mais les hommes d'aujourd'hui . . .!'

With such family traditions and such a mother as hers, with her memories of early indigence and proscription, with her beauty and ambition and daring, what could she be but an adventuress? The word, unlike its brother-term 'adventurer,' has acquired a suggestion of baseness which is no part of its proper meaning. Neither Eugénie de Montijo nor her mother was in that vulgar sense an adventuress. To the daughter in especial, her honour as a noble lady was sacred; it was a treasure from which neither threats nor temptations should induce her to part. But by every straightforward means Eugénie de Montijo was bent on making her fortune; it was a *métier* forced on her by circumstance, and behind the fine, cold profile, with the almond-shaped blue eyes set just a trifle

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close together, lay a judgment and resolution of steely strength. No doubt when the time came for her to make her throw the fates were on her side. The passionate idealist whose glum and tufted mask of impassibility, helped by the name of Napoleon, awed all Europe for twenty years, was the easiest prize a woman could have to play for. Eugénie could but have made one false step, and her blood was ever too cool for such a slip. 'Quel est, Mademoiselle, le chemin qu'il faut prendre pour arriver jusqu'à vous?' 'Sire, c'est le chemin de la chapelle.' That balcony-scene at Fontainebleau may be an invention, but it tells the whole truth about the wooing. Deftly stage-managed by her mother, Eugénie had but to display her graces — in the ballroom, in the saddle, in long promenades in the gardens of the château — and to keep her Emperor at arm's length. When things hung fire at the last moment, she took daring advantage of a Court lady's rudeness. 'Il y a, Sire, qu'on m'a insultée ce soir, et qu'on ne m'insultera pas une seconde fois.' The next day she had the offer of the crown.

As Empress she showed from the first a certain nobility of character. It was a narrow and cold grandeur, but it was deeper than a pose. When Princess Metternich excused herself for the follies which she urged on the Court of the Tuileries in the words, 'Ma souveraine est une impératrice, tandis, que la vôtre —' she said what was singularly untrue. Eugénie had the soul of an Empress, though her conception of the rôle, drawn, one cannot help imagining, from Spanish romances of chivalry, was unsubstantial.

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Ruder and simpler circumstances might have forged her into a heroic warrior-princess; in the great *opéra bouffe* of the Second Empire she lacked the subtlety to take her bearings. The charming incongruity of the flounced crinoline with the Imperial crown and mantle in Winterhalter's portrait seems to embarrass her; she would look better draped in the severity of a peplum. The authors into whom she liked to dip (for she was not a reader) are significant. They are Bossuet, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, de Maistre, Victor Cousin and Donoso Cortes – the champions of romanticism and authority. She loved the heroics of French tragedy as well, and all her life treasured the memory of the great Rachel; once in old age she astonished her ladies by breaking into a long recitation from *Phèdre*. To the Prince Imperial she was a Roman mother, and, with the touch of practicality never absent from a Latin woman, she was anxious that he should understand for himself the condition of the lower classes he would be called upon to govern. 'Il croit, probablement, que les pauvres sont des gens qui n'ont pas de voiture.' Her own works of charity were extensive and methodical. They were the product neither of sentimental compassion nor of conventional royal bounty, but she went about them, disguised in blue spectacles and a shabby bonnet, with a cool and positive desire to be of use. It was one of the most admirable traits of her nature.

How wide was the gulf between this woman of naïve and antique simplicity and her husband! We picture such a scene as M. Filon describes for us in the salon of the Tuileries after the formalities of the sovereign's

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dinner – a trifle clumsy, a trifle overdone, like all the ceremonial of the Empire. The Empress chooses her corner and her confidant, and talks endlessly; her voice is louder, her manner more emphatic, her opinions more vehement than those of a sovereign brought up to reign would be. At a table by himself the Emperor sits, working out one difficult ‘patience’ after another, and sometimes, says M. Filon, cheating himself. (You remember ‘Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau’ and his restless drawing of connecting lines between the blots on his pad.) Yet it is the seeming-frivolous woman who has the clean-cut and logical ideas of an absolute sovereign, and the dreaded ‘mystery man’ of Europe who is dreaming some Socialist or democratic Utopia – the extinction of pauperism, or the resuscitation of Poland. M. Filon was once bold enough, he tells us, to ask the Empress why her husband had so often been faithless to her. When she had recovered from her natural pique, she replied that she supposed he found a ‘sameness’ about her. Surely, what frustrated his ardent temperament was not the ‘sameness’ but the ice. Eugénie had a hobby – she was too self-possessed for ‘craze’ to be a fitting word – for making Marie Antoinette her model and patroness. Yet never was there a woman more unlike the tender, impulsive Austrian. Even her virtue was of a different *nuance*. We remember the terrible ‘Sortez, Monsieur!’ with which Marie Antoinette blasted the presumptuous de Lauzun. When a gentleman of Eugénie’s household fell on his knees before her while escorting her along a corridor with a flambeau, she merely smiled, M. Filon

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says, and forgave him. Another time, having scented a worshipper from afar in one of M. Filon's own friends, she pestered her son's tutor with questions until he had in desperation to invent romantic details to fill out the story. Here is a Diana who ranges her trophies with a remarkably calm satisfaction!

There has been a rather absurd tendency to judge Eugénie for her share in promoting the war of 1870, as though she possessed the lights of a modern political philosopher. Military glory was too integral a part of her ideal of royalty for her to do anything but applaud the thought of a struggle – especially as it was not like the war of Italy, a war for what she thought a chimera, but a war for national and dynastic ends. She was well cast by destiny for the rôle of Dulcinea to the last of the grand spectacular armies of Europe – the Army of the Second Empire, with its gold-laced drum-majors, its sappers in aprons and bearskins, its grenadiers, and red-skirted *vivandières*; its Cent Gardes resplendent in sky-blue and silver, its hussars, cuirassiers, dragoons and lancers, the shining swathes of which were mown upon the slopes of Wörth and Sedan. These splendours hid the reverse side of the picture – the officers without maps, the artillery without range, the glazed eyes of the sick man in command.

M. Filon tells the story of the Empress's regency during the last weeks of the régime with a fine artistic restraint. He shows us the perplexed and restless woman eager to rise to the demands of the crisis, but ignorant of all the arts of statesmanship. She makes rash decisions, yields to bad advisers, but all with a

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certain pathetic uprightness. Already as the stunning news of reverse on reverse flashes along the lines from the Rhine frontier, the Empire is dissolving like the pageant of a dream; in the deserted vastness of the Tuileries it is doubtful if the Empress has still a Court at all. Filon relates how he had to go himself through the maze of underground passages to the kitchens to find her a bowl of soup. Like some distorted figure from a nightmare, too, is the grotesque and sinister silhouette of Trochu, the newly appointed popular Governor of Paris. After hearing one of his proclamations urging the National Guard to preserve, '*dans les convulsions suprêmes de l'agonie, cette tragique fierté d'attitude qui convient à des hommes, à des citoyens, à des soldats,*' 'Mon Dieu, général,' replied the positive Spaniard, '*on meurt comme on peut.*' As the critical hour drew near Trochu discreetly vanished, sending a message from his quarters to the Tuileries, that in the event of an attack on the palace he would gladly put at the disposition of the Empress '*un officier de mobiles en uniforme.*' But Eugénie had already appreciated her position and resigned herself to it. Trochu himself admitted '*C'est une Romaine.*' Once only did she give way to an outbreak of fury: it was when the thunderstroke of Sedan fell on her. She saw herself as a Princess whose champion is not only overthrown but dishonoured in the lists. Filon and another were the recipients of her wrath. '*Ce qu'elle dit alors, Conti ne l'a redit à personne, et je mourrai, comme lui, sans l'avoir répété.*'

It was September 3. The next day the end came

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swiftly, almost without drama. In the late afternoon, as the first waves of the mob broke against the railings of the Tuileries, the Empress, accompanied by Metternich and Nigra, the Austrian and Italian ambassadors, left her apartments by a dark corridor in which lamps were kept burning night and day, and made her way into the picture gallery of the Louvre. The party waited a few moments, to send back a messenger to the Tuileries, under Géricault's canvas, the shipwreck of the 'Méduse,' and at that moment one of the guardians of the gallery recognized the Empress. He merely uncovered, however, and led the way. The fugitives emerged on the Place Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois just at the moment when rivulets of crowd were beginning to swirl into it. A cab was hailed from a stand on the square, and the Empress got in with Madame Lebreton. As she did so she was recognized by a youth who tried to give the alarm and bring the mob to the spot. But Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, by a bold movement, seized him in his arms, and held him till the cab had disappeared. Tragedy, except on the battlefield, shunned the Second Empire.

The after-incidents of the flight are well known – the visit to the American dentist Evans, the escape from Paris in a carriage, and the stormy crossing to England in Sir John Burgoyne's yacht. One detail of Eugénie's behaviour is characteristic. She would not consent to change her appearance by omitting from her toilette the black crayon line she was used to draw along her lower eyelids. She dreaded the ridicule of being taken in disguise. Almost before the shores of France were left

she seems to have begun to show a certain indifference, as of an adventuress who leaves the gaming-table. Again we must not use the word 'adventuress' without a caution. So long as she thought she could by influence or mediation be of use to France she performed her duty in the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, nor would she hear of plans for restoring the dynasty at the cost of national unity in repelling the invader. But she seems to have settled down with a wonderfully quick resignation to her English exile. The stubborn hopes of her husband and the passionate cries of his death-bed, 'Louis! . . . Sedan!' found no echo in her heart. The scene on which to take leave of her is Filon's picture of the salon at Camden Place before dinner-time:

Lorsqu'on s'était oublié à causer, l'Impératrice, soudainement rappelée au sentiment de l'heure qui passait par la sonnerie lente et sévère de la vieille horloge, demandait, 'Ah! mon Dieu, que dit le grand-père?' Et elle s'enfuyait à la hâte pour s'habiller.

She could dress contentedly to suit all occasions, and one cannot imagine her shedding tears of sentiment on a mantle of velvet worked with golden bees.

LITERARY

7

LORD BYRON

WHEN Lady Blessington met Byron for the first time at Genoa in the spring of 1823 she noted in her diary that his conceit of his rank was abnormal. It resembled, she thought, 'more the pride of a parvenu than the calm dignity of an ancient aristocrat.' As often, the finger of the shrewd lady touched the spot. Among the circumstances that helped to fashion Byron's destiny few mattered more than his failure to take the place that was rightly his among his peers. The indisputable heritage of noble and even Royal blood could not save him from being a lifelong *déclassé*. He never learned to wear with ease the title that came to him unlooked for in youth through a series of family deaths. A paternity clouded by scandal and debt, a penurious infancy beneath the rough hand of a mother who, to quote one of his biographers, for all her Stewart lineage, 'seemed of the soil — nay, of the slums,' left ineffaceable marks upon him. The child limping across the street at Nottingham to fetch beer for the quack employed to mangle his lame foot; the grammar-school boy at Aberdeen who sobs aloud when first he hears 'Dominus Byron' at the roll-call; the turbulent Harrovian, quietly 'requested to leave'; the resentful

young peer who takes his lonely seat unsponsored in the House of Lords, after snubbing Lord Chancellor Eldon's attempt at courtesy; the 'hot-pressed darling' of the London drawing-rooms, whose very glory as literary 'lion' shows his exotic status; the branded wanderer with his caravan of harlots, apes and peacocks; the soldier of a foreign cause dying among a riff-raff of adventurers and baffled medicasters in the mud of Missolonghi – not one of them is the inbred aristocrat, the nobleman moving in the ranks of his order.

The impassable gulf between the young patrician and his fellows had its inevitable consequence. Whatever virtues the English aristocracy of the day still bred in their own circle were denied him; whatever vices they displayed he had full leave to imitate. From the steadying influence of confident class-consciousness, from the lingering traces of polished behaviour, from the sobering responsibility of public service Byron was quite cut off; his share was confined to other traits of nobility. The years of his prime were years in which the licentiousness that had long been eating out the heart of high society in England broke forth in a new shape as a lust for vulgarity. Many factors contributed to this decay of manners. The Nabobs with their dubiously-gotten wealth and barbaric extravagances, the growth of industrial fortunes and the spread of the commercial article in dress and furnishing, the Jacobin uncouthness of the 'new Whigs,' endangering more precious traditions than hair-powder, Court swords and shoe-buckles, the destructive rowdiness of the Corin-

thians, had combined to degrade the general standard of taste. 'On the whole,' observes Professor Courthope, 'it may be said of the state of English taste on the eve of the French Revolution that, while cultivated society was far from having lost its hold on the principles of criticism established in literature by the study of the classics, the weakening of the governing classes and the spread of cosmopolitan ideas among the people had produced a body of opinion extremely favourable for the experiments of any pioneers who might attempt a new departure in the art of poetry.'

Between the eve of the French Revolution and the morning on which Byron awoke to find all England talking of 'Childe Harold' the perversion of taste had gone far. In the minstrel of those gaudy cantos the Regency hailed its laureate. Here was one who had firmly grasped the first canon of the new æsthetics, 'The great art is effect, no matter how produced': one who perceived that vehemence of passion could now win pardon for ill-chosen words, bad grammar and false rhymes. How should the Regency resist the poet who so gorgeously decked its foibles? His impudence outrivalled its flaunting strumpetry. His satire bruised like the knuckles of its prize-fighters. The Giaour glowering in the church porch, no less than the mock monks of Newstead Abbey with their drinking-skull, fed fat the hunger for Gothic horrors. While Childe Harold

'... saw, like meteors in the sky,
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,'

— the Prince at Brighton was planning with equal zest the squat domes and writhing dragons of his Pavilion. In Society, Byron's insolence was not more studied or less successful than the foppery of a Brummell, the weariness of a William Lamb, or the oaths and coachman's capes of a Sir John Lade. To sit, as he would, through a dinner party without tasting a single dish was to rank with the gods in the cult of eccentricity. To have 'a laughing Devil in his sneer' was worth more to him than the graces of an angel.

It was a bubble that burst soon enough. When the whisper went round after the scandal of his separation from Lady Byron that his vice had a darker tinge than even Regency Society could tolerate, he saw at those fashionable receptions that were wont to bask in his scowl the 'Countesses and ladies of fashion leaving each room in crowds as he entered it.' With raging spirit he took the road of exile; then from the Continent sent hissing back upon his native island the waves of his disdain. He made himself the scourge of the Society that had expelled him, for sins, he declared, no grosser than its own. He would mar the triumph of hypocrisy, throw strident discord in the psalms of social and religious cant. He was in no mood, if he had the eye, to discriminate between the sanctimony of privilege frightened by the Revolution and the call of honest prophets to repentance. He had no visions of a purged Conservatism, caught no glimpse of Victoria's robe in his dreams. He could not see a Peel or Gladstone on the path cleared by 'the intellectual eunuch Castle-

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reagh,' a Shaftesbury rising from the stagnant ponds of Methodism, a Newman following on the heels of 'turncoat Southey.' He might, at least in irony, have owned to his Corsair's creed:—

'He knew himself a villain — but he deem'd
The rest no better than the thing he seem'd.'

His gospel of revolt does not seem Luciferian to-day. We see it no longer as the stormy banner that streams against the wind, but as a rag that flutters with the gusts of Romanticism. How little muscle there is in his heterodoxy! 'I am called a Manichæan,' he once confessed revealingly. 'I may rather be called an Any-chæan, or Anything-arian. How do you like my sect?' He could not have found a better denomination for his sullen Cain, toying idly with the dilemmas of omnipotence and predestination that vex acute schoolboys, or for the bard of Don Juan, convinced like a bored undergraduate that

'When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it — 'twas no matter what he said.'

Freethinkers cannot lean hard on such a very shaky pillar of rationalism. 'When I turn thirty,' he wrote from Venice, 'I will turn devout; I feel a great vocation that way in Catholic churches, and when I hear the organ.' Mr. Nicolson, in his brilliant *Byron: The Last Journey*, goes so far as to suggest that if he had met a Catholic priest instead of a Methodist doctor in those last months at Metaxata 'the result might well have been a dramatic and emotional conversion.' Perhaps;

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but unless he had undergone some such shattering stroke as fell upon de Rancé, it would only have been one voluptuous snare the more.

His political creed did, indeed, strike out a spark of more honest passion – the way of his end proves that. Scott was severe when he said of Byron's Liberalism that 'the pleasure it afforded him as a vehicle of displaying his wit and satire against individuals in office was at the bottom of this habit of thinking.' Yet he once admitted that 'I have simplified my politics into an utter detestation of all existing governments'; and his love of liberty is largely fed by hatred and contempt. Even his Greeks, for whom he died, he rallies with the lash rather than with the bugle: –

'You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave –
Think ye he meant them for a slave?'

The truth is that there lurks deep-rooted in him a Whig lord's distrust of democracy – 'Without *me*, there are demagogues enough' – and deeper still again, an even more disabling scepticism, for what shall an epicurean do with freedom when he has attained it? He can but say with languid Sardanapalus: –

Enough
For me, if I can make my subjects feel
The weight of human misery less, and glide

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Ungroaning to the tomb: I take no licence
Which I deny to them. We are all men. . . .'

— and, being men, mere waifs of impulse. Here we touch the quaggy floor of Romanticism, what a French critic calls 'the ruin of the individual.' When mind has been quenched in fancy, will in passion, the earliest to dissolve are the objective values. Religion softens to a mirage, society hardens to a tyranny. The first demand is for surcease of public effort, no more 'to build up pyramids or Babylonian walls.' But this very freedom of the individual proves his destruction. To the chaos made without there answers chaos from within, and the last word is spoken by the Abbot in *Manfred*.

'This should have been a noble creature: he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos — light and darkness
And mind and dust and passions and pure thoughts
Mix'd, and contending without end or order —
All dormant or destructive: he will perish.'

That is all we can say of Byron as a man. No one, indeed, can tell where personal responsibility began or ended in his twisted temperament. We have to reckon in the mental instability of his forbears; we have to reckon in his vibrant sexual precocity, and a nervous system racked in childhood both by the torments of quack surgery and by the scalding taunts of a mother who could make mock of his lameness and his love,

and who, further back still, perhaps had wronged him by her conduct while she bore him. It is no wonder that around his formed character dispute still rages. Some will have him a martyr, others a good soul subject to neurotic seizures, others an actor of slightly ludicrous poses. But no view of Byron can be adequate that ignores the black gulfs of his nature, or its fiery abysses. To come away smiling from a glimpse down those craters seems to argue a curious insensitiveness.

Were his passions sincere? The reply must be that they were as sincere as Romanticism. Passions that play round no stable objects in life can never be more than heartfelt feigning, since they mock their own selves by their wasteful impermanence. But they need not be less terrible for being insincere. There is a fearful form of acting that may be called Neronic: in that art the world has known no more sinister tragedian than Byron. He thrilled to his playing while his victims were consumed — but who has such mastery of the gamut of love? By a grim paradox this seared practitioner is always, when he is in vogue, the poet of unspoiled youth — for Romanticism such as Byron's is the wilful forgetting of those lessons of life that youth has not had time to learn. His lyrics, which are one part at least of his work that is intangible and immortal, are the very voice of first love, which yearns with them because it is insatiable and because it overleaps its object in the void, and, like them, burns with the shame of servitude and jealousy. These songs disclose no peaks of vision or possession, but fade like a cry upon the dead lagoon.

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'So, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.
'For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.
'Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
We'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.'

We should like to think that this music brought a few moments' anodyne to the most pitiable of all Byron's victims, that unhappy Caroline Lamb, whose ghost still flits about us with large dark eyes and soft, entralling voice, in which the drawl of fashion leaps suddenly to the wail of a hurt child. She knew her peril – the dazzling, quick-silver creature – when she wrote him down on a first meeting, 'Mad, bad and dangerous to know'; it is always the women who understand him best, from her day to that of the ablest of his modern biographers, Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne. But she fell to the lure of the melancholy face 'like a beautiful alabaster vase, lighted up from within,' and expiated her folly. There was no torture that he failed to inflict upon her with a cold connoisseurship in cruelty, till he had driven her, with her delicate head deranged, to the public disgrace of the 'suicide' scene at Lady Heathcote's party. What did she mean to do with the knife

she had clutched? People, she said, 'pulled to get it from me; I was terrified; my hand got cut, and the blood came over my gown. . . . I never held my head up after – never could.' 'He broke my heart,' is her other piercing confession. 'He broke my heart, and still I love him.'

It was meet justice when he was crushed at last by a woman's heart he could not break. Whatever is the exact truth about his married life round which such hideous stories hover, we see in Lady Byron the avenger, the woman of too sturdy a fibre to accept the degradations he demanded.

'He is the absolute monarch of words [she wrote – it is one more feminine deposition] and uses them, as Bonaparte used lives, for conquest without more regard for their intrinsic value, considering them only as ciphers which must derive all their import from the situation in which he places them and the ends to which he adapts them with such consummate skill. . . . I know no one more habitually destitute of the enthusiasm he so beautifully expresses, and to which he can work up his fancy chiefly by contagion.'

One night, after testing her indignation by a scene of remorse, he laughed and said, 'Only a philosophical experiment, that's all. I wished to ascertain the value of your resolutions.' He had ample leisure afterwards. She too, indeed, had a price to pay. He did not exaggerate his power to wring her heart when he distilled from his blackest drops that incantation in *Manfred* which tempts us almost to believe anew in witchcraft; –

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'When the moon is on the wave
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.'

He could not bend her resolution, but he surpassed himself, the great tragedian, in his playing of the injured husband and the suffering father. There is not a memory, not a secret, not an association too holy to be made a stroke in this supreme and masterly 'creation': —

'Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

'Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

* * * * *

'And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?'

To read this in the light of what we know of Byron's habitual behaviour is to feel that the only fit comparison for him is with his own Marino Faliero, who greets with equanimity the black smear that is to efface his portrait from the line on which his fellow Doges hang: —

'The veil which blackens o'er the blighted name,
And hides, or seems to hide, these lineaments,
Shall draw more gazers than the thousand portraits
Which glitter round it in their pictur'd trappings.'

And so tossing aside at last with his own hand the robes of romantic sensibility, the author of *Don Juan* steps down from the pedestal.

It is always a short step from Romanticism to Realism. Both thrive on sensation, and when the upper air is exhausted the Romantic must sniff the ground. But with Byron at any rate the recourse to Realism was no symptom of outworn imagination. Already in the third canto of *Childe Harold* he had disclosed his power in this field; for the whole force of the Waterloo episode lies in its approach to war from the details of common life, the scene pitched at Brussels, not Quatre Bras, the cannon breaking in upon the dance, the clatter of mustering troops upon familiar cobble-stones. To many readers it must have come with the shock of a sudden realization. But that was only a dim foreshadowing of *Don Juan*. In frequent glimpses as he worked away at this lusty masterpiece Byron seems to have known that he was producing something wonderful, which yet we must hesitate to call great. The dæmonic driving-force that bore it forward through

weariness and petulance, disappointment, digression and the temporary interdict placed on its continuance by Countess Guiccioli, is felt in the long and regular sweep of the stanzas, which, in Swinburne's famous phrase, 'break and glitter, hiss and laugh, murmur and move like waves that sound or that subside.'

Don Juan is an immense panorama of mankind and its chosen activities, a 'versified Aurora Borealis' in whose brilliant flashing vast tracts of future literature glimmer before us. Haidée, the Greek slaver's daughter, in her island cave, and the Sultana Gulbeyaz, guarded by dwarfs and eunuchs in mysterious Stamboul, seem Loti heroines before their time. The shipwreck, with its ghastly episode of cannibalism, the gore and filth that stain Suwarrow's laurels at the sack of Ismail, betray the formula of latter-day Naturalism. It must be near the first time, also, that the vision of London – its 'huge dun cupola,' and its overhanging pall, its darkling, mean brick labyrinths, 'the line of lights, too, up to Charing Cross' – falls with its spell on the imagination. At least it must be granted that the stricken footpad, tugging at his neckcloth with a 'Give Sal that!' dies streaked all over with Dickensian pathos. How many satires, again, on country-house society are preluded by the party at the Abbey! These, and a score of other anticipations, salted with pungent lubricity, diversified by squalls of stinging persiflage and daring raids upon a yet unwritten sex psychology, form a whole that vindicates its author's boast – 'I call that an epic!'

Is there a philosophy behind it? It takes some time to wrench ourselves free from the pulsing phantas-

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magoria to put the question. When we do the charm snaps, the bustling pageant dissolves, and, like the Prince of Morocco, we stand confronted by 'a carrion Death, within whose empty eye there is a written scroll'; —

'Ecclesiastes said, "that all is vanity" —

Most modern preachers say the same, or show it
By their examples of true Christianity:

In short, all know, or very soon may know it;
And in this scene of self-confessed inanity,

By saint, by sage, by preacher and by poet,
Must I refrain me, through the fear of strife,
From holding up the nothingness of life?

'Dogs, or men! — for I flatter you in saying

That ye are dogs — your betters far — ye may
Read, or read not, what I am now essaying
To show ye what ye are in every way.

As little as the moon stops for the baying

Of wolves, will the bright Muse withdraw one ray
From out her skies — then howl your idle wrath!
While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.'

But it was only on a world in dissolution that Byron's haggard Muse still flung a phosphorescence. It flared on Venice, discrowned and begging at the threshold of her crumbling palaces, on lone Ravenna, where the marsh pools creep round the bases of the foundering basilicas, on the 'Niobe of nations,' where the Childe at last lays down his empty wallet before the piled-up ruin of the Palatine: —

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'His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
And he himself as nothing: — if he was
Aught but a fantasy, and could be class'd
With forms which live and suffer — let that pass —
His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass.'

The last act is darkness, filled with a swelling thunder,
the harvestless sea that chants its domination. Through
a rift that recalls the lurid pomp of a Turner storm-
wreck we see, tossed like shattered navies on the billows,
the wreckage that includes man's wealth and pride
of empire, his hopes, threats, passions, and aspiring
dreams: —

'The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war —
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.'

THE GONCOURT BROTHERS

IN the preface to his last novel *Chérie* Edmond de Goncourt relates how his brother Jules a few months before his premature death in 1870 summed up their joint achievement as: 'la recherche du *vrai* en littérature la résurrection de l'art du XVIII^e siècle, la victoire du japonisme.' The three things are at first sight curiously disparate. Few, perhaps, would expect to find a love of eighteenth-century French art combined with a taste for Japanese design, and the naming of 'the pursuit of truth in literature' in the same breath as these mere connoisseurships is indeed a bizarre conjunction. No doubt, a little reflection diminishes the first sense of incongruity; the art of Outamaro and Hokousai, we remember, was also an art of the eighteenth century, and as much as the art of Boucher or Fragonard the product of a feudal and aristocratic epoch. Again, a writer vowed to 'la recherche du vrai' would have affinities alike with the candour and unaffectedness of the great French pre-romantic painters and with the idealized realism of the Japanese masters. Even so 'la recherche du vrai en littérature' would seem an aspiration too wide and lofty to be classed with attachment to this or that school of art, and the younger Goncourt's statement of his own and his brother's aims, endorsed by the latter after fourteen years' reflection, remains a puzzle to the critic.

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As a clue to the unity that undoubtedly pervades the whole collection of novels, plays, fantasias, histories, biographies, art criticisms, travel-diaries and books of gossip to which the Goncourts set their name – a unity that outlasted the death of one of the collaborators, and was described by the survivor as an ‘optique nouvelle,’ a view of the world through an original ‘lorgnette’ – we may choose a passage from Edmond’s *La Maison d’un Artiste*, in which he describes how, when he was a boy, his mother, his aunt, Mme. de Courmont and another lady would take him with them every Sunday afternoon while they rummaged in the half-closed curiosity shops of Paris.

‘Alors c’était dans la demi-nuit de ce chaos vague et poussiéreux, un farfouillement des trois femmes lumineuses, un farfouillement hâtif et inquiet, faisant le bruit de souris trotte-menu, dans un tas de décombre, et des allongements en des recoins d’ombre de mains gantées de frais, un peu peureuses de salir leurs gants, et de coquets ramèvements du bout des pieds chaussés de prunelle, puis des poussées, a petits coups, en pleine lumière, de morceaux de bronze doré ou de bois sculpté, entassé à terre, contre les murs. . . . Ce sont certainement ces vieux dimanches qui ont fait de moi le bibeloteur que j’ai été, que je suis, que je serai toute ma vie.’

‘Bibeloteur . . . que je serai toute ma vie,’ and again in the *Journal*, ‘Je suis décidément trop mangé par le bibelot.’ Edmond de Goncourt here confesses the passion for curios that consumed him all his days, a

devotion that he imposed, without encountering much reluctance, upon the plastic nature of his brother. The *bibelot* is the key to the æsthetic of the Goncourts; it fills their house and their heads and their books. They are more than curio-hunters and lovers of *bric-à-brac*; they can only be termed the slaves of the *bibelot*. What is a *bibelot*? In its most usual meaning it is a small object of art, such as a tiny colour print or portrait miniature, a figurine of terra-cotta, a Sèvres tea-cup, or a carved *netsuké*. More widely taken, a *bibelot* is any small object steeped in associations and energies, and capable, therefore, of evoking by suggestion some buried epoch or distant civilization. 'Les belles choses, en littérature,' we read in the Journal, 'sont celles qui font rêver au delà de ce qu'elles disent,' and to be the cue for reveries is the function of the *bibelot* too – of those Spanish dancer's shoes, for instance, in the studio of the painter Coriolis, 'qui avaient comme une ombre de chair au talon.' Rather than abstract ideas or ideals, it is concrete social usages that the trinkets of the *bibeloteur* recall to mind, all that side of existence that falls under the heading *mœurs*. From a fan you may deduce, if you have the power, the whole series of 'Les Actrices du XVIII^e siècle,' from an aquarelle the upbringing of the little *bourgeoise* Renée Mauperin, and from the odour encrusted at the base of a thurible the Roman basilicas of 'Madame Gervaisais.' This is a form of evocation that proceeds by sense – by visual or tactile suggestion – to the images of memory, without calling on the creative or logical faculties; and, like all modes of sense-stimulation, it cheats fatigue by

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contrasts and double doses. The monstrous *bibelot* comes to be a welcome change from the charming one, and Japanese art will be praised because it has 'créé et vivifié le bestiaire de l'hallucination.' Nor need the *bibelot* be properly a work of art at all; it is enough that it is a relic soaked in the past – a milliner's bill, a letter, a scrap of lace, a handkerchief with a rusty spot from the scaffold. For such relics, charming or morbid, the Goncourts had always room in their cabinets, and they sighed, we may fancy, to enclose in them those dream-wares that the merchant offers in *Venise la Nuit*.

'Son Excellence veut-elle une vague encore dorée d'un reflet d'or du Bucentaure?

'Son Excellence, préfère-t-elle le bruit que fait la tête d'un doge, en tombant dans une tragédie de Casimir Delavigne? . . .

'Excellence, achetez-moi le *si* de la Malibran! . . . Prenez garde! Excellence! votre lorgnon, s'il tombait dessus! Oui, c'est elle, Excellence! le certificat y est joint. . . . Desdémone moulée dans l'oreiller qui l'étouffa.'

Let us keep, then, this suggestible temperament of the *bibeloteur* as our clue to the genius of the Goncourts. We find, as it would lead us to expect, a predominance of the receptive mood in their work. 'Il faut,' Edmond writes, 'pour faire quelque chose de bon littérairement, que tous les sens soient des fenêtres grandes ouvertes.' Not only the Goncourts themselves, but the creatures of their imagination lay themselves open thus passively

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to the influences that environ them. Charles Demailly, the author, ever nervously excited by his daily impressions – ‘Un mobilier,’ it is said, ‘lui était ami ou ennemi’ – is driven to insanity by the malice of his wife. Coriolis, the painter in *Manette Salomon*, is robbed of his ideals and tastes by a Jewish mistress, who sets him to earning money. Mme. Gervaisais, the cultured free-thinker, is not so much converted as embalmed in the Catholic religion; she is stupefied as by material fumes in the sacred atmosphere of Rome. It is the same with the personages conceived by Edmond alone. La Faustin, the tragedienne, is so enslaved to her *cabotinage* that she must needs ape before the mirror the *rictus* of her expiring lover, Lord Annandale; more pathologically ‘la fille Elisa’ murders the object of her only pure love in a spasm of erotic frenzy. These victims exemplify only too faithfully their creators’ formula: ‘les fenêtres grandes ouvertes’; their lack of resistant energy is complete. In the Goncourts themselves this waiting on the external stimulus was a symptom of inventive sterility. Their fiction was an elaboration of souvenirs, notes and readings. The Journal was but one main source among those that fed their novels; the minor tributaries will never perhaps be exhaustively mapped. Assuredly the Goncourts touched nothing that they did not magically transform, but they needed their block to work upon. Perhaps the poverty of their philosophical and religious ideas is accounted for by the fact that general ideas (of which Renan in his angry quarrel over the divulgations of the Journal declared the Goncourts incapable) are only to be acquired by

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speculative effort, and cannot be gained by a process of infiltration.

In dwelling thus on the Goncourts' sensibility we must emphasize the extreme refinement and acuity of their perceptions. 'Ça, un baiser!' exclaims the crazy Chassagnol, the *raisonneur* of *Manette Salomon*, after inspecting an academic study of *Chloe's First Kiss*.

'Un baiser, ça? . . . Jamais! non, jamais! Rien de frémissant . . . rien qui montre ce courant électrique sur les grands et les petits foyers sensibles . . . rien qui annonce la répercussion de l'embrassement dans tout l'être. . . . Non, il faut que le malheureux qui a fait cela ne se doute pas seulement de ce que c'est que les lèvres. . . . Mais, les lèvres, c'est revêtu d'une cuticule si fine qu'un anatomiste a pu dire que leurs papilles nerveuses n'étaient pas recouvertes, mais seulement gazées, *gazées*, c'est son mot, par cet épiderme.'

What is here expressed in the key of fantasy is repeated in a more dolorous tone by Jules, describing himself in the *Journal* as having become in consequence of his hyperæsthesia 'une sorte d'écorché moral et sensitif, blessé à la moindre impression, sans défense, sans enveloppe, tout saignant.' It was his own breakdown and early death that he foreshadowed when he helped to write the tragedy of the thin-skinned Charles Demailly, driven to final imbecility by the same 'sensivité nerveuse,' the same 'secousse continue des impressions.' To realize this daily martyrdom of their senses is to excuse much that seems at the first blush insolent in

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the judgments and preferences of the Goncourts. The truth is that their strained sensibility no longer responded to the objects of normal æsthetic perception; they could declare in sincerity that they found Homer tedious and Raphael the artisan of *la beauté vulgaire*. They required to be touched on some chord not dulled by use. Just as they fled the *imbécile conventionnel* in art, so in history they valued above all things *l'inédit*, the thrill of the undiscovered document. They suffer, too, from an inversion of *la folie des grandeurs*; they evade whenever possible the great events of history or contemporary affairs, the grand passions of love, the expressions in art of majesty and vigour. All this is to them as the glare of the sun in sore eyes, and they shrink in the same way in the fabrication of their books from large effects and designs of ample scope. They paint corners and glimpses of movement, where they can, in preference to broad scenes or crowd-pieces. Each book is a succession of tiny, disconnected chapters; each chapter is formed by the laying of one small stroke upon another, till the general effect is not that of life and movement, but that of a table piled with small objects of *virtu*.

We begin, perhaps, to discern at this point what the Goncourts meant by 'la recherche du vrai,' and how far they may rightly be called Realists or fathers of Naturalism. They sought *le vrai* in the sense that only by contact with the stuff of reality could they set their faculties in action; but this contact was never more than their point of departure. 'Le réalisme,' says Demailly, in their name, 'se répand et éclate alors que

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le daguerréotype et la photographie démontrent combien l'art diffère du vrai.' For themselves they have as a rule no wish to photograph or record reality; they set themselves at once to turn it into a work of art. It is the marked peculiarity of their descriptive passages that they usually suggest a painting of the object rather than the object itself – a point in which they differ from Zola, Huysmans, and many later writers who show signs of their influence. We may illustrate this by some lines from the autumnal panorama of Paris viewed out of the belvedere of the Jardin des Plantes which opens *Manette Salomon* – one of their more ambitious passages.

‘Devant eux, c'étaient d'abord des toits pressés, aux tuiles brunes, faisant des masses d'un ton de tan et de marc de raisin, d'où se détachait le rose des poteries des cheminées. Ces larges teintes étalées, d'un ton brûlé, s'assombrissaient et s'enfonçaient dans du noir-roux en allant vers le quai. Sur le quai, les carrés de maisons blanches, avec les petites raies noires de leurs milliers de fenêtres, formaient et développaient comme un front de caserne d'une blancheur effacée et jaunâtre, sur laquelle reculait, de loin en loin, dans le rouillé de la pierre, une construction plus vieille. Au delà de cette ligne nette et claire, on ne voyait plus qu'une espèce de chaos perdu dans une nuit d'ardoise, un fouillis de toits, des milliers de toits, d'où des tuyaux noirs se dressaient avec une finesse d'aiguille, une mêlée de faîtes et de têtes de maisons enveloppées par l'obscurité grise de l'éloignement, brouillées dans le fond du jour

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baissant; un fourmillement de demeures, un gâchis de lignes et d'architectures, un amas de pierres pareil à l'ébauche et à l'encombrement d'une carrière, sur lequel dominaient et planaient le chevet et le dôme d'une église, dont la nuageuse solidité ressemblait à une vapeur condensée.'

Here is what Lemaître termed 'la lutte du dictionnaire contre la palette' conducted with an intensity that we scarcely meet again till Mr. George Moore begins to write. Like Mr. Moore, the Goncourts had begun as painters, and had turned away to literature, we may surmise, because they were after all (despite their inaptitude for constructive thought) too cerebral, too thickly besieged by swarming notions and fancies, to content themselves with the scope of the palette. 'Ils sentent, mais ils ne pensent pas' they complain of certain musicians in the *Journal*, and they may have feared the same risk in painting. It is interesting nevertheless to note the affinity between these writers with a taste for the brush and a great painter, contemporary with them, who had a gift for writing. The artistic doctrine of Whistler's 'Ten o'Clock' is as accurately the description of the Goncourts' æsthetic ideal as of his own — and it is curious, after realizing this, to find Mr. Frank Harris recording that the expression of Whistler's face reminded him of Edmond de Goncourt. The Goncourts and Whistler alike reject the notion of fixed ideals of beauty, the property of certain ages and civilizations, and maintain that it is the nature of art to be, as Whistler puts it, 'seeking and finding the

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beautiful in all conditions and in all themes.' Both praise Rembrandt in almost the same terms for eliciting beauty from scenes of material squalor; just as Whistler scoffs at the 'æsthetic' lady of his day in her classical trappings so Chassagnol (always the mouthpiece of his makers) cries, 'Je te demande si une Parisienne, en toilette de bal, n'est pas aussi belle pour les pinceaux que la femme de n'importe quelle civilisation?' Even Whistler's 'Nature is very rarely right' is paralleled by Chassagnol's contempt for 'cette grande étendue jaune et verte, cette machine qu'on est convenu d'appeler la nature.'

Just because of their consentience with the impressionist painters of modern life (though they are as a rule, in the finish of their own descriptions, *ciseleurs* rather than impressionists) we can only give a limited assent to M. Pierre Sabatier when he says in his ample and invaluable treatise, 'L'Esthétique des Goncourt': 'Les Goncourt, en définitive, sont des hommes du XVIII^e siècle, brutalement jetés par la fatalité dans un siècle très différent de leur mentalité.' The Goncourts would have been exasperated by any state of society (democratic or aristocratic) to which they had actually to accommodate themselves, and, though they detested the growing vulgarity of their epoch and looked forward with apprehension to the iron age whither they saw it was surely tending, they could scarcely have found a period more favourable to their genius than their own, unless it were the decay of the Roman Empire. The Goncourts came into one of those epochs of kaleidoscopic transition in which the attempt of the

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old to prolong its privileges by adopting the clothes of the new, and the desire of the new to disguise its nature by wrapping itself in the *défroque* of the old, make social life as fantastic as a masked ball. It was an age of 'Citizen Kings' and plebiscitary Emperors, with the restored fragments of the *ancien régime* precariously superposed upon the irrevocable fact of the Revolution, wealth masquerading as aristocracy, equality cloaking the rancours of class feeling, Voltaireanism contending with faith, Romanticism dying and Naturalism struggling to birth. In such times as these the Goncourts say in their Journal: —

'Dans les troubles de l'art, à la fin des vieux siècles, quand les nobles doctrines sont mourantes, et que l'art se trouve entre une tradition perdue et quelque chose qui va naître, il apparaît des décadents libres, charmants, prodigieux, des aventuriers de la ligne et de la couleur, qui risquent tout et apportent en leurs imaginations, avec une corruption suave, une délicieuse témérité.'

They are speaking of Fragonard, but with a little adjustment the words might fit the romantic cynicism of their idol Gavarni, whose pencil mocks the age of Louis Philippe. They are words that can also be applied (as they are by M. Sabatier) to the Goncourts themselves. Assuredly they, too, are 'décadents libres et charmants,' but the orderly eighteenth century would have been a poorer sphere for their adventures than the rich and tumultuous medley of the France and Italy they knew. It is amazing that M. Sabatier

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should write of the authors of *L'Italie d'Hier* and *Madame Gervaisais* that 'l'Italie n'a pas exercé d'influence sur eux.' The Goncourts are penetrated by the sentiment of the Italy of the Romantics, the Italy of ragged picturesqueness that died in the same year as Jules himself. Out of the full bustle of the nineteenth century they have preserved for us, like a mirage on their pages, the Venice whose desolate stones seemed yet to echo with the last carnival of the *Serenissima* and the Rome of the Popes with the dream-muffled chime of its hours. How that whole vanished order lives again in the vignette of the Princess Liverani's Roman *salon*: —

'Toute la société, c'était un peintre du pays, quelques princes romains parents ou alliés, de jeunes cousines aux traits fins des Hérodiade du Vinci, et deux Cardinaux familiers de la maison qu'on voyait entrer, leur chapeau à ganse rouge et or jeté sous le bras avec une désinvolture de vieux marquis. Ils prenaient place sur leurs grands fauteuils accoutumés, tout près de l'oreille de la princesse, et ils disaient ces phrases suspendues, des paroles de prêtre et de diplomate, terminées par une mine, un jeu de visage, parfois un regard de ce noir particulier à l'œil du prélat romain. Et bientôt après avoir battu de leurs chapeaux un moment leur mollets de pourpre, les deux *porporati* se levaient, saluaient, disparaissaient.'

'Le XIX^{me} siècle,' the Goncourts owned, 'a opéré l'humanité de la cataracte'; they throve beneath the shock of the contrasts it provided. It was a shock of a

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similar kind that they sought when, in *Germinie Lacerteux* and *Sœur Philomène*, they plunged into the atmosphere of 'the people' and the horrors of hospital life. The true purpose of these works is admitted by Edmond when he writes 'la canaille, si vous voulez, a pour moi l'attrait de populations inconnues et non découvertes, quelque chose de l'exotique, que les voyageurs vont chercher, avec mille souffrances, dans les pays lointains.' The author of *L'Assommoir* was quick to resent language of this kind when it was used in the preface to *Les Frères Zemganno*. 'Elle ajoute,' wrote Zola, 'une idée de "chic," une allure à la Gavarni, aux vérités poignantes du pavé parisien qui me paraît rapetisser beaucoup l'enquête moderne, et en faire un bibelot d'étagère.'

We are brought back by these words to our starting point. The Goncourts have no deep impulse to realism, and with them 'la recherche du vrai' is, after all, but a variant of their pleasure in a Watteau *fête champêtre* or a piece of Japanese lacquer. It is a means of acquiring sensations. How unscrupulously, when they choose, they heighten reality to serve their purposes! Even in Paris, even in the Paris of the Empire, the daily talk of journalists can hardly have been such foaming champagne as the *badinage* of Charles Demailly with his friends of the *Scandale*. How many actresses would say to a Greek scholar, as la Faustin does to M. Athanasiadis, 'Je voudrais revenir de chez vous, comme une Barbare d'autrefois . . . qui aurait passé deux heures dans la Grèce de Périclès'? Is not Marthe, Charles Demailly's wife, too complete in the daintiness of her

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beauty from head to foot to be a mortal woman? She is, of course, only a *bibelot*, a heartless little Dresden figure, just as Nachette, the journalistic bravo of the *Scandale*, is a grimacing Polichinelle in silver, and the scum of the theatrical world that peers round the fringes of la Faustin's robe, a souvenir of Japanese grotesques. Nature itself stiffens gradually under the eye of the Goncourts into a brocaded screen or an inlay of lapis lazuli. 'Le roseau,' muses Edmond on the bank of a stream, 'le nénuphar me font penser à la porcelaine de Chine; ces fleurs blanches au papier de riz de Canton. Il y a de l'Asie pour moi au bord de toute rivière' – an Asia where no leaf stirs, out of which no breeze blows.

Perhaps the Goncourts could only have avoided this ultimate artificiality by possessing a larger measure than was theirs of human sympathy. Unluckily they added to the dourness of the Lorrainer a special strain of acrid envy. With every allowance for the need of encouragement known by all artists it is impossible not to feel that the Goncourts' fierce thirst for applause and recognition was unworthy of their high genius. Like the continual jealous backbiting and detraction of their *confrères* with which the *Journal* is filled, it reveals a narrowness of soul. It is true that they cried out bitterly upon *la blague*, that corrosive persiflage of all things venerable and of good report, which they discerned to be the scourge of their time. But none were more deeply eaten into by the vice than themselves; few books contain so many *mots* of sinister impiety as their own. They scorned themselves for their *méchanceté*,

but they never overcame it. Its nemesis was the psychological shallowness at which we have hinted. It is only from acute outside observation that they recount the sufferings of the servant girl Germinie Lacerteux and the prostitute Elisa: they are untouched themselves by the feelings of their characters. Indeed, these books, in which they make a resolute effort to quench their dilettantism and restrain their love of decoration, exhale through long passages a grey *ennui*. It is as though we were listening to the carefully formed sentences of an unusually intelligent police officer at an inquest. Had the Goncourts worked more from the interior of their personages and not so much from collected gossip and curiosity, they would have had less recourse to those romantic *coups de théâtre* – Madame Gervaisais struck dead on the threshold of her audience with the Pope, the gruesome suicide of the young doctor in *Sœur Philomène*, the circus-rider's revenge in *Les Frères Zemganno* – which Edmond realized in the end to be mere machinery. But they had to work within their limitations.

One of the most significant passages in their writings is the chapter of *Manette Salomon*, in which the art student Anatole, who in his blend of mockery with a certain virginal candour has more than a touch of Jules de Goncourt himself, effaces in despair from the canvas his great allegorical group 'Le Christ Humanitaire,' and paints in its place the figure of Pierrot – the saturnine, spectral Pierrot just created by the genius of Gaspard Deburau. The Goncourts, too, were ever labouring to express the pity and the tragedy of man,

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and ending with a mere sardonic shrug. This turn of their spirit gives a weird poignancy to the description, later on, of Anatole carrying the corpse of his pet, the monkey Vermillon, in a bundle across Paris, and, after an evening spent with it in a café, burying it by moonlight in the Bois. Like him, these incomparable fantaisists pass by, cloaking grief with a sneer. They are seeking the one piece they have never been able to add to their collection. Sometimes they set hands upon it, as when in their Venetian dream they steal from its palace the priceless Veronese. But when the time comes to inspect the prize it is always the same story: — ‘Je la déroulai vivement, mais je ne pus voir. Les réverbères étaient morts. Les fenêtres des palais étaient mortes. Le ciel était éteint. La lanterne des *traghetti* dormait.’

EMILE ZOLA

IN 1879, when Renan, the man of all ideals, took his seat in the Academy, Zola protested in the name of the positive spirit. 'Que la jeunesse française m'entende,' he implored, 'c'est en appliquant la formule scientifique qu'elle reprendra un jour l'Alsace et la Lorraine.' His prayer would seem to have been heard. The new France bent itself to the discipline of *la formule scientifique*, and recaptured Alsace and Lorraine. What is its tribute of thanks to the teacher who pointed out the way of victory? The answer is given in the series edited by M. René Gillouin, under the title 'Politeia,' in which the volume on Zola has been entrusted to M. Ernest Seillière, for one more study in the 'Romantic malady.' This, according to M. Seillière, is an 'insurrection of sentiment, or rather of instinct, against reason'; more precisely, it is a kind of inward and mystical imperialism, which possesses its victims with the belief that in gratifying their own desires and ambitions they are acting as allies of a superhuman Power. The stigmata of the Romantic disposition are 'volonté de puissance' and 'le tempérament émotif,' and everywhere in Zola's writing – in his view of art, of science, of love, of society – M. Seillière finds these distorting factors at work. Yet, as often in Zola's own books, when, after the severe verdict of the mighty has been given, there arises a fearful cry from the unsilenced

abyss; so when M. Seillière, with chill logic, has mapped out the mountain of Zola's labours, we await the protesting roar of the prisoned Enceladus. We expect that the peaks will smoke, and the fiery cloud issue forth to daunt the analyst.

With what multitudinous shapes that cloud would seethe! We should discern first, in the eighteenth-century Venetian family of Zola, the profiles of ecclesiastics, recalling the subtly drawn types in *Rome*. A Greek silhouette floats dimly next, for the Italian family is crossed by the marriage of one of its sons with a Corfiote, Benedetta Kiariaki; and it is her child, Francesco, the father of Emile Zola, who first steps out of the cloud as a definite character. He is a soldier of fortune with a bent for engineering who, after some equivocal adventures, turns up in the 'thirties at Marseilles with a proposal to build a new harbour. Rejected there, he drifts inland, and, pausing at Aix-en-Provence, offers to refresh that parched city with mountain waters brought through a new canal. Decidedly that shall be his great life-work — that, or perhaps the fortifications of Paris. While flitting thus to and fro from Marseilles to Aix, from Aix to Paris, François Zola found that he had become somehow a husband and a father. His wife, a beautiful girl, belonging by origin to the peasantry of La Beauce, he had picked up in a hurry one day as she came out of a church in Paris, and caught his fancy; the boy found time to be born in 1840, during a longer stay in the capital, for the purpose of pushing the fortification scheme. In the end, however, it was the canal that took practical shape,

and brought François Zola with his family south again; and there, just as the first sods were being turned, the *mistral* sabred the audacious fighter, prostrating him with pleurisy, as on a battle-field, in the room of a second-class Marseilles hotel.

His son thus received a heritage of instability. In his veins was the blood of three peoples, the solid shrewdness of a French peasant stock, adulterated by the restless and ambiguous genius of the Italian father, and some indecipherable strain, it may be, of art or wildness, from the Greek side of his ancestry in Corfu. Nor was his material heritage, a tangle of lawsuits and contested claims, more stable than the spiritual. From early days, we imagine, he knew the pains of a quivering sensibility. 'Ah! le pauvre écorché que je suis,' the grown man once cried, and the boy must likewise have been abnormally sensitive.

'My visual memories [he wrote in later life] have an extraordinary power and relief; my memory is enormous, prodigious; it is a nuisance to me. When I evoke the objects I have seen, I see them again just as they really are, with their lines, their forms, their colours, their smells, and their sounds. It is an absolute materialization; the sun that lights them almost dazzles me; the smell suffocates me: the details cling to me and prevent me from seeing the whole.'

Upon these acute senses the first scene to be deeply imprinted was the old Provençal capital with its pink-tiled roofs and sun-baked, gaunt cathedral tower. Beneath the violet glare of the summer sky, Aix itself, the

scorched plain dotted with olive clumps and traversed by the long white ribands of its roads, the sombre crags of the surrounding mountains stood out in hard colouring and detailed contour. In the clefts of these hills lie gorges of savage beauty, where amid pine-shade and riven rock Emile, the spoilt son of an indulgent widow, passed countless hours with his comrades, Baille and Cézanne. He had the brooding laziness that marks fecundity in youth; he loved to bathe in the pure streams, to dream in woods of dryads breaking through the tree trunks, or strange romantic ladies parting the leaves to gaze at him; to fill his ears with a resonance of poetry – the trumpets of Hugo first, and then the more seductive violin of Musset. Perhaps he hardly knew that he was becoming a pauper, till he found himself uprooted to the shadowy squalor of a Paris lodging. He was already twenty without a degree or prospects, and sure only that he must no longer be a burden on his mother. Starving and shivering in garrets of the Quartier, he was to learn now how soiled were the carnival rags of Bohemianism and to sully in the encounters of the pavement the glamour of his elusive woodland dreams. This is the Zola who is self-depicted in the immature but strangely moving *Confession de Claude*, the fruit of his Romantic self-education. It is a work of anguish and torrential emotion, under which we perceive a stubborn core of character. Nothing can make a despairing Chatterton of this youth, who yet has no idea how he will win the triumph to which he has pledged himself. He is still reading, dreaming, scribbling bad verses; watching in

the smoke of his pipe the wavering outlines of a vast poetic trilogy, *La Genèse*, which shall sum up the whole history of man and his globe. But the turning came, and down quite a humble alley, a tiny post in the publishing-house of Hachette.

It seems as if it were here, starting as a packer, then raised to the advertising department, that Zola's ear was for the first time caught by the roar of Paris. He was initiated into trade and the arts of publicity, he saw the famous men pass through the office — Guizot, Littré, About, Prévost-Paradol, Taine — and there stirred within him the inherited instinct of the *entrepreneur*. He looked round for a battlefield and found it in the new journalism, of which Henri de Villemessant, who figures in the Goncourts' *Charles Demailly* as Montbaillard of *La Scandale*, was the pioneer. To his paper *L'Evènement*, among others, Zola contributed the articles afterwards collected under the significant title *Mes Haines*. It was the first impact of his personality upon the public, and he was resolved not to pass unheard through speaking shyly. His later creed is all implied in these pages. The work of art is 'a corner of creation seen through a temperament'; beauty and perfection are nothing, life is everything; epochs of decadence in their febrile energy are finer than epochs of health; the artist denies society and affirms the individual; there is no science of beauty; the critic can but analyse without presuming to judge; the Goncourts are to be glorified for inventing the thrill of the *roman canaille* in *Germinie Lacerteux*. How swift a change from the ineffective dreamer of *La Genèse*!

What had happened had been the harnessing of a force at once robust and sensitive to a large idea. The mirages of Romantic fantasy had lifted upon a burning intuition of reality. 'As the old world departs,' wrote Zola in the preface to *Mes Haines*, 'we hasten towards a world that is new'; and again, 'What is killing us, what makes us haggard, is that we are becoming men of science, and that we feel that any day the problems of society and religion may receive their solution.' It was, in fact, the heyday of the great scientific movement of the century. *The Origin of Species* had been translated into French in 1862, and evolution and heredity were the mode. Renan and Berthelot were preaching the regeneration of the world by science; Littré was solidly sustaining the Positivism of Comte; and Taine, with his theory of the work of art as the product of 'race, milieu, moment,' was adapting the methods of science to literature. These doctrines made a special appeal to Zola. They were definitely materialistic, identifying psychology with physiology, and Zola, with those flaming senses of his, had little inner life for counterpoise. When Taine declared that 'vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar' he probably did not mean quite what readers of Zola's calibre supposed; but Zola was satisfied by the obvious interpretation. He sincerely did not believe in a will that could control the 'fatality' of the senses and organs, or the waves of the passions; his early tale, *Madeleine Férat*, shows how crudely he conceived the physiological necessities of sex. Science for him meant warm fact against cold theory; the acceptance of phenomena as they come in

place of the fatiguing quest of metaphysics; liberty for the instincts against the veto of academic moralists, and finally the hope of power, of control over nature.

Emile Zola's thirst for the exertion of power, for unfettered self-expression on a colossal scale, may be called if anyone will 'la conviction de posséder l'alliance d'un Dieu dans la lutte vitale,' may justify the description of him as 'un adepte inconscient du mysticisme,' but (less Romantically, dare we say?) it is simply the son of François Zola, the builder, making his own plans for grandiose constructions, his mental cities, harbours, and fortifications, no longer the dim cloud-castles of *Genève*, but something more definite and substantial. This lust for creation took shape in the resolve to follow the footsteps of Balzac with a more systematic *Comédie Humaine*. By tracing the history under the Second Empire of a family numbering some twenty to thirty persons, Zola proposed to paint a vast fresco of his age, describing in turn the political, ecclesiastical, military, financial, commercial and theatrical worlds; high society, the bourgeoisie, the artistic Bohemia, the peasantry, the industrial hordes of the mines and railways. It was not to be a mere collection of biographies, but to express a scientific doctrine, to display the variations of heredity resulting from an original 'organic lesion' in the foundress of the clan, the hysterical Adélaïde Fouque. The scientific pretensions of this scheme have been derided. Yet we are perhaps readier to-day than we might have been twenty years ago to admit that a novelist who between 1871 and 1894 was preoccupied as much as Zola was with

hereditary complexes, the tyranny of the unconscious, crowd suggestion, 'sensori-motor arcs,' 'regresses' of character, sex pathology, and eugenics, however crude his ideas on these subjects in detail, had quite a curious scientific *flair*.

This is not to endorse Zola's claim to have explained the mechanism of man, but to understand the causes of his failure we must look not to details but to his general view. The Rougon-Macquarts are a picture of Zola's age, which there was much to justify. The Second Empire in its last decade had come to represent no principle but the balancing of forces. As a *régime* it showed the paradox of a dynasty claiming to rule by right of the Revolution; its home policy was a see-saw of Tsarism and demagoguery, its foreign policy of imperialism and national rights. It had a nobility without privilege, a democracy without liberty, a plutocracy tempered by the Emperor's dreams of Socialism, a court without prestige, a society without *ton*. In this chaos of principles – amid which creeds, theories and systems toppled daily under the shocks of advancing science – there was an immense opening for personal ambitions and appetites. In these Zola found the *leit-motif* of his tale: –

'Les Rougon-Macquart, le groupe, la famille que je me propose d'étudier, a pour caractéristique le débordement des appétits, le large, soulèvement de notre âge, qui se rue aux jouissances.'

Thus the whole panorama of this family history is a long and intricate struggle of ambitions and forces.

In *La Fortune des Rougon* and *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon* we see the avid politicians of the *coup d'état* fighting for power; in *La Curée* the struggle for the spoils, notably those of the great gamble of the rebuilding of Paris, a hoard which the courtesan Nana will finally devour. In *L'Argent* the financial conflict continues in a different arena, the world of banks and stocks; while in *Au Bonheur des Dames* the great store crushes the little shops of the past. *Le Ventre de Paris* reveals the fight between the starving and well-fed; in *Germinal* a whole industrial population momentarily upheaves itself in menace; in *La Débâcle* the nations are hurled, they know not why, at each other's throats. No wonder Dr. Pascal, the *raisonneur* of the series, is brought to believe, as he pores upon his notes, that heredity itself results from a battle of cells.

Our original image of the volcano acquires fresh force as we survey this fiery eruption of warring powers, and it is just because the work is so like a volcano, smoky, smutty, infertile with slag and ashes, that we perceive how poor a view of life it is. Zola's materialism results not simply in the degradation of his characters, but in their obliteration. Of all that throng of shapes that we watch eddying in the flames of the fiery cloud not one is remembered as an individual. A Coupeau may be spoken of as a symbol of drink, and a Nana as a symbol of harlotry, but that is all. In the universe of Zolaism a human being is but a temporary node in the interplay of forces; he is as substantive as a little whirlpool coming to sight where the currents of environment swirl against the sunken

rocks of heredity. If this or that figure in the long epic cries out for a moment with a piercing human voice, that voice will be recognizably Zola's own. It is the voice of the hungry, of the sex-starved, of the despised by the mighty, of the artist agonized by the throes of creation – of all that Zola himself had been and suffered. More personality than he ever succeeds in giving his human figures he confers on those gigantic inanimate or earth-bound forms, at once symbols of power and dynamos of energy, which, evoked by his hallucinatory visual memory, appear constantly as the centre of his tales. Such are the Halles with their piles of provisions in *Le Ventre de Paris*, the mine in *Germinal*, the Bourse in *L'Argent*, the boarding-house of corrupt bourgeois secrets in *Pot-Bouille*, the huge store in *Au Bonheur*, the conservatory of languorous temptations in *La Curée*, the Paradou, the vast domain of growing plants and flowers, which overcomes the celibacy of Abbé Mouret, the railway that at last revolts in *La Bête*, and sends its runaway express with a load of soldiers clean out of the end of the book, to an untold catastrophe.

We might seize on that rushing unpiloted train as the symbol of Zola's whole outlook, did we not perceive that it is also the symbol of a doctrine deeper than mere craziness. Zola had certainly heard of the Schopenhauerian Life-force, and the doctrine of the negation of the will to live, for he mentions them in *La Joie de Vivre*, but he does so only to reject them. Blind and non-rational the Life-force may be (that troubles him little), but he never will admit for all the agony it causes him that it is evil. His first series ends in *Le Dr. Pascal*

with a work that is one prolonged and rhythmical hymn to the Life-force 'la vie, la vie qui coule en torrent, qui continue et recommence, vers l'achèvement ignoré.'

'Il faut vivre [Pascal warns his niece], vivre tout entier, vivre toute la vie, et plutôt la souffrance, la souffrance seule, que ce renoncement, cette mort à ce qu'on a de vivant et d'humain en soi.'

Yet Zola cannot but turn back from the future towards which he is being swept to brood with compassion on the sufferings of the past. Compassion for the conscripts of life, for its killed and wounded, is the better element in the *Rougon-Macquarts*. Zola suffers with all who suffer, men, women, and beasts. But the voice that most pierces him is that of a great collective being, the cry of the crowd, of the people. In the very first volume of all the people appears marching by night to protest against the new Bonapartist tyranny; it is starved and ravaged by drink in *L'Assommoir*; at the end of *Nana* it is heard in the streets clamouring blindly for war; in *Germinal* it is the mob of strikers; in *La Débâcle* a mob of misled and suffering soldiers. Three principles had emerged for Zola from the long investigation of the *Rougon-Macquarts*: the supremacy of Life, the sufferings of humanity, the neglected cry of the masses. There were materials here for a second enormous enterprise.

The *Rougon-Macquarts* are Zola's vision of the modern world; *Les Trois Villes* is his interpretation of the vision. Premising those sufferings of the masses under the conditions of modern civilization which the

Rougon-Macquart series had disclosed, he asks first whether religion, faith in what he loved to call the *au-delà*, can heal the ills of the people. That is the thesis of *Lourdes*. To most people, probably, the grotto of Lourdes, whatever view they take of its efficacy as a place of faith-healing, appears very narrow ground on which to try the whole cause of Christianity. But after what we have seen of Zola's outlook it is obvious that to him there could be no fairer test. The claim to heal diseases, if it were substantiated, had immense material consequences. When he failed to see any cure that could not to his mind be accounted for by the potency of mass-suggestion, he declared the *au-delà* bankrupt, though not before he had composed one of his grandest and most tragical works in the narrative of the great August pilgrimage. He never, indeed, surpassed some of the scenes of this book — the horrors of the White Train of invalids, faith mounting in child-like radiance while death smites right and left among the pilgrims, the luminous beauty of the encircling mountain scenery, the leaping tide of crowd-frenzy at the climax when the heroine of the tale is cured of paralysis. It is the Life-force seeking outlet through a crooked channel, achieving by illusion (so the book argues) an end that truth would fail to compass. And from that distortion Zola turns away.

He turns away, but it is to make the most paradoxical of appeals from religion to the Church. In *Rome* the Abbé Pierre Froment, the disillusioned hero of *Lourdes*, is found pleading that the Church should abandon dogma, and become a sort of Socialistic fraternity for

championing the rights of the oppressed. The thesis of the book is laid out in the symbolism of the first pages, when the priest on his arrival mounts the Janiculum to survey the city. Before him rise three edifices supplying the key to the modern world. On the Palatine the ruins of the Cæsars' palaces recall the original type of world-dominion; the dome of St. Peter's surmounts the throne of the spiritual Cæsar, who labours by spiritual weapons to reconquer the empire of Augustus; the residence of the Kings of Italy on the Quirinal is the sign of the modern *bourgeois* governments, which are tolerable only as a transition stage to the future brotherhood. Never did Zola formulate his demands for the disinherited of the earth with more magnificent passion than in Pierre's vain appeal to Pope Leo XIII in his nocturnal audience granted at last after such heart-breaking obstacles: —

‘Oh! Saint-Père, moi, je n'existe pas, et mon livre n'existe pas . . . je n'ai que le besoin de vous parler des pauvres. Oh! les pauvres, Oh! les humbles, que j'ai vus depuis deux ans dans nos faubourgs de Paris, si misérables et si douloureux, de pauvres petits que j'allais ramasser dans la neige, de pauvres petits anges qui n'avaient pas mangé depuis deux jours, des femmes que la phtisie rongeait, sans pain, sans feu, au fond de taudis immondes, des hommes jetés sur le pavé par le chômage, las ce quêter du travail comme on quête une aumône. . . . Oh! Saint-Père, je ne suis plus que leur ambassadeur, l'envoyé de ceux qui souffrent et qui sanglotent. . . .’

EMILE ZOLA

In this despairing cry, the full voice of Zola was heard for the last time in literature. The solution to the troubles of the modern world which Pierre Froment cannot find at Lourdes or Rome, he scarcely discovers, secularized and married, in the weakening conclusion of the trilogy, *Paris*. This novel is a spun-out indictment of the parliamentary and plutocratic régime of the Third Republic, and includes among the revolutionary and anarchist figures which it paints a strange intuition of the coming Bolshevist. But it offers no gospel for the sufferers of the present, except the familiar hymn to the forces of Life. Its last tableau shows no more than Paris bathed in sunshine, the giant vat in which the unpredictable future ferments, the teeming soil from which the vast harvest must spring. 'Paris flam-bait, ensemencé par le divin soleil, roulant dans sa gloire la moisson future de vérité et de justice.' Zola is impotent in construction here as in the *Gospels* he issued after the Dreyfus case, those vast unreadable treatises, *Fécondité*, *Vérité*, and the Fourierist dream *Travail*. But while acknowledging how much of him is pure Rousseau, we must not forget that the essence of real Romanticism is to flee from the real into a dream-world, either of the past or the imagination. That was never Zola's course. It was no false boasting when he claimed to be 'a shark that swallows its epoch,' to have 'devoured his age in order to recreate it and make new life of it.'

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ONE day, when by the rules of the game he should, as critic of the *Temps*, have been giving a judicial estimate of Renan's *Histoire du Peuple d'Israël*, Anatole France was moved to tell his readers about the family Bible of his childhood. It was a seventeenth-century treasure, with engravings that showed Paradise as a Dutch landscape. There Eve in opulent Flemish beauty, and the beasts of the field as plump and trim as if they had issued from a well-tended farmyard, basked in the eye of the celestial Greybeard. 'Comme je croyais en lui!' The child, poring half-sleepily in the lamplight over the tranquil scene, had his philosophy. He trusted in the universal infallibility of men and things. He held that everything was reasonable in the world, and that such a huge concern must be seriously conducted. 'C'en est fait,' sighs the critic, adding, 'L'homme moderne, lui aussi, a déchiré sa vieille Bible en estampes.'

In this regret, forming the undertone to all that he wrote, lies the secret of Anatole France's charm. It draws the sting from his irony, wins indulgence for his frailties, lights the tender gleam that falls through the cloud of his pessimism. It is tempting to ask what bent France might have taken had he not grown up in the epoch of disillusion and come to his prime in the epoch of defeat. The question is idle and perhaps meaningless. M. Bergeret held that one age was like

another. 'Les hommes furent jadis ce qu'ils sont à présent, c'est à dire médiocrement bons et médiocrement mauvais.' Perhaps: but it is hard to think that a nature like Anatole France's, of which the essence was receptivity, would not have been happier in more benign surroundings. Driven from his naïve Eden into the inhospitable climate formed by the materialistic and despairing philosophy of the 'sixties and 'seventies, he took the impress of his environment. There were strains, too, in his disposition that responded sensitively enough to the negations of Taine and Flaubert, and to the defiant paganism of the Parnassian poets, his first models. *Les Désirs de Jean Servien*, that harsh and bitter work, the taste of which he could not sweeten by re-writing it in maturer life, when he had learned the balm of irony, shows how fierce the craving of the senses was in France's youth, how cruel the torment of yearnings rebuffed and thwarted. He who felt himself pent, as if in one of Poe's fantastic torture-cells, within the *flammantia moenia mundi* – the flaming ramparts of the visible – needed no prolonged dialectic to be convinced that metaphysics were a mere diversion of the spirit. What knowledge could be gained of supra-mundane realms when the very terms describing them were but dim shadows drawn from the urgent world of sense? Equally small need of formal argument was there to prove that we cannot reach an objective standard in art or in ethics. Feeling is enough to assure us that 'Nous sommes enfermés dans notre personne comme dans une prison perpétuelle.' The acuity of France's sensations could not allow him to forget for an

hour his certitude that we see the world only through our senses, which deform and colour it at their will.

This tyranny of sense is the key to those features in Anatole France's work which a keen critic, M. Michaut, treats as weaknesses. Limitations they certainly are; but it is a grand merit in an artist to know his own limitations. France, it is said, lacked creative imagination. He did not in fact believe that imagination could create. As a loyal disciple of Condillac and Hume, he held that man is absolutely incapable of imagining what he has neither seen nor heard nor felt nor tasted. The function of imagination is not to create but to assemble ideas. Measure France by this, his own, standard, and how rich was his achievement! He poured into the foundry of his art the memories of his own life for the *Pierre Nozière* tetralogy; the fruits of long philosophic studies for *Le Jardin d'Épicure*; the society of his time for the *Histoire Contemporaine* series; the history of France for *L'Île des Pingouins*, *Jeanne d'Arc* and *Les Dieux ont Soif*; the records of eighteenth-century vagabondage and alchemy for the adventures of Jacques Tournebroke and his tutor, the Abbé Jérôme Coignard; and, most amply of all, the annals of those first Christian centuries which haunted him perpetually with the blended majesty of dying paganism and the rising Church, and to the sumptuous contrasts of which we owe *Les Noces Corinthiennes*, *Le Procureur de Judée*, *Thaïs* and *Sur la Pierre Blanche*. Those who enter with fitting humility this immense storehouse of ordered scholarship, for France never writes as one who has 'got up' a period or a subject, will

feel no uneasiness at the evidences (which could be multiplied even beyond M. Michaut's industry) of his having borrowed as freely from literature as from life in building his books. He actually wrote an *Apologie pour le Plagiat*, but his practice of it was a finer vindication than his theory. What smart has the charge to a philosopher who denies the possibility of novelty?

The same appeal to first principles answers the complaint that France's books lack construction. So, he might say, does the universe. Life works up to no satisfying climaxes; it meanders, hesitates, breaks off abruptly or returns upon itself *da capo* like his stories. It is a dance of atoms in the void; and each atom is a microcosm, just as each of France's short tales contains no less completely than his longest novel the full gamut of his genius. Nor is it surprising that he should give all each time, for he has only one thing to give — himself. That vast wealth of observation and learning goes to deck a few themes, a few masks. But the author never promised anything different. He is unwrung by the detection of the same smiling sceptic in the wreath of the pagan philosopher Nicias, in the soiled bands of the Abbé Coignard, in the frayed sleeves of the provincial professor, M. Bergeret, in the infirm arm-chair of the green-room practitioner, 'le docteur Socrate,' and in the purple *redingote* of the *ci-devant* farmer-general, Brotteaux des Ilettes, with its sagging pocket from which the Lucretius projects. *On ne sort jamais de soi-même.*

A bleak philosophy, then, of eternal recurrence and eternal futility? It seems that in certain moods — in the last pages, for instance, of *L'Ile des Pingouins*; but those

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moods are transient. The deepest spirit of Anatole France speaks rather in the saying that, however terrifying the emptiness of life, a flower is sometimes enough to fill it. Not a flower only, but all flowers; and trees, too, whether in their glory of foliage and blossom, or displaying their winter tracery, like *le petit acacia* that consoled M. Bergeret, nodding to him over the wall, on that black New Year's day when he went out to pay his respects to the odious *doyen*, and came home to find his wife in the arms of his favourite pupil. He who is *sage*, who does not demand of life what life can never give, finds consolation at every turn of his pilgrimage – a caprice of sunshine in an old street, a glimpse (if no more may be hoped) of a beautiful woman, a well-cooked dish, a line of poetry, a comparison of ideas, a legend of the saints, the savour of mortal goodness and mortal absurdity. France would not have these rivulets of natural joy befouled and trampled by a raucous pessimism.

‘Il est sur la terre [he wrote in his resentment at Zola's picture of the French peasantry] des formes magnifiques et de nobles pensées; il est des âmes pures et des cœurs heroïques. M. Zola ne le sait pas. Bien des faiblesses même, bien des erreurs et des fautes ont leur beauté touchante. La douleur est sacrée. La sainteté des larmes est au fond de toutes les religions. Le malheur suffirait à rendre l'homme auguste à l'homme. M. Zola ne le sait pas. Il ne sait pas que les grâces sont décentes, que l'ironie philosophique est indulgente et douce, et que les choses humaines

n'inspirent que deux sentiments aux esprits bien faits: l'admiration ou la pitié. M. Zola est digne d'une profonde pitié.'

But if there is loss in muck-raking, there may be danger in aspiring to the clouds. One of France's most characteristic figures is a certain seminarist who is expelled for displaying 'un esprit tranquillement indocile.' It was a spirit which his creator judged to be a rare safeguard. Even more than Renan, and with less apparent reason, is France preoccupied with the Church; there is scarcely a detail of its history, its legends, its rites and even its theology upon which he fails to dwell, it would seem with delight. And yet it was he who in a splenetic mood denounced Catholicism as 'l'antique exterminatrice de toute pensée, de toute science et de toute joie.' A plausible explanation of the paradox is that he was attracted merely by the pageantry with which the Church enthralls the senses of those who watch and listen from the porch without trusting themselves across the threshold. 'He admires,' wrote James Huneker, 'the golden filigree of the ciborium; its spiritual essence escapes him. He stands at the portals of Paradise; there he lingers. He stoops to some rare and richly coloured feather . . . but he will not listen to the whirring of the wings from which it has fallen.' But it is hard to believe that there was any form of spiritual beauty, and especially of Christian spirituality, which eluded Anatole France. A certain quarrel between the senses and the Church there was: yet M. Jérôme Coignard had seen in that just a rock

to steer round, no reason for turning rebel. But the joyous Abbé was (as you care to read it) too profound or too shallow, too humble or too brutish to entertain an 'esprit tranquillement indocile.' The Abbé's maker, on the contrary, was the more confirmed in the resolve not to be the slave (as he would have felt himself) of any dogma, from his observation that these slaves were apt in their turn to become tyrants.

'Il faut laisser le martyre à ceux qui, ne sachant point douter, ont dans leur simplicité même l'excuse de leur entêtement. Il y a quelque impertinence à se faire brûler pour une opinion. . . . Les martyrs manquent d'ironie et c'est là un défaut impardonnable, car sans l'ironie le monde serait comme une forêt sans oiseaux. . . . Que vous dirai-je encore? J'accuserai les martyrs de quelque fanatisme; je soupçonne entre eux et leurs bourreaux une certaine parenté naturelle, et je me figure qu'ils deviennent volontiers bourreaux dès qu'ils sont les plus forts.'

France has ever in view, one might say, the fable of the dog and the reflection. It is rash, he holds, to forfeit any succulent morsel of enjoyment dropped by destiny in mortal paths for the enlarged image in the fugitive stream. Nor is it only the theologian, in France's judgment, but the moralist, the statesman, the conqueror, who pursue their grandiose mirages at the cost of the humble happiness of unimportant people. Unimportant people, too, especially if they have reason to think their own intelligence far from despicable, get bored sometimes with hearing the superiorities of the

great and celebrated. Then they find a not wholly disinterested satisfaction in reducing the 'vulgar grandeur' of Napoleon to its right proportions, as is cuttingly done in *Le Lys Rouge*, or in writing two large volumes to vindicate the thesis that Jeanne d'Arc was but a *sainte mascotte*. History, when all is said, is but an 'irremediable incertitude,' and fame a jest of the Fates. In the best known of all France's short stories we are shown Pontius Pilate in querulous old age, complaining that, though Rome never had a more hard-working provincial governor, yet even his reputation is not sure of lasting. As for political notoriety, behold in *Les Dieux ont Soif* the old woman in Paris on the day of Marat's murder inquiring anxiously of the crowd if it is really true that M. Mara, the curé of Saint Pierre de Queyroix, has been assassinated. Renown is an illusion. 'Les peuples,' remarks M. Bergeret, 'ont tant souffert, au long des siècles, de leur grandeur et de leur prospérité, que je conçois qu'ils y renoncent.'

Pity for the inarticulate victims of the social mechanism was a growing passion in the soul of France, who loved simplicity above all virtues, and was enraged at the woes of a Crainquebille or a Pied-d'Alouette, enduring like dumb, unresentful oxen the arbitrary injustices of policemen, magistrates and judges. It was perhaps the only passion that could dull his sense of irony; even M. Bergeret grows credulous, and a trifle prosy, in predicting the Socialist millennium that is to swallow up these wrongs. But if there was one evangelical maxim that France had at heart, it was *Beati*

pauperes spiritu. As he venerated the poor tramp who bore no rancour against the authorities for detaining him long months on empty suspicion of murder, or the uncouth serving girl at the Bergerets' who wept at leaving a harsh mistress and an indifferent master; so he loved the mild negro slave who made a Christian of the child Thaïs, and the sweetly credulous mother of Jacques, the turnspit. His indulgence stretched even to the criminals in the hell of their solitary confinement; he preferred the noisome public prisons of the Middle Ages, where the charitable were at least allowed to visit the captives. More than once in his books we are invited to pause and listen at some *requiem* to that stanza of the *Dies Irae* which, as often as heard, almost shakes him from his sceptical serenity: —

‘Qui latronem exaudisti,
Et Mariam absolvisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.’

Who can forget the idealized Verlaine of *Le Lys Rouge*, the Bohemian Choulette with his candour and worldlessness? There is just one type of ecclesiastic at whom France laughs without scorn. It is the innocent, half-witted Barnabite who rides to the guillotine in the same tumbril as the cynical Brotteaux des Ilettes; it is the soft-hearted Bishop in *Le Miracle du Grand St. Nicolas*, eternally duped and eternally blessed. To such as these the earth belongs by right, and it should not be made hideous for them by intrigue and ambition.

The progressive ugliness, mental and material, of the age in which France's span was fixed saddened his

smile. When he had done that *éreinement* of Zola's *La Terre* from which we have quoted, he made profession of faith in the one absolute that he acknowledged all his days. 'Je finis par croire que le manque de goût est ce péché mystérieux dont parle l'Écriture, le plus grand des péchés, le seul qui ne sera pas pardonné.' His own taste was unswervingly classical; the taste of a Virgilian, who confessed, 'Je porte aux études latines un amour désespéré,' the taste of the purest and mellowest French culture. Herein the 'spiritual stepson' of Renan, as he has been called, belies his paternity. He has no leaning, like the undulating Breton, to the grandiose wraiths of German philosophies; he hears no bells from the sunken city of Is. The 'génie Latin' alone inspires a style which is as the play of sunlight on marble. Of all the spells that have been cast to wake the ghost of Old Rome on its shattered paving none is so potent, so mysterious, as that which steals upon the spirit of him who reads *Sur la Pierre Blanche* in the ruins of the Forum.

Free-thinker, Dreyfusard, pacifist, Socialist, Anatole France was yet the one combatant in the anti-nationalist host before whose crest Charles Maurras always lowered his sword. The sincere traditionalist could not smite, even when he encountered him in opposing ranks, the exemplar of all that is fairest in French tradition. 'Je vous laisse,' says the grim Abbé Lantaigne to the Modernist in *Le Mannequin d'Osier*, 'je vous laisse avec M. Bergeret, qui, n'ayant point de religion, ne tombe pas du moins dans les misères et les hontes de la religion facile.' However deep his scepticism might bore, Anatole France never weakened in his

love of clear and orderly thought. His novels as much as his critical essays are a continuous campaign in the cause of Latin logic and good sense against cheap and muddled thought, against cheap and maudlin sentiment, in every sphere. He did honour the wrought-iron theology of the Abbé Lantaigne, with all its spikes, above pious treacle like *Le Rêve*. And though at first sight the volumes of the *Histoire Contemporaine* are a satire, winged by indignation at the Dreyfus case, against the typical figures of conservative French society, the priest, the country noble, the officer, there is a touch of Balaam in the prophet. Remark, for instance, his account of the attitude of M. Worms-Clavelin, the vulgar Jewish Prefect, towards the insignificant Abbé Guitrel: —

‘Il sentait confusément que, près de cet ecclésiastique de souche paysanne, aussi Français par le caractère sacerdotal et par le type que les pierres noircies de Saint-Exupère et que les vieux arbres du Mail, il se françaisait lui-même, se naturalisait, dépouillait les restes pesants de son Allemagne et de son Asie.’

France may point his irony against the library of the Duc de Brécé (whose addition to the splendid volumes amassed by his ancestors was a couple of pious tracts), or against the division *en fichés* of the dotard General Cartier de Chalmot; he cannot wholly stifle his regard for the fidelity of these last sentinels of the *ancien régime*. Not the austere Lantaigne but the intriguing Guitrel is the priest he would willingly devour, not the

officers who wrought the glory of France in the field, but the officers who (as he firmly believed) had laid secret heads together in a back-office to ruin the innocent; 'c'est qu'ils n'avaient pas l'air militaire.' The ideals of Socialist Internationalism could never claim more than half the man who laid down the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff with the words: 'En pensant aux agitations de cette âme troublée, en suivant cette vie déracinée et jetée à tous les vents de l'Europe, je murmure avec le ferveur d'une prière ce vers de Sainte-Beuve: —

"Naître, vivre et mourir dans la même maison!"'

There speaks the man for whom the golden age lay behind him, in his earliest years; whose spirit wandered ruefully through modern Paris, recalling the *paysage lapidaire* that his eyes had opened on as a child in the 'forties, before Haussmann had wielded his picks; ravished with Bergeret at lighting on 'un mur de lierre, un puits moussu, et une statue de Flore, sans tête et qui sourit encore. C'est ce qu'on ne trouve pas facilement à Paris.' The house of his birth on the Quai Malaquais had vanished; and they were only ghosts, now, the old bodyguard of Charles X, his father, immersed in ancient books and catalogues; the gay, industrious mother, who could not sit down to sew without a pot of flowers or a plate of fruit beside her for delight of the eye; the blameless oddities, relics of a less sophisticated age, who strayed in for gossip in the evenings. 'O candeur! simplicité passée, ô plaisirs ingénus! ô charme des mœurs antiques!' It had in memory the same

glamour as the earthly Paradise in the ancient Dutch Bible, this other picture book of old France which the modern man was likewise busy tearing up. For Anatole France remained the task of rescuing the pages as they fluttered by like faded autumn leaves, and of tenderly renewing their illuminations, with the brilliance of a medieval craftsman, and not without a medieval craftsman's gusts of malice and lubricity. What did he think of his thirty-five volumes, the accumulating product of eighty years' experience, yet forming in all their variety of mood and setting a whole as harmonious as a piece of music – what did he think of them on that slow death-bed at La Béchellerie, with all Europe waiting mournful, hour by hour, for news of its enchanter? Was he still of the opinion of his little Socrates, Dr. Trublet, who professed, 'Je tiens boutique de mensonges. Je soulage, je console. Peut-il consoler et soulager sans mentir'? Or had he some apprehension that by his devotion to 'formes magnifiques et nobles pensées' he had made that 'Northern Passage' which haunted M. Bergeret in the old volume of voyages on the counter of the bookseller Paillot, had reached a reality, *quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens possit diruere*, an orchard which neither the pelting of doubt nor the gales of desire can strip? *Mihi quoque spem dedisti?* He holds his secret still.

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It is the paradox of William James's career that, while the general public, drawn by the lure of his personality and his style, gathered in crowds at Boston, Edinburgh, and Oxford to listen contentedly while he discussed problems requiring for the most part a strong tincture of philosophic training to be understood at all, to the men of his own *Fach* he was always incomprehensible. The academic world simply failed to understand this tensely charged, mobile creature, with the 'irascible blue eyes' and kindly mouth, who looked, it was said, as he sat among his pupils, 'more like a sportsman than a professor.' The carelessness and occasional Bohemian quaintness of his dress, the explosive vigour of his speech, the disregard of pedagogic dignity, which at one time allowed him to lie down flat before his class while he covered a blackboard placed on the floor with diagrams, and at another provoked from an earnest student the remonstrance, 'But, Professor, to be serious a moment—': all these things were a source of alarm to scholastic circles. They could not fit into their categories a teacher who championed no system and filled his discourse with repeated 'ifs' and 'maybe's'; who wrote metaphysics as though they were a novel, and interlarded his prose with the slang of the day; who avoided argument, recklessly gave his opponents the choice of terms, and when faced by objections that

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seemed to him too dialectical and remote to bear on real life walked round with them a cheery shrug instead of refuting them; who threw down far-reaching assertions with all their ends loose and rarely troubled to knot two statements together; who frequented with a hopeful though wary eye the haunts of hypnotists, mediums, mind-curers and *yogis*; and who cried out, after lecturing to vast, grave audiences at Chautauqua, for 'the flash of a pistol, a dagger, or a devilish eye, anything to break the unlovely level of 10,000 good people.'

What the brethren of his craft never came to understand about James, was that, despite his originality and individualism, he remained, in his likings and his antipathies, in his ways of thinking, his interests and curiosities, just a plain, natural man unsophisticated by learning. They were always attributing to him (by analogy with themselves) speculative subtleties and ambitions that were far from his dreams. If he indicated a preference they took it for a principle; if he formulated a working plan they supposed he was defining a system. They deformed all his thoughts by translating them into their own, and tried to dissect the living man into theorems. Even Mr. Santayana, than whom probably no philosopher now living is less warped by professional bias, yields in his essay on James to this trick of abstraction and schematization. The result is a brilliant, fantastic caricature. We are told, for instance, that 'philosophy for him [James] had a Polish constitution; so long as a single vote was cast against the majority, nothing could pass. . . . I think

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it would have depressed him if he had had to confess that an important question was finally settled.' How eccentric it sounds! Yet the truth is simply that James disliked passing judgment until he had heard what, even the smallest minority had to say, and felt that in man's present ignorance of the universe all closed and final theories should be distrusted. A philosopher writing about a fellow-philosopher will never accuse him of such dull common sense. He will rather credit him with an absurdity – if only the absurdity has an air of system.

The life and work of William James, as we are now able to study them in his Letters, edited by his son, do not in reality offer any riddle. They move on straightforward, intelligible lines determined in great part by his ancestry, his parentage, and the *milieu* into which he was born. Most of his progenitors came to America from Scotland or Ireland in the eighteenth century; they were people of position, keen Protestants, and able traders. His grandfather, William James, a prominent citizen of Albany, by his marriage with Catherine Barber, his third wife, allied himself to a family which counted one of Washington's officers among its members. Henry James the elder, the philosopher's father, was the son of William and Catherine. He was educated for the Presbyterian ministry, but did not proceed to ordination owing to religious doubts; his wife, Mary Walsh, was the sister of a fellow-student who shared his views. William James the younger was thus born into the slightly aristocratic tradition of liberalized Protestant culture

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which had his father's friend Emerson for its sage. It retained its keen distrust of ecclesiasticism and authority, together with something of its Puritan sternness of fibre. It had slowly completed the emancipation from the dogmatic system of the Church, which the Reformers of the sixteenth century had only begun, but it did not waver in its loyalty to the accepted moral ideals. Souls disturbed by the march of physical science, which seemed to make man and his aspirations a bubble on the stream of material causation, were reassured by the doctrines of Transcendentalism, reinstating Mind as the structure of the universe. Into this circle of ideas William James's father brought the energy of his own crude and untamed individualism. After a long period of doubt, he had found the New Jerusalem in the cloud-capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces of the mystic Swedenborg. In mundane affairs he was joyous, whimsical, restless, and fiercely independent. He was a foe to priggishness, and had a streak of the antinomianism recurrent among Protestant mystics. 'I had rather,' he declared, 'have a son of mine corroded with all the sins of the Decalogue than have him perfect.'

To his children Henry James's peculiar temperament meant both gain and loss. He stimulated their intelligence and mental self-reliance, but William, at any rate, did not escape in youth the infection of his dreaminess and unpracticality. Moreover, the father's habit of constant travel with his family, those repeated flittings between New York and Newport, America and Europe, were fatal to the children's education. William

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James picked up a poor schooling by scraps in New York, Boulogne and Geneva, and (being always hindered in application by delicate health and overstrung nerves) began life in a desultory spirit, after taking up art and suddenly dropping it, as a science and medical student at Harvard in 1861. 'I can be as independent as I please,' he writes at this epoch, 'and want to live regardless of the good or bad opinion of every one.' Luckily, he soon came under the spell of a teacher whose good opinion he valued very much. With a vague idea that his vocation was to be a naturalist, he joined in 1865 the scientific expedition which Louis Agassiz was taking up the Amazon. The character of Agassiz made a deep impression on his young and rather volatile assistant. James afterwards said of him that he was 'recognized by all as one of those naturalists in the unlimited sense, one of those folio-copies of mankind, like Linnæus and Cuvier.' Agassiz was a man of overflowing energy and grandiose projects; he did not even disdain in his shrewdness to promote his enterprises by the arts of Barnum. He has the air of an impresario as he travels in pomp with his army of assistants, dazzling the Brazilian Emperor as by the arrival of a brother potentate. It was all for the good cause. Agassiz worked his men ruthlessly, teaching them to despise airy speculation and instead collect facts, and ever more facts and specimens.

'Grau, teurer Freund, ist alle Theorie
Und grün des Lebens goldener Baum.'

He was fond of quoting these lines, and one day

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when James (we may surmise) had been regaling him with some delicious unsubstantial theory worthy the scion of a Swedenborgian, he remarked, 'James, some people perhaps consider you a bright young man; but when you are fifty years old, if they ever speak of you then, what they will say will be this: "That James – oh, yes, I know him; he used to be a very bright young man." ' It was a bitter dose, but James was afterwards grateful for it. He saw the dangers of day-dreaming, yet could not for a time feel his vocation. He had no real turn for collecting specimens, he felt; and he was too much his father's son not to be still troubled by the difficulty of reconciling the pursuit of a paying profession (the 'fleshpots' he called it) with 'mental dignity and independence.' He returned to Harvard and took up medicine again; but ill-health drove him to Germany to recuperate in fresh scenes and incidentally do some work in the German schools. It was soon after this visit to Europe that he underwent the crisis of religious depression which made so deep a mark on his life. He described it later (under the disguise of a report from 'a French correspondent') in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*: –

'Whilst in this state of philosophic pessimism and general depression of spirits about my prospects, I went one evening into a dressing-room in the twilight, to procure some article that was there; when suddenly there fell upon me without any warning, just as if it came out of the darkness, a horrible fear of my own existence. Simultaneously there arose in my mind the

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image of an epileptic patient whom I had seen in the asylum, a black-haired youth with greenish skin, entirely idiotic, who used to sit all day on one of the benches, or rather shelves, against the wall, with his knees drawn up against his chin, and the coarse grey under-shirt, which was his only garment, drawn over them, inclosing his entire figure. . . . *That shape am I*, I felt, potentially. Nothing that I possess can defend me against that fate, if the hour for it should strike for me as it struck for him. . . . I mean that the fear was so invasive and powerful that, if I had not clung to Scripture texts like "The Eternal God is my refuge," &c., "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden," &c., "I am the Resurrection and the Life," &c., I think I should have grown really insane.'

It is important to note how partial this crisis was, for all its severity. The castle of his soul was assaulted from without, not from within. Ill-health, bad nerves, unsettled prospects, the painful sights incidental to medical training, were blended with those doubts about the reality of man's free will and the ultimate purpose of the cosmic process which the atmosphere of the scientific world in the late 'sixties was bound to breed. Real and corroding pessimism, however, only sets in when the victim's doubts are internal as well as external, when he suspects not merely that the universe is hostile to his ideals, but that his ideals themselves are meaningless, when he dreads not so much that the cup of happiness will be snatched from his lips as that it will prove insipid in the draining. If James at the height of

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his agony could find in the great texts of Scripture which he quotes not majestic mockery, but savour and refreshment, it was a sign that he was suffering fear, not disillusion, perplexity, not scepticism. He had not lost belief in himself – that ultimate shipwreck.

For the moment he gained relief from the nightmare of a world ruled by laws blind to the welfare of man by reaffirming (with the help of Renouvier's *Essais*) his faith in free will. 'I will posit life (the real, the good) in the self-governing *resistance* of the ego to the world,' and, again, 'My first act of free will shall be to believe in free will.' Soon afterwards he found the ballast he needed in work, marriage and paternity. In 1872 he accepted the post of Instructor in Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard. He felt that regular work in contact with hard facts was needed to give him rest from the beating of his metaphysical wings; and he also foresaw that through physiology lay the way to a sound psychological study of man and thence back to the wider problems which must always be his own chief concern. In 1878 he made with his publishers the contract for his *Principles of Psychology*; but so much labour went to the book that it did not appear till 1890. For the lay public the book proved an 'Open Sesame!' to its subject by the magic of its style; and it is interesting to observe that the impulse towards painting which declared itself early in James's career and then seemed to die away here found its legitimate outlet. The eye of the painter differs from that of the ordinary man by its capacity for remarking *nuance* and detail and its ability to see the object as presented, not

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the object as it is supposed theoretically to be. This painter's eye James as by miracle turns inward upon the life of the mind, in order to depict it just as it comes fresh to introspection, in all its mobility and variety, in all its subtle play of light and shade. He is the Turner of psychology. His predecessors of the Associationist school were ever sophisticating their report by their theory, or letting slip the connexions and transitions, the shiftings of tone and impalpable modifications which pervade the moving panorama of consciousness. They set down the bare features of the landscape only; the perspectives and the atmosphere escaped them. But this is how James paints so apparently simple a process as trying to recollect a name: —

‘Suppose we try to recall a forgotten name. The state of our consciousness is peculiar. There is a gap therein; but no mere gap. It is a gap that is intensely active. A sort of wraith of the name is in it, beckoning us in a given direction, making us at moments tingle with the sense of our closeness, and then letting us sink back without the longed-for term. If wrong names are proposed to us, this singularly definite gap acts immediately so as to negate them. They do not fit into its mould. And the gap of one word does not fit into the gap of another, all empty of content as both might seem necessarily to be when described as gaps. . . . There are innumerable consciousnesses of emptiness, no one of which taken in itself has a name, but all different from each other.’

That is but one of numberless passages of faithful

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impressionism revealing in James's style what he himself later praised in Bergson's, 'a flexibility of verbal resource that follows the thought without a crease or wrinkle, as elastic silk underclothing follows the movements of one's body.' It is not this lucidity alone that enchants the reader. There is in all James's writing, in his unstudied letters as in his elaborated paragraphs, a circulation of fresh air and sunshine that distinguishes it from every other style. From his earliest years to his latest his letters show how spontaneously his noble phrases and passages shaped themselves. At the age of twenty-six he writes to his father from Teplitz in spring: 'To-day everything is a-dripping, the earth has a moving smell, and the sky is full of spots of melting blue.' Many years afterwards he speaks in a letter written on board ship of 'a strong west wind like champagne, blowing out of a saturated blue sky right in our teeth, the sea all effervescing and sparkling with white caps and lace.' In another letter occurs this sketch of the Edinburgh atmosphere: —

'The full-bodied air, half misty and half smoky, holds the sunshine in that way which one sees only in these islands, making the shadowy side of everything quite black, so that all perspectives and vistas appear with objects cut blackly against each other according to their nearness, and plane rising behind plane of flat dark relieved against flat light in ever-receding gradation.'

Between the staid covers of *The Principles of Psychology*, not only this rare descriptive talent found scope

in unexpected places but also the unflagging love of life, the humanity, the humour, and most noticeably the keen moral seriousness of the author. The solemn chapter on the formation of habits became famous as one of the most bracing lay sermons ever preached. Then followed a surprise. After making by this single book such a wide and deep impression, James turned his head resolutely away from psychology. As though satisfied with this evidence of his capacity for hard, technical research, he returned to his religious and metaphysical preoccupations. Two chief works mark this new phase of his activities, *The Will to Believe* (1897) and the Gifford Lectures on the *Varieties of Religious Experience* (1902). With the appearance of these books the opposition to James began to solidify. To the school of Huxley and Clifford the 'will to believe' was a sheer act of intellectual fraud.

'My essay [James protested] hedged the licence to indulge in private over-beliefs with so many restrictions and signboards of danger that the outlet was narrow enough. It made of tolerance the essence of the situation; it defined the permissible cases; it treated the faith-attitude as a necessity for individuals, because the total "evidence" which only the race can draw has to include their experiments among its data.'

The will to believe meant in fact the right to frame hypotheses and put them to the test of living. This right was an integral part of the view of religion which James expressed in the *Varieties*. He sums up his aim as 'to defend (against all the prejudices of my "class")

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“experience” against “philosophy” as being the real backbone of the world’s religious life – I mean prayer, guidance, and all that sort of thing immediately and privately felt. . . .’ Such experiences must be sought to be found, but James caused fresh dismay when he filled his Gifford Lectures with the rhapsodic deliverances not only of the greater mystics, but of strange, abnormal enthusiasts, neurasthenics, cranks, and probable lunatics. It seemed scarcely reasonable to study religion primarily in its extravagances.

James, however, was obstinately of the other mind. The religious experience, he considered, was easier to identify in its extreme forms, and he had a Protestant and democratic resentment against the silencing of small and uncouth groups of believers. They were entitled to an initial toleration. He did not, moreover, consider dignity and gentility of much importance in religion. ‘The prince of darkness,’ he characteristically said in one of his lectures, ‘may be a gentleman, as we are told he is, but whatever the God of earth and heaven is, he surely can be no gentleman.’ Again, when confronted by a Christian Scientist or a Vedantist, as when confronted by a medium, a case of telepathy, or a ghost story, he kept before his eyes the principle that ‘there is no source of deception in the investigation of nature which can compare with a fixed belief that certain kinds of phenomenon are *impossible*.’ Perhaps in America, where religious questions are less impassioned than in Europe by memories of mutual persecution and social cleavages, it was relatively easy to approach all faiths and creeds in this spirit of

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objective scientific inquiry. Yet the limits to James's spirit of toleration were clearly marked. Religiously and politically he sympathized with the American and banned the European tradition. The wildest sect that had sprung up in his own country won at least his amused curiosity, but the Church of England, after some half-ironical compliments, he charges in these letters with 'iniquity and farcicality,' and the Church of Rome, he reflects as he looks at Garibaldi's statue on the Janiculum, 'stood for *nothing* that was ideal, for everything that was *mean* in life.' For a long while he would not even believe in the sincerity of Huysmans's conversion – a surprising piece of psychological blindness. Puritanism and a defiant individualism were ingrained in him; he regarded not only Churches but every form of institution as a snare: –

'I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed.'

Only Henry James, the novelist, himself could have described in all its subtle ramifications the conflict that went on between him and his brother, the philosopher, beneath their real mutual affection and sympathy. To William there was a sort of high treason in Henry's

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slow, deliberate transference of his heart from America to Europe. He himself when he visited Florence was oppressed by 'all this dead civilization crowding in upon one's consciousness'; and his greeting to his brother when he landed in England would (we are told) take some such shape as, 'After all, it's poor old Europe, just as it used to be in our dreary boyhood! America may be raw and shrill, but I could never live with this as you do.' Indignation struggles with affection in this letter written to his wife in 1889:—

'Harry is as nice and simple and amiable as he can be. He has covered himself, like some marine crustacean, with all sorts of material growths, rich sea-weeds and rigid barnacles and things, and lives hidden in the midst of his strange, heavy, alien manners and customs; but these are all but "protective resemblances" under which the same dear old, good, innocent, and at bottom very powerless feeling Harry remains, caring for little but his writing, and full of dutifulness and affection for all gentle things.'

For himself William James was easily surfeited with 'gentle' things. There was a perceptible vein of austerity, even of hardness, in his nature. 'England in general is too padded and cushioned for my rustic taste,' he decided, and it was not only in landscape that his taste inclined to the rugged and the severe. For all his graciousness there were times when his social manners were disconcertingly abrupt; the letters of consolation to sick and dying relatives usually offer a pretty stiff tonic, and his criticisms of his friend's

works do not spare their sensibilities. Of one brilliant colleague's book he writes, 'What a perfection of rottenness in a philosophy!' adding to the recipient of the letter, 'I will just ask you to send him this'; and 'Beloved Royce' is gaily informed, 'When I compose my Gifford Lectures mentally 'tis with the design exclusively of overthrowing your system and ruining your peace.' There is a remarkable passage in one of his lectures describing the sufferings of a dog on the operating table, which is less an apology for vivisection than a glorification of the principle of benefits purchased by vicarious suffering. It is a curious echo of the grim Puritan theology of his forbears. Resolute pacifist as he was, he was anxious that the martial virtues should be preserved to the race, and that youth should not escape the hardening that comes of peril and endurance. In place of military service he suggested a curious scheme of industrial conscription. On this plan: —

'To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of sky-scrappers would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them.'

The blend of democratic individualism and severity which controlled his political and social judgments gave shape also to what was central in his life, his personal religious beliefs. He never elaborated any theological

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system — his gropings were always too tentative for that — but he evolved for his own use a kind of rough-and-ready fighting creed. Its first article was the freedom of the will, man's power to make a real difference in things by his activities. The second was the rejection of Monism in all its forms. If, as he found so many of his brother philosophers believing, the imperfections, nay even the sufferings and crimes of daily experience, were somehow already transcended, corrected and harmonized in the Absolute Being, then, he felt, effort was illusory, the world as it is must be accepted as here and now the best of all possible worlds, and nothing remains but to watch the great drama of existence with the amused detachment of a Renan. Beyond an imperious rejection of this attitude James left his faith vague. Instead of a precise belief in God and immortality he staked his hope on what may be called the survival of values. In his book *Pragmatism* he defines his outlook with stoic brevity: —

‘A world with a God in it to say the last word may indeed burn up or freeze; but we then think of him as still mindful of the old ideals and sure to bring them elsewhere to fruition; so that, where he is, tragedy is only provisional and partial, and shipwreck and dissolution not the absolutely final things. This need of an eternal moral order is one of the deepest needs of our breast.’

In making this postulate James was indulging no optimistic dream. His faith remained a sort of Viking faith, seeing the universe as a battle-ground on which

defeat was possible. 'May not the notion of a world already saved *in toto* anyhow,' he demanded of the tranquil Monists, 'be too saccharine to stand? . . . Doesn't the very "seriousness" that we attribute to life mean that ineluctable noes and losses form a part of it, that there are genuine sacrifices somewhere, and that something permanently drastic and bitter always remains at the bottom of its cup?' This sense of fierce risk and the battle of cosmic forces was the essence of James's 'Pluralistic' philosophy.

It was comparatively late in his days that he drew together his convictions about the *rôle* of the will in belief and the need of correlating metaphysics with life into the doctrine about the practical character of truth which he named 'Pragmatism.' This theory harmonized with the views of the relativity of mathematical and physical postulates which were then finding expression in the work of men like Mach, Ostwald and Poincaré. James raided the territories of the logicians and epistemologists *d'un cœur léger*, and found he had stirred a fierce antagonism. There is the less need to consider the dialectical rights and wrongs of the controversy here in that James himself clearly had so little real interest in them. He seems to have watched his Pragmatist allies fighting the logicians on their own ground with mixed feelings. 'Inborn rationalists and inborn pragmatists,' he wrote to Dr. Schiller, 'will never convert each other. We shall always look on them as spectral and they on us as trashy — irredeemably both!'

No doubt the movement in its more adventurous

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aspects appealed to the Romanticism that had deep roots in his nature. He loved the great Romantic writers, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, and especially George Sand, and the substance of their gospel is, after all, the divine capacities of man. The visions which Pragmatism evokes of a man-made truth, continually remodelled and enlarged by human effort, of an ultimately plastic reality taking the stamp which human aspirations seek to fix upon it, of a *Uomo-Dio*, in short, as Papini when a Pragmatist lyrically expressed it, are congenial to the Romantic view of man's destiny. Nor do they conflict with the typically American attitude of confidence in the future and in the possibility of almost unlimited progress. It is significant that so far as James's ideas of divinity took positive shape they were avowedly pantheistic. Whatever gods existed must be of one substance with man, not standing king-like above him. To combine this large-hearted acceptance of Romantic pantheism with the maintenance of traditional moral ideals in their Puritan integrity might seem a delicate enterprise; James achieved it with scarcely a consciousness of difficulty. He seems to have lived through an age of restless 'transvaluation of moral values,' the age of Renan and Zola, of Nietzsche and Ibsen and Shaw, with no feeling that the ideal of a 'clean conscience,' which sustained him all through his early religious doubts, needed to be vindicated afresh. The maxims of Emerson sufficed him his life through; he remained the man of his origins and upbringing.

Whatever view be taken of this or that feature of his doctrine, the fruitful part of his message is his general

idea of the relations that should hold between theory and practice. He urged that on all subjects conclusions should only be based on the widest, most unprejudiced investigation of concrete facts. So far as he sought to turn the speculations of the scientist and philosopher to practical ends, the tendency since his death has been to outstrip his own Pragmatism. Psycho-analysis, mind-curing and spiritualism are upheld as practical panaceas with a reckless disregard in many quarters of the reflective caution and philosophic correlation of principle with principle which James would certainly have counselled. There has been a wide rejection of religious beliefs as inherently unpractical, and a tendency on the other side to fall back – again for practical convenience – on standards of authority which by the assumption that the truth is already known in its entirety save the trouble of truth-seeking. These are bastard Pragmatisms which James would disown. His only programme for the attainment of truth was courageous and patient scientific endeavour.

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THERE was a faint air of paradox about the coincidence whereby Mr. Santayana began to issue his new philosophy almost at the same moment as he republished his old one. Would the system (one was tempted to ask) to which *Scepticism and Animal Faith* is the prelude destroy the system so richly enshrined in *The Life of Reason*, or simply reaffirm it? Must not one of the two prove false or superfluous? The preface to the second edition of *The Life of Reason* dispels these fears. Since twenty years, Mr. Santayana remarks, separate him from the man he was when he wrote that book, 'there is hardly a page that would not need to be rewritten,' perfectly to express his present ideas. Yet there has been, he tells us, 'no change in my deliberate doctrine; only some changes of mental habit.' The new system, we conclude, will serve chiefly to supplement and correct the old. It will support, not supersede, *The Life of Reason*. That is certainly the effect of the Introduction, which restates Mr. Santayana's theory of knowledge in a way that clears up the ambiguous and obscure places in the earlier treatise. As the title, *Scepticism and Animal Faith*, implies, there is a double movement in the work. There is an advance upon doubt and a retreat upon belief. That is not, indeed, the figure Mr. Santayana would employ. In a midway chapter entitled 'The Watershed of Criticism,' he sees himself rather as one

who has climbed through the entangling scrub of incredulity to a peak from which the fair valleys of knowledge are visible. We may briefly survey the steps of his ascent.

He starts in a Cartesian spirit with an endeavour to find an unassailable point of certainty. By a short bout of dialectic the ordinary believer is driven into the uncomfortably cramped stronghold of solipsism, where he can be sure of no existence beyond his own. He perceives a phantasmagoria, but no longer dares affirm it a world. The next assault reduces even this little fastness to a single stone. If I believe no more than that yesterday I had certain thoughts and feelings, I am trusting my memory that I actually had them; but what if memory were illusion too? Hence 'any solipsism which is not a solipsism of the present moment is logically contemptible.'

'The world present to the sceptic may continue to fade into these opposite abysses, the past and the future; but having renounced all prejudice and checked all customary faith, he will regard both as painted abysses only, like the opposite exits to the country and to the city on the ancient stage. He will see the masked actors (and he will invent a reason) rushing frantically out on one side and in at the other; but he knows that the moment they are out of sight the play is over for them; those outlying regions and those reported events which the messengers narrate so impressively are pure fancy; and there is nothing for him but to sit in his seat and lend his mind to the tragic illusion.'

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As there are many people to whom solipsism is too absurd even to be worth picturing, it may be well to observe here that there are tracts of experience which almost all of us are accustomed to explain solipsistically – our dream-worlds. In them, we are ready to admit, we have visited places that do not exist, handled things without substance, done battle with ghosts, and remembered what never happened. Since dreams are lives, may not life be a dream? That, Mr. Santayana reminds us, is the corner-stone of Indian philosophy.

‘I wish to retain the valuable testimony of the Indians to the non-existence of the obvious. This testimony is the more valuable because the spectacle present to their eyes was tropical; harder, therefore, to master and to smile at than are the political and romantic medleys which fill the mind of Europe. Yet amidst the serpents and hyænas, the monkeys and parrots, of their mental jungle those sages could sit unmoved, too holily incredulous for fear.’

The believer who is willing thus to become an enclosed anchorite in his own present finds, however, that ‘Retrenchment has its rewards.’ He has at last exchanged belief for certainty. He cannot deny what is immediately present, and it is superfluous to affirm it.

‘When by a difficult suspension of judgment I have deprived a given image of all adventitious significance, when it is taken neither for the manifestation of a substance nor for an idea in a mind nor for an event in a world, but simply if a colour for that colour and if

music for that music, and if a face for that face, then an immense cognitive certitude comes to compensate me for so much cognitive abstention.'

Then 'scepticism has at last touched bottom.' There – low enough – ends the first phase of the argument.

The despair of thought is the cue for animal faith to make its entry. To doubt the world, the past, and the future is to paralyse action, but an animal must react to its environment or be destroyed by it. The force of the life within us drives us irresistibly to faith. Hitherto we have moved, to adopt Mr. Santayana's nomenclature, in the realm of 'essences.' An essence is any image that passes on the stream of consciousness; it is prior to truth and falsehood, reality and illusion, good and evil. These distinctions arise when we discriminate between essence and essence, for what we come to call a mere 'appearance' has its own mode of being as indefeasible as that of what we learn to call 'reality.' But thus to distinguish appearances from realities is to postulate a new realm of being, the realm of 'existences.' The existent is that to which we take an essence to refer, so soon as we abandon survey for judgment. To contemplate an apparition of waving green is to rest on the *datum*, the essence; to judge, 'This is a tree,' is to pass from the *datum* to an ulterior existence of which it is the sign. (In the same way, to assert that an idea is the memory of some thing or event or thought in the past is also to leap from essence to existence.) All such attempts to transcend the immediate *datum* are presumptive only. Mr. Santayana is as positive as

Berkeley that we have direct contact only with ideas; the essence enters our field of observation, the existence by definition stands outside it. Not only is it impossible for things to be the objects of direct intuition; there is not even any ground for supposing that our impressions are copies of the things that cause them.

'The illusion is childish, and when we have once discerned essence, it seems strangely idolatrous. The essences given in intuition are fetched from no original. The reason, music, space, and light of my imagination are essences existing nowhere; the intuition of them is quite as spiritual and quite as personal as my pain, pleasure, or hunger, and quite as little likely to be drawn from an imaginary store of similar substances in the world at large. They are dreamlights kindled by my fancy, like all the terms of discourse; they do not need to be previously resident either in the object or in the organ of sense.'

In brief: 'no quality in the object is like any datum of sense,' and 'discourse is a language, not a mirror.' Our 'nicknames for things and for their odd ways of behaving are like those which country people give to flowers; they often pointedly describe how things look or what they do to us.' To Berkeley this conviction was the *reductio ad absurdum* of the idea of an independent matter — for what could matter be if it had none of the qualities we perceive and attribute to it? If the deliverances of sense were a language, were symbolic only of the reality that underlay them, it seemed wiser to hold that their origin was spirit. Of spirit we had

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experience, of matter none. Such a solution has no charm at all for Mr. Santayana. As he was when he wrote *The Life of Reason* so he is to-day, 'a decided materialist – apparently the only one living.' The original articles of 'the animal creed,' as he sums them up, are 'that there is a world, that there is a future, that things sought can be found, and things seen can be eaten.' And even for these 'no guarantee can possibly be offered.' We must never forget that 'all alleged knowledge of matters of fact is faith only, and that an existing world, whatever form it may choose to wear, is intrinsically a questionable and arbitrary thing.' It meets our need, but 'this corroboration will not have any logical force, since it will be only pragmatic, based on begging the question, and perhaps only a bribe offered by fortune to confirm my illusions.'

Few readers of *Scepticism and Animal Faith*, we believe, once they shake themselves free from the spell of Mr. Santayana's style – its fairylike lucidity, its masculine candour, its seductive imagery, all the more potent for being less exuberant than once it was – will not confess a deep dissatisfaction. Throughout its dexterous rhythm of advance and retirement, and in spite of the dazzling skill of its dialectic, his argument moves in fetters that impede the grace of freedom. The severe metaphysician must needs be scandalized to find scepticism proved but not accepted, belief accepted but not proved. At each issue he is brought up with a jerk and robbed of his reward. On the one hand, he cannot feel secure in a faith that is purely 'animal'; on the other, he misses the cold content of pure doubt, for the

execution of thought lacks dignity. A martyrdom is marred if, instead of striking, the headsman throws down the axe and strolls away laughing. To the metaphysician is left neither truth nor consistency. A retort may be made to his complaint. It is not Mr. Santayana's fault, it will be said, if the nature of things will not gratify metaphysicians. Let them refute him, if they can, by disproving his sceptical analysis, or showing else how man may live on nescience.

This challenge they shall be left to take up at their leisure; meanwhile a less ambitious philosophy may pick its quarrel with Mr. Santayana. Can his animal faith really satisfy the animal called man? Consider his Materialism. Not all the splendour of the fancies that drape it can hide its air of straitlacing, almost of primness. It lacks the indulgence that makes the system tempting. Mr. Santayana informs us pleasantly enough that he feels 'no confidence in the divination of those *esprits forts* who, leading a life of vice, thought the universe must be composed of nothing but dice and billiard balls'; but, however censurable those spirits were, their unashamed rapture in the delights of the flesh had a warmth denied to his more fastidious Materialism. He is perhaps not quite unconscious of this, for in his latest volume we find this characteristic 'aside': — 'How much longing, how much laughter, how much perception, how much policy and art in those vices and crimes which the moralist thinks fatal to spirit!' Doubtless Materialism is not a faith for voluptuaries only. It has been the cause of sturdy intellectual pugilists, who have found in the zest of

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combat with established faiths or superstitions an all-sufficient stay. It is the creed of Stoics who, like Mr. Bertrand Russell, would erect a temple for 'the Free Man's Worship' on 'the firm foundation of unyielding despair,' and draw from the evanescence of human striving the lesson of renunciation. But Mr. Santayana is no controversialist and has explained in *The Life of Reason* his dislike for moralities of despair and redemption. We perceive, as has been hinted by one of his critics, that he accepts less than most men because his demands are slighter.

But if his philosophy must thus seem pinched and pale from the standpoint of Materialism, how irresponsible it is to those who seek longer vistas! To look through *The Life of Reason* again after seventeen years is to feel even more strongly than at the original reading how sterile that system must be from which the insight, the sympathy, the imaginative sweep, the richly furnished memory of Mr. Santayana can elicit no better answers to radical questions. In book after book since that treatise was first published Mr. Santayana has gone on adding to our best treasures of literary and social criticism; but if, as he allows us on the whole to presume, he still retains his old standpoint in philosophy, how little he has to offer in that field! Do we seek indications of purpose in the world process? We are told that though 'the word evolution has a certain pomp and glamour,' yet to suppose, like Hegel or even Spencer, that we can 'identify evolution with progress, with betterment,' is to take up a notion that has no basis in fact. The grand flux is but a weaving

and unweaving of forms, in which from time to time the ideals of reason find precarious and brief embodiment; but of the whole we can affirm nothing. 'My system,' Mr. Santayana now says plainly, 'is no system of the universe.' Do we turn inward for the springs of consciousness and behaviour? We learn that: 'Physics cannot account for that minute motion and pullulation in the earth's crust of which human affairs are a portion.' It would be idle to look for serious moral guidance to an ethical system which, for all its refinement and generosity, can achieve no more than a reconstruction of the old pleasure-pain calculus, and decrees that 'Eudaemonism is another name for wisdom; there is no other *moral* morality.' On such a vacuum no social ideal can be raised; there is little more in the volume called *Reason in Society* than a keen fusillade of observations and criticisms, relieved by brilliantly illusive dreams.

But it is, perhaps, in the volume on religion that this inadequacy is most marked. In spite of his pungent criticism of Roman Catholic Modernism in *Winds of Doctrine*, Mr. Santayana appears to share one idea at least with the camp-followers of that movement. It is the notion that an article of faith is untouched when its ground has been exploded by research. In his new book he remarks that mystics have no reason to hate the notion of substance 'since it is the basis of those immediate feelings which fill them with satisfaction.' He might really almost as well say that a man has no right to hate a coiner to whose craft he owes the feeling of being rich. In the same way the volume on *Reason*

in Religion opens as piously as can be with the Baconian maxim that 'a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion,' but goes on disconcertingly to explain that 'the only truth of religion comes from its interpretation of life, from its symbolic rendering of that moral experience which it springs out of and which it seeks to elucidate.' In the end 'what successful religion really should pass into is contemplation, ideality, poetry, in the sense in which poetry includes all imaginative moral life.' We may in short attribute to the spiritual world of traditional religion (or, if our taste is poor enough, of German Idealistic metaphysics) a reality and efficacy no more substantial in kind if higher in degree than that which we allow to-day to the deities of Olympus.

Once more, as when considering his attitude to the jovial materialism of the latter-day pagans, we get the impression that Mr. Santayana's Latin heredity has never quite fused with his American education. A professorial grain, a streak almost of Puritanism, crosses his devotion both to the sensible world and to the pageant of Catholicism. It forbids him to appropriate without scruple either of the alternatives that normally solicit Latin minds. He repels, though he realizes, the charms that allure both the sensualist and the saint. To the former he concedes that 'compared with the worldling's mental mechanism and rhetoric, the sensualist's soul is a well of wisdom'; to the latter he freely owns the spell of the Church — indeed, it seems almost to haunt his subconsciousness. It comes spontaneously

to him to describe the purging of belief by scepticism as a sprinkling with 'the Lenten ashes of an intellectual contrition'; to illustrate Kant's critique by the lives of the saints, and to compare in his new book the vistas of memory to those famous Roman views of St. Peter's through a keyhole. *Reason in Religion* is on a miniature scale one of the finest histories of the religious course of Europe that has yet been written. The magic of Mr. Santayana's style reaches its climax in the great seventh chapter, with its description of Catholic worship, and its subtle account of the mingling of the original Christian idea, first with the pagan world, and then with the Gothic soul of the North, when: 'We seem to see a child playing with the toys of age, his green hopes and fancies weaving themselves about an antique metaphysical monument, the sanctuary of a decrepit world.' But as a contribution to religious thought the book, for all its beauty, is practically negligible. It adorns a royal corpse for the lying in state.

In the fourth volume of *The Life of Reason*, describing the thorough Materialist, one 'like the superb Democritus, a laughing philosopher,' Mr. Santayana says:—

'His delight in a mechanism that can fall into so many marvellous and beautiful shapes, and can generate so many exciting passions, should be of the same intellectual quality as that which a visitor feels in a museum of natural history, where he views the myriad butterflies in their cases, the flamingoes and shellfish, the

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mammoths and gorillas. Doubtless there were pangs in that incalculable life, but they were soon over; and how splendid meantime was the pageant, how infinitely interesting the universal interplay, and how foolish and inevitable those absolute little passions.'

An image with Mr. Santayana is as revealing as a myth with Plato. What after all is *The Life of Reason* itself – with its five noble halls devoted to the work of mankind in the formation of Intelligence ('Common Sense'), Society, Religion, Science, and Art – what is but a gorgeous museum, a museum with no ill-lit rooms and no depressing corridors, with no dull cases, faked pictures, or bad statues? Yet there, as in all museums, the mind, wearying of a pell-mell of riches, begins slowly to feel depressed. It recoils at length from carved beds and chairs on which no one may sleep or sit, from trophies and arms which no warrior will handle again, from censers and crucifixes that honour no altar, from dead Pharaohs, exposed in cases that are not sepulchres. Mr. Santayana protests, when he comes to write about 'Reason in Art,' that: 'A living art does not produce curiosities to be collected, but spiritual necessities to be diffused.' Why then does he praise his pattern philosopher for making one vast museum of the world?

The strangest irony of all is that the exponent of such a system should think himself in harmony with the instincts of man and the traditional convictions of the race. 'I have a great respect for orthodoxy,' Mr. Santayana surprises us by saying at the outset of *Scepticism*

and *Animal Faith*, 'not for those orthodoxies which prevail in particular schools or nations, and which vary from age to age, but for a certain shrewd orthodoxy which the sentiment and practice of laymen maintain everywhere.' He sympathizes, he adds, 'with the old prejudices and workaday opinions of mankind.' Well, ordinary opinion is with him no doubt when he defends the existence of matter against Idealism – though Dr. Johnson, when he refuted Berkeley by kicking the stone, would probably have been furious at hearing that what he kicked was quite different from what he saw. But when have the run of men believed that they were as much machines as any *Robot*, that their minds were mere epiphenomena of their bodies, their thoughts without consequence, and their wills without efficacy?

'When wiseacres [says Mr. Santayana] every day of every year bring their ponderous proofs that life is not mechanical, that the human will, by exception, is free, and that a single disembodied purpose, by magic, makes all things dance contrarily to their own nature, nature and I wink at each other.'

If so, it must be behind the plain man's back, and Nature to relish the joke must be a philosopher.

We have quoted Mr. Santayana's image of the museum; there is another of which he seems even fonder, for it comes again and again in the course of his works. It is the image of life as a play and the philosopher as the spectator. We meet it, as we anticipate, early in his new book, and it is tinged with a darker shade of disillusion. The preface to the second

edition of *The Life of Reason* confesses that the phases of human progress have now become, in the author's judgment, 'a decidedly episodical thing, polyglot, interrupted, insecure.' They seem to him 'less tragic than they did, and more comic.' We are the less unprepared for a passage like this in *Scepticism and Animal Faith*: —

'It is this sorry self of mine sitting here in the dark, one in this serried pack of open-mouthed fools, hungry for illusion, that is responsible for the spectacle; for if a foolish instinct had not brought me to the playhouse, and if avid eyes and an idealizing understanding had not watched the performance, no part of it would have abused me: and if no one came to the theatre, the actors would soon flit away like ghosts, the poets would starve, the scenery would topple over and become rubbish, and the very walls would disappear. Every part of experience, as it comes, is illusion; and the source of this illusion is my animal nature, blindly labouring in a blind world.'

Everything has its compensations, and if a philosopher who avows that 'the life of reason as I conceive it is a mere romance, and the life of nature a mere fable,' cannot be credited with a celestial vision, it must always be owned of Mr. Santayana that so far as life may be called a play or a game he proves the saying that the onlooker sees most of it. *The Life of Reason* and the Introduction to the new system must be judged in their general philosophic bearing. But it can never be said of works like these with justice that they have no value

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beyond their speculative adequacy, or even (as some critics have suggested) no value beyond the glamour of their style. *The Life of Reason* especially must always be reckoned a storehouse of treasures. The beauty and wisdom, the shrewdness and sanity, of the aphorisms and fancies that lie thick in every chapter are more than enough to preserve it from dust or decay. These qualities of Mr. Santayana's mind are familiar to those who know him chiefly as a critic of letters. His place in that branch of literature is assured; but he is at least as keen and sure a critic of life.

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WE have now to read Clutton-Brock in bound volumes, in his books or in collections of his articles. It is our loss. A garden does not lose its beauty when the lengthening day drinks up the dew, yet no hour to come will give back that early freshness. That Clutton-Brock has written can never be full recompense for the fact that he is not writing. With him more than with most authors the pleasure lay in catching his thought new on the newly printed page; in waiting for its clear beam to strike the picture, the book, the philosophy of the moment; in remembering as one finished this week's article that next week would bring another fit to match it. His editors (one surmises) must have rejoiced as much as his readers in the security of their cornucopia, must have felt like Mr. Crummles in his triumph, 'I don't think we shall come to the pony at all this season.' Clutton-Brock was a great journalist, because nothing the day brought forth was dull to him. Those who met him, were it only once, must always afterwards have seen in his writings that bright and darting eye which seemed never to rest. He might have refused to write on a topic that bored him, but where could you find that topic? There are phrases that cannot be thought of on his lips - 'I don't know and I don't care,' or 'It's all in the day's work.' He would have rejected such language, one feels, as

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blasphemous, or set it down lower still as foolishness. The reserves of his mental vitality could not be drained. A touch of sheer physical fatigue his work might now and then reveal, but he never turned out the 'shop-soiled' article.

Journalism, indeed, was not only Clutton-Brock's profession, but a good part of his philosophy as well. 'Here and now is your America,' might have been offered him for a motto. His quarrel with the Romantic poets is over their effort to escape from a reality they should be labouring to transfigure; nor are they the only offenders. 'It is strange,' he says, 'how classical and romantic mean the same error when they express a defect of art. They mean a refusal of experience so that art may be made easy, as if the essence of art were the choice of experience and not the transfiguration of it.' William Morris is the hero of one of Clutton-Brock's finest books for the reason that, while 'Romantic poets ranged the past because they were sick of the present,' he toiled with furniture and dyes and printer's type, and even preached at street corners, to transform the present. This idea finds its culminating expression, perhaps, in *Studies in Christianity*.

'Probably the whole trial of Christ was routine to Pilate, and all these men may have cherished in their romantic hearts some religion that had never been naturalized there. We forget that Christ was always warning men against this very delusion. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," He said. It comes like a thief in the night. But so incurably romantic are we

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that we make a romance even of that saying. We think that the Kingdom of Heaven, if there were such a thing, would come in the night and wake us all up. But the saying means that it comes while we remain asleep. . . .’

. . . or wakes us, if we are lucky, by some word of truth or beauty as we doze over a newspaper.

Clutton-Brock was not bred to journalism, nor was it apparently a vocation felt in youth. He was born in 1868, the son of a Weybridge banker. His first school was Summerfields, Oxford, from where he went with a scholarship to Eton in 1882. There he won the English Verse Prize with a poem on ‘England and her Colonies.’ From Eton he went to New College, Oxford, and, though his chief interests there, as shown by his friendships, appeared to be poetry and art, he was called to the Bar in 1893 and practised with some seriousness until 1903. He then became literary editor of *The Speaker* (afterwards *The Nation*), and also did art criticism on *The Tribune*. During this period he wrote his guide book to York Minster, for architecture was one of his many side-interests, and he was also the author of a book on the Cathedrals of Northern France. He went on the staff of *The Times* in 1908, and there found a wide field of congenial work. He was art-critic, leader-writer, a regular contributor both to the *Educational Supplement* and to the *Literary Supplement*, where it will probably be admitted that he made his chief mark. From its columns some of his best known books were collected; his contributions to it were

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easily to be detected by the individuality of a style for which anonymity was a cloak of gauze, and his name is likely to be as closely associated with it as Macaulay's with the *Edinburgh*.

One of the last enterprises of his life was the brilliant series of popular essays on literary topics which he contributed to *The Times* during the summer months of 1922. These articles, which include the brilliant little piece on *News in Books*, should find their place some day among his collected works. If they necessarily lack some of the subtlety and the profundity of his more elaborate literary articles, they have a liveliness, a gaiety and a responsiveness to the movement of the day, which is a very fair recompense. It was soon after this series drew to its close that he was attacked by the internal trouble to which after two years' suffering he succumbed. He had several rallies during the time of his illness and he took brave advantage of these intermissions to resume his work. One or two of his last essays may rank among the best that he wrote, and prove that it was in the ripeness of his talent he was taken off, before his thought had grown fatigued or staled.

Next to his rare fertility of mind, Clutton-Brock's most valuable quality was his fearlessness. When he writes that 'Morris meant to consult his own taste; for he knew that only by doing that can an artist produce works of art,' he lays down a rule that is no easy one for a journalist. Those who desire to appeal to their day are tempted in a thousand subtle ways to adapt themselves to the mind of their day. They escape with

difficulty the influences among which they have to work. To consider the public, to consider the men who rule the public, to consider the men who can open or close at will the channels by which the public ear is reached – there is a wide field here for quite honourable concession. But such concession Clutton-Brock never dreamed of. It was a kind of innocence, perhaps, as well as a very noble obstinacy. The essay on *Worldly Wisdom*, in which he laughs at the diplomatic saws of the Jesuit Gracian's *Oraculo Manual y Arte de Prudencia*, has a curious *naïveté* in its sagacity. It is less a proof that cunning defeats its own ends than a burst of amusement at the notion of cunning. Here is one place among many at which we hear the child within the heart of Clutton-Brock, and wonder whether that wise child must not be some cherub. Clutton-Brock himself, no matter where or for whom he worked, or what public he addressed, remained – according to his own and Samuel Butler's definition – an amateur.

'There is no excuse [he quotes from Butler] for amateur work being bad. Amateurs often excuse their shortcomings on the ground that they are not professionals. The professional could plead with greater justice that he is not an amateur. . . . He has got to square everyone all round, and will assuredly fail to make his way unless he does this; if, then, he betrays his trust he does so under temptation.'

'In fact,' comments Clutton-Brock, 'the amateur can afford to be disinterested; and Butler ordered his whole life so that he might be able to afford this expensive

luxury.' So, had it been necessary, would Clutton-Brock have done; and it is a point in his character that should be emphasized, for, as things fell out, the world never asked him to betray himself. He was the man of his age, and in the lucid chambers of his soul gave shape to its dim and confused aspirations. He might baffle some by the mystical postulates that underlay his thinking; he might irritate others by his brisk contempt for current folly; but he said in the main what his hearers owned to be true. All that he wrote was popular, and, if it had not been, he would have written it just the same. He would, we feel, have been quite content to be left unread and to be discovered by some later generation. He was prepared, moreover, at any moment to put his popularity to the test; and in the work by which he is best known still, and may in the end be best remembered, the *Thoughts on the War* contributed to *The Times Literary Supplement* in the autumn of 1914, his boldness might easily have stirred a tempest. It required some courage in those months of collective hysteria and panic at the early German victories to utter the warning that 'hatred is the stimulant that men employ to drive away fear, and it is one that the civilian is tempted to use more than the soldier'; to make the entreaty, 'Do not let us be self-righteous'; and to remind his countrymen that behind the Germany of the Hohenzollerns there remained a Germany which 'means cradle songs and fairy stories and Christmas in old moonlit towns, and a queer simple tenderness always childish and musical. . . .' But his wisdom made its way, and while a France

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through which the winds of idealism still blew strong gave order that his tribute to her glory should be read in all her schools, England, too, hung a moment on his words, before hurrying on to forget his rebuke of hate.

‘These hosts are not inhuman, whatever evil design has ranged them against us, but men like ourselves to whom we also seem inhuman hosts; and if some voice from heaven could suddenly speak the truth to us, the weapons would drop from our hands, and we should laugh in each other’s faces until we wept to think of all the dead that could not share the truth with us, and the wounded who could not be cured by it, and the widows and orphans to whom it could not give back their husbands and fathers.’

To find words like these in time of need is a reward earned only by long courage and sincerity.

A defect of this quality was the cause of the chief criticism that Clutton-Brock from time to time received. It was occasionally complained that he was a ‘preacher.’ He would not have relished the designation, for he had no belief in sermons. ‘We do not like a man who preaches, in the pulpit or out of it,’ he once wrote – and in writing so was unfair to the other preachers for the very reason that made him a preacher himself. That was his sturdy individuality. He was keenly alert to the harm that institutions, and the Church among them, do, whenever they persuade their subjects to seem what they are not, to put on false selves instead of enriching their true ones; and his scent for this peril

made him sometimes less than fair to institutions. He had his share of the stubbornness that marks the individualist, and with it the habit of didacticism. But it was all the time the defect of a quality. He could not have defended his beliefs with such courage unless he had held them with uncommon tenacity.

Yet even admirers may confess that the note of the teacher is too insistent in his works. It is one point of several in which he resembled Matthew Arnold. Chesterton complains that Arnold as a critic 'kept a smile of heart-broken forbearance, as of the teacher in an idiot school, that was enormously insulting.' There was nothing of that in Clutton-Brock; he was not supercilious, and he was certainly never insulting. But the quiet forbearance of a determined school-master we do feel as we read; and if Clutton-Brock has not Arnold's exact pedagogic device of coining telling formulas and dinning them in by repetition, he has his own trick of hammering the nail home. Take a paragraph at random from the Introduction to *The Ultimate Belief*.

'Philosophy alone can teach you why you should love God or anyone else, and what is the nature of love; and therefore we cannot do without philosophy, however religious we may be. Indeed, the more religious we are, the more we see the need of philosophy, and the need of teaching it to the young from the very first. We cannot be good, we cannot teach others how to be good, unless we have clear ideas about the nature of goodness and the reasons why men should be good. To

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tell a child that he should do this or that, without making any attempt to tell him why, is to teach him that life is a game with arbitrary rules; and if it is that, it is not worth living.'

Such a passage, you feel, has been carefully made 'fool-proof,' and you may resent the implied necessity.

It would be trifling, however, to cavil at a teacher of such depth and versatility because he sometimes drops into the tone of the schoolmaster. The real disquiet that is apt to steal upon the reader of Clutton-Brock, after some time spent continuously among his books, springs from the doubt whether something just as precious as doctrine has not been squeezed out by the impulse of teaching. In the essay on Shakespeare, written for the tercentenary of his death, Clutton-Brock says that he 'is like the greatest painters, who seem not to compose their pictures but merely to lay the emphasis of their own delight on what they have seen.' That is what we cannot help wishing Clutton-Brock had been more often satisfied to do. 'The emphasis of his delight' — it would often have contented us. Minds tasked by the scintillating stream of analysis and judgment that flows at level speed through his pages begin to long for a moment's idleness. A critic, however judicial, they grumble, can spare a few minutes for reverie or fancy. When he brings us to the loveliest bend of the river, we want to tie up at the bank and enjoy the view. The tantalizing thing is that Clutton-Brock does now and then make an escapade, and whenever he does so the fruit of it is delightful.

The essay on *The Scholar's Religion*, for instance, speaks seriously of things which its writer felt seriously. But in the middle of it comes this diversion: —

‘Nausicaa is as much alive for us as Tolstoy’s Nataasha, and for the same reason. Homer could not have drawn Nausicaa, nor Tolstoy Nataasha, if they had been interested egotistically in particular young women. When you are so interested you talk about your “girl,” you use parochial language, or escape from it into poetical formulas. What is expressed in Nausicaa and Nataasha is an interest, passionate because religious rather than sexual, in all young girls. They are part of the beauty of life itself; their pretty ways are a gift from God to mankind, like the spring and its flowers.’

Whenever we find him in this mood of mere enjoyment, we wish that he had more often yielded to it. If only he had talked to us a little more of his pleasures, at the risk, it may be, of curtailing his philosophy! Yet, even as the thought arises, we begin to doubt whether it is not our laziness that prompts it. If we fail to keep up in the race of his ideas, it is perhaps because our mental fibres need bracing. In all the range of the spirit’s activities Clutton-Brock himself was, in the strict sense of the word, an ascetic. Thought and style alike show the austere leanness of the mental athlete. His *William Morris* is, as it were, the gospel of his strenuous intellectualism. As he praises Morris because he ‘after Ruskin, was the first to have a scientific understanding of his own likes and dislikes in art,’ so he declares that: —

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'I, for one, can never feel quite satisfied with *The Earthly Paradise*, and I even feel that its popularity has injured Morris's fame. A great deal of it is merely pleasure-giving poetry, and if he had written nothing else he would indeed have been the idle singer of an empty day.'

That sentence against 'merely pleasure-giving poetry' brings us up to the severe portals of Plato's Republic, and reminds us of the philosophy which guided all Clutton-Brock's criticism. That philosophy was a consistent Platonism, though he himself preferred in his book of first principles, *The Ultimate Belief*, to make his principal acknowledgments to Benedetto Croce, and to borrow from him the name *Philosophy of the Spirit*. But it is to Plato that we must carry back Clutton-Brock's doctrine of the Absolute Values, which is the key to all his thought. No doubt he did not strive to make a systematic metaphysics, to define with preciseness the relation between the flux of phenomena, the hurly-burly of struggling existence, and the Divine Ideals that gleam through the spate of it. How they can interpenetrate the flux and yet be not fused with the flux, express themselves in time, yet subsist in eternity, be torn in strife and remain invulnerable — such problems he left to the logicians. He could only express his own faith in mystical language: —

'The word value cannot be defined, for it is a fact of the human mind like thought or desire. What I value in the present I desire to persist. If I value life,

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I desire to go on living. But religion asserts, and Christianity more consciously than most religions asserts, that two kinds of values are possible to man; namely, the value for life itself, and so the mere desire to go on living; and that other kind of value which is called absolute value. This absolute value is the answer which man makes to Heaven, and the manner in which Heaven expresses itself to man.'

This mystical conception becomes clear enough in Clutton-Brock's searching criticism of Mr. Wells's *God the Invisible King*. Our values are not subsidiary to the working out of some ulterior cosmic purpose, some extension or enhancement of life, however imposing. Salvation is not the issue of any quasi-biological struggle in the far future; it is no goal at the end of the æons of time, no throne in the loftiest empyrean of space. Rather, 'when man asserts God here and now, he asserts absolute value here and now; he asserts a freedom from the struggle for life which man can attain to in absolute value even now, here, and in the flesh.' For those who have eyes to see the Beatific Vision is already open, 'a vision, not of the philanthropic acts of God, but of God Himself, Who is to be loved as we love beauty, not for what He does merely, but for what He is.'

The snare of all Platonism is the temptation it offers to flee from the world of existence, and seek immediate union with the absolute. It easily becomes a world-neglecting philosophy. Against such crude attempts to dis sever the Universal Essence from the particulars

of experience in which alone it is revealed Clutton-Brock was clear enough in his protest.

‘The phrase, absolute values, leading us away from actual experience into thought, tempts us to think of that universal, which we value absolutely, as if it were something altogether different from the particular in which we are aware of it, as if we could value it without valuing the particular. But, when we speak of love, we know that it is also the particular that we love, and that we are aware of the universal only through love of the particular. . . . That which we love in men is not even a quality of them, it is the man himself, as that which loves is ourselves, and not merely a quality of us. We love all that is most peculiar and individual in them; that is what we value, just as we value all that is most peculiar and individual in beautiful things. To seek for the secret of beauty by ignoring character is to miss beauty itself, and a philosophy which values only the universal in the particular, is like an art which tries to separate beauty from character. In all things the Word is completely made flesh.’

In this passage the robust sense and delicate artistic intuitions of Clutton-Brock combine to save him from the worst abuse of Platonism; but he does not always escape the perils of his theory. His ‘philosophy of the spirit,’ when all is said, remains a philosophy of abstractions; and in one way or another abstractions, when hypostatized, contrive to throw a chill upon human realities. If they do not abolish particulars they depress them. At the beginning of *The Ultimate Belief*

we are told that 'the spirit desires three things,' which are 'to do what is right for the sake of doing what is right; to know the truth for the sake of knowing the truth,' and to apprehend beauty. That is a convenient classification, but its maker has himself reminded us that it is not the abstractions goodness, truth and beauty as such that men actually pursue, but their diverse particular embodiments. The creative impulse is busied with particulars – to establish this right and redress that wrong, to solve this riddle or explore that unknown, to express the beauty of this face or that landscape. Even Plato veils his dialectic in myths, since logical entities are fuel for no passion. However it may strive to keep in touch with experience, a philosophy couched in terms of abstract 'values' is always in danger of missing what men really treasure. It flattens down individualities, or mistakes some fragment torn from the whole for its essence. And as befell the child in the fable of *Through the Looking Glass*, its flowers all fade when it draws them out of the stream.

As a critic of books or pictures or architecture Clutton-Brock will not be found tripping at this fallacy. His perceptions are too spontaneous to be formalized. There is not in literature the least fear of his missing the peculiar saviour of Donne or Keats or Meredith for the sake of discerning some 'universal' beauty in them. But in his judgments on religion and ethics he is not so secure. There are people who will extract from the living creeds of Catholic and Protestant, Jew, Moslem and Buddhist a common substratum, which all of them

would repudiate, and baptize it as the universal religion. Clutton-Brock, of course, was not capable of stupidities. But while his *Studies in Christianity* may be studies in a better religion than Christianity has ever been, they are assuredly not studies in any religion that Christians or Christ can be thought to have believed, and St. Paul never earned the compliments that are paid him. This is easily explicable. To adopt a convenient Arnol-dian antithesis, Clutton-Brock is a Hellenist not a Hebraist. For the Greek the absolute subsists independent of time or place, but the Jew (and Christianity is a Jewish religion) is of those who like Mr. Wells 'declare plainly that they seek a city.' He looks for a restoration, a Messiah or an Apocalypse. Ultimate reality for him is not a *tableau* but a drama, and, in spite of Clutton-Brock's half-humorous effort, the Athanasian Creed is not malleable to Platonism.

Such ultimate divergences of philosophic outlook will not much perturb any reader of Clutton-Brock's philosophic books. We may agree or disagree with his presuppositions, but we are bound to profit by the lessons he draws from them. A work like *The Ultimate Belief* may not be worldly wisdom, but it is wisdom for want of which the world is sick. The core of it is a plea for disinterestedness, for the quality of which Clutton-Brock in his own life so fully exemplified. The desires of the spirit, he insists, 'differ from all our other desires in that they are to be pursued for their own sake, and can, indeed, only be pursued for their own sake. If they are pursued for some ulterior end, they change their nature.' Pursue the Absolute Values

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with a purged and single eye, and the universe will be transfigured for you; here, certainly, Clutton-Brock is in full unison with the doctrine of Christ. Throughout this brief book he speaks from the mount of vision, and tells the modern world the cure for its ills with the confidence of a prophet in his message.

‘In our present materialistic society youth often is utterly overcome by its own romance, even when it remains perfectly respectable; and that because there is supposed to be no romance in life except this one sexual romance of youth. Our arts are absorbed in that as if there were nothing else in the universe that was not mere routine, and the one freedom that we glorify is the freedom of a man to choose the woman that he loves. There is no romance to us in the freedom of the spirit, the freedom to pursue goodness, or truth, or beauty, for their own sake. . . . There is a sense of the glory of the universe, a disinterested passion in love, which distinguishes it from lust. But do we only exist to propagate our species, and is love only lust made more alluring so that the earth may never be dispeopled? There are people who believe that, because the spiritual element in life is known to them only in love; because in this time of delightful madness, as it seems to them, they are aware of the spirit for the first and last time, but if, by education and the whole purpose and effort of society they had been made aware of the spirit and its desires from early youth, love would be to them, not the one romance of their lives, but only one example of the continuing romance of life, the

threefold romance of goodness, truth and beauty. They would not exhaust themselves once for all in this single paroxysm of disinterestedness; nor would they, in later years, look back upon 'being in love' as an episode of divine foolishness, to be envied and yet smiled at when it is repeated in their children.'

It is surely right to close this tribute to Clutton-Brock on some such passage as that, which reveals at once the essence of his wisdom, and the bright winsomeness, reminiscent now and again of Newman, by which he commends it as a gift not to be waved aside by the surliest dissenter, and the sober elegance of his prose, which recalls his own comparison of Turgenev's stories to a Japanese room. The book from which this quotation comes is one in which he draws very close at places to his own dream of English prose, which he thought, as yet, unrealized, 'a prose dealing with the greatest things quietly and justly as men deal with them in their secret meditations, seeming perhaps to wander, but always advancing in an unbroken sequence of thought, with a controlled ardour of discovery and the natural beauties of a religious mind.'

APPENDIX

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS USED IN THE PREPARATION OF THE FOREGOING ESSAYS

- The Secret of the Coup d'Etat.* An Unpublished Correspondence of Prince Louis Napoleon, MM. de Morny, de Flahault, and others, 1848 to 1852. Edited with an Introduction by the Earl of Kerry, and a Study by Philip Guedalla. (Constable, 1924.)
- The Anglican Revival: Studies in the Oxford Movement.* By Yngve Brilioth. (Longmans, 1925.)
- Mr. Punch's History of Modern England.* By Charles L. Graves. (Cassell, 1921.)
- The London Perambulator.* By James Bone. (Cape, 1925.)
- The Exemplary Theatre.* By Harley Granville-Barker. (Chatto & Windus, 1922.)
- Continental Stagecraft.* By Kenneth MacGowan and R. E. Jones. (Benn, 1923.)
- The Dance: An Historical Survey of Dancing in Europe.* By Cecil J. Sharp and A. P. Oppé. (Halton & Truscott Smith, 1924.)
- The Romance of Madame Tussaud's.* By John Theodore Tussaud. (Odhams, 1920.)
- The Letters of Queen Victoria.* Second Series. Edited by George Earle Buckle. (Murray, 1926.)
- Henry Edward Manning.* By Shane Leslie. (Burns, Oates, 1921.)

APPENDIX

- The Letters of Charles Greville and Henry Reeve* (1836-1865). Edited by A. H. Johnson. (Fisher Unwin, 1924.)
- The Triumph of Lord Palmerston*. By B. Kingsley Martin. (Allen & Unwin, 1924.)
- Life of Robert Marquis of Salisbury*. By Lady Gwendolen Cecil. Volume I, 1830-1868. Volume II, 1868-1880. (Hodder & Stoughton, 1921.)
- Lord Shaftesbury*. By J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond. (Constable, 1923.)
- Souvenirs sur l'Impératrice Eugénie*. Par Augustin Filon. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1920.)
- L'Esthétique des Goncourt*. Par Pierre Sabatier. (Hachette, 1920.)
- Emile Zola*. Par Ernest Seillière. (Paris: Grasset, 1923.)
- The Letters of William James*. Edited by his son, Henry James. (Longmans, 1921.)
- Scepticism and Animal Faith and The Life of Reason*, Second Edition. By George Santayana. (Constable, 1923.)
- Thoughts on the War, Essays on Books, More Essays on Books* (Methuen); *The Ultimate Belief, Studies in Christianity* (Constable); *William Morris* (Williams and Norgate). By Arthur Clutton-Brock.

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A NOTE ON THE ARRANGEMENT OF THIS CATALOGUE

The main body or text of this list is arranged alphabetically under the names of AUTHORS. But, in addition, and for the convenience of readers, there will be found at the end two indexes. The first (page 31) is arranged numerically under the series numbers given to the volumes. The second (page 35) is arranged alphabetically under the titles of the books.

ANDERSON, Sherwood

HORSES AND MEN. Stories

No. 54

'*Horses and Men* confirms our indebtedness to the publishers who are introducing his work here. It has a unity beyond that of its constant Middle West setting. A man of poetic vision, with an intimate knowledge of particular conditions of life, here looks out upon a world that seems singularly material only because he unflinchingly accepts its actualities.' *Morning Post*

ARMSTRONG, Martin

THE BAZAAR. Stories

No. 77

'These stories have considerable range of subject, but in general they are stay-at-home tales, depicting cloistered lives and delicate, finely fibred minds. . . . Mr. Armstrong writes beautifully.' *Nation and Athenæum*

ATKINS, J. B.

SIDE SHOWS. Essays. With an introduction by JAMES

BONE

No. 78

Mr. J. B. Atkins was war correspondent in four wars, the London editor of a great English paper, then Paris correspondent of another, and latterly the editor of the *Spectator*. His subjects in *Side Shows* are briefly London and the sea.

BELLOC, Hilaire

SHORT TALKS WITH THE DEAD

No. 79

In these essays Mr. Belloc attains his usual high level of pungent and witty writing. The subjects vary widely and include an imaginary talk with the spirits of Charles I, the barber of Louis XIV, and Napoleon, Venice, fakes, eclipses, Byron, and the famous dissertation on the Nordic Man.

BERCOVICI, Konrad

BETWEEN EARTH AND SKY. Stories of Gipsies.

With an Introduction by A. E. COPPARD

No. 117

Konrad Bercovici, through his own association with gipsies, together with a magical intuition of their lives, is able to give us some unforgettable pictures of those wanderers who, having no home anywhere, are at home everywhere.

BIERCE, Ambrose

CAN SUCH THINGS BE ? Stories

No. 1

'Bierce never wastes a word, never coins a too startling phrase ; he secures his final effect, a cold thrill of fear, by a simple, yet subtle, realism. No anthology of short stories, limited to a score or so, would be complete without an example of his unique artistry.'

Morning Post

THE EYES OF THE PANTHER. Stories

No. 49

It is said that these tales were originally rejected by virtually every publisher in the country. Bierce was a strange man ; in 1914, at the age of seventy-one, he set out for Mexico and has never been heard of since. His stories are as strange as his life, but this volume shows him as a master of his art.

THE MONK AND THE HANGMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Written by Ambrose Bierce in collaboration with Adolphe Danziger de Castro

No. 34

'They are stories which the discerning are certain to welcome. They are evidence of very unusual powers, and when once they have been read the reader will feel himself impelled to dig out more from the same pen.' *Westminster Gazette*

BIRRELL, Augustine

MORE OBITER DICTA

No. 140

'A volume delightful to read, packed with urbane and shrewd criticism, and distinguished by a pleasant vein of kindly humour.'

Daily Mail

'Age has not wearied Mr. Birrell's humour ; nor have the years condemned his whimsicality. He remains as delightful a companion as ever.' *Nation and Athenæum*

BOURNE, George

A FARMER'S LIFE

No. 32

The life-story of a tenant-farmer of fifty years ago in which the author of *The Bettesworth Book* and *The Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer* draws on his memory for a picture of the everyday life of his immediate forbears, the Smiths, farmers and handicraft men, who lived and died on the border of Surrey and Hampshire.

BRAMAH, Ernest

THE WALLET OF KAI LUNG

No. 18

'Something worth doing and done. . . . It was a thing intended, wrought out, completed and established. Therefore it was destined to endure, and, what is more important, it was a success.' *Hilaire Belloc*

KAI LUNG'S GOLDEN HOURS

No. 16

'It is worthy of its forerunner. There is the same plan, exactitude, working-out and achievement ; and therefore complete satisfaction in the reading.' *From the Preface by HILAIRE BELLOC*

BRONTË, Emily

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

No. 30

'It is a very great book. You may read this grim story of lost and thwarted human creatures on a moor at any age and come under its sway.' *From the Introduction by ROSE MACAULAY*

BROWNE, Louis

THE STORY OF THE JEWS

No. 146

Here is a history which is more absorbing than any work of fiction. The author traces the beginnings of the Jewish race from the wandering Semitic races of Arabia, through interminable strife and conflict, slavery, oppression, expatriation, up to modern times.

BUTLER, Samuel

EREWHON. A Satire

No. 11

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EREWHON REVISITED. A Satire

No. 12

'He waged a sleepless war with the mental torpor of the prosperous, complacent England around him ; a Swift with the soul of music in him, and completely sane ; a liberator of humanity operating with the wit and malice and coolness of Mephistopheles.' *Manchester Guardian*

BUTLER, Samuel

THE NOTE BOOKS

No. 75

'To us Butler stands not chiefly as a satirist or an amateur in fiction or in the fine arts, but as the freest, most original and most varied thinker of his generation. . . . Neither *Erewhon* nor *The Way of All Flesh*, but the posthumous work entitled *Note Books* will stand in our judgment, as the decisive contribution of Samuel Butler to the thought of his age.' *Nation*

SELECTED ESSAYS. This volume contains the following essays :

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THE HUMOUR OF HOMER

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE

QUIS DESIDERIO . . . ?

THE SANCTUARY OF MONTRIGONE

RAMBLINGS IN CHEAPSIDE

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THE AUNT, THE NIECES, AND
THE DOG

ART IN THE VALLEY OF SAAS
THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. A Novel

No. 10

'It drives one almost to despair of English Literature when one sees so extraordinary a study of English life as Butler's posthumous *Way of All Flesh* making so little impression. Really, the English do not deserve to have great men.' *George Bernard Shaw*

CANOT, Theodore

MEMOIRS OF A SLAVE TRADER. Set down by
BRANTZ MAYER and now edited by A. W. LAWRENCE

No. 126

In 1854 a cosmopolitan adventurer, who knew Africa at the worst period of its history, dictated this sardonic account of piracy and mutiny, of battles with warships or rival traders, and of the fantastic lives of European and half-caste slavers on the West Coast.

CARDUS, Neville

DAYS IN THE SUN: A Cricketer's Book

No. 121

The author says 'the intention of this book is modest – it should be taken as a rather freely compiled journal of happy experiences which have come my way on our cricket fields.'

CARLETON, Captain George

MILITARY MEMOIRS (1672-1713). Edited by

A. W. LAWRENCE

No. 134

A cheerful sidelight on the war of the Spanish Succession, with a remarkable literary history. Johnson praised the book, Scott edited it, and then the critics declared it to be fiction and suggested Defoe or Swift as the author ; now it has come into its own again as one of the most vivid records of a soldier's actual experiences.

CLEMENTS, Rex

A GIPSY OF THE HORN. Life in a deep-sea sailing ship No. 136

A true and spirited account of a phase of sea-life now passing, if not passed, fascinating from the very vividness and sincerity of its telling. Mr. Clements loves the sea, and he makes his readers love it.

COPPARD, A. E.

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No. 13

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No. 2

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COYLE, Kathleen

LIV. A Novel. With an Introduction by REBECCA

WEST

No. 87

'*Liv* is a short novel, but more subtly suggesting beauty and movement than many a longer book. *Liv* is a young Norwegian girl whose father is recently dead. She is engaged, half against her will, to a young man, a neighbour ; but she desires above all things to go to Paris to "see life." . . . There is something cool and rare about this story ; the reader finds himself turning back to re-read pages that must not be forgotten.' *Times Literary Supplement*

DAVIES, W. H.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUPER-TRAMP.

With a Preface by G. BERNARD SHAW

No. 3

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Super-Tramp

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DELEDDA, GRAZIA

THE MOTHER. A Novel. With an Introduction by

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An unusual book, both in its story and its setting in a remote Sardinian hill village, half civilised and superstitious. The action of the story takes place so rapidly and the actual drama is so interwoven with the mental conflict, and all so forced by circumstances, that it is almost Greek in its simple and inevitable tragedy.

DE MAUPASSANT

STORIES. Translated by ELIZABETH MARTINDALE

No. 37

'His "story" engrosses the non-critical, it holds the critical too at the first reading. . . . That is the real test of art, and it is because of the inobtrusiveness of this workmanship, that for once the critic and the reader may join hands without awaiting the verdict of posterity.' *From the Introduction by* FORD MADDOX FORD

DE SELINCOURT, Hugh

THE CRICKET MATCH. A Story

No. 108

Through the medium of a cricket match the author endeavours to give a glimpse of life in a Sussex village. First we have a bird's-eye view at dawn of the village nestling under the Downs; then we see the players awaken in all the widely different circumstances of their various lives, pass the morning, assemble on the field, play their game, united for a few hours, as men should be, by a common purpose – and at night disperse.

DOS PASSOS, John

ORIENT EXPRESS. A book of travel

No. 80

This book will be read because, as well as being the temperature chart of an unfortunate sufferer from the travelling disease, it deals with places shaken by the heavy footsteps of History, manifesting itself as usual by plague, famine, murder, sudden death and depreciated currency. Underneath, the book is an ode to railroad travel.

DOUGLAS, George

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS.

A novel. With an Introduction by J. B. PRIESTLEY

No. 118

This powerful and moving story of life in a small Scots burgh is one of the grimmest studies of realism in all modern fiction. The author flashes a cold and remorseless searchlight upon the back-bittings, jealousies, and intrigues of the townsfolk, and his story stands as a classic antidote to the sentimentalism of the kailyard school.

DUNSTERVILLE, Major-General L. G.

STALKY'S REMINISCENCES

No. 145

'The real Stalky, General Dunsterville, who is so delightful a character that the fictitious Stalky must at times feel jealous of him as a rival. . . . In war he proved his genius in the Dunster Force adventure ; and in this book he shows that he possesses another kind of genius – the genius of comic self-revelation and burbling anecdote. And the whole story is told in a vein of comedy that would have done credit to Charles Lever.' *The Observer*

FARSON, Negley

SAILING ACROSS EUROPE. With an Introduction

by FRANK MORLEY

No. III

A voyage of six months in a ship, its one and only cabin measuring 8 feet by 6 feet, up the Rhine, down the Danube, passing from one to the other by the half-forgotten Ludwig's Canal. To think of and plan such a journey was a fine imaginative effort and to write about it interestingly is no mean accomplishment.

FAUSSET, Hugh I'Anson

TENNYSON. A critical study

No. 124

Mr. Fausset's study of Tennyson's qualities as poet, man, and moralist is by implication a study of some of the predominant characteristics of the Victorian age. His book, however, is as pictorial as it is critical, being woven, to quote *The Times*, 'like an arras of delicate colour and imagery.'

FLAUBERT, Gustave

MADAME BOVARY. Translated by ELEANOR MARX-

AVELING. With an Introduction by PERCY LUBBOCK. No. 144

' . . . It remains perpetually the novel of all novels which the criticism of fiction cannot overlook ; as soon as ever we speak of the principles of the art we must be prepared to engage with Flaubert. There is no such book as his *Bovary* ; for it is a novel in which the subject stands firm and clear, without the least shade of ambiguity to break the line which bounds it.' PERCY LUBBOCK
in The Craft of Fiction

FORMAN, Henry James

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'It has been said that if you were shown Taormina in a vision you would not believe it. If the reader has been in Grecian Italy before he reads this book, the magic of its pages will revive old memories and induce a severe attack of nostalgia.' *From the Preface by H. FESTING JONES*

GARNETT, Edward

FRIDAY NIGHTS. Critical Essays

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'Mr. Garnett is "the critic as artist," sensitive alike to elemental nature and the subtlest human variations. His book sketches for us the possible outlines of a new humanism, a fresh valuation of both life and art.' *The Times*

GARNETT, Mrs. R. S.

THE INFAMOUS JOHN FRIEND. A Novel

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This book, though in form an historical novel, claims to rank as a psychological study. It is an attempt to depict a character which, though destitute of the common virtues of everyday life, is gifted with qualities that compel love and admiration.

GAUGIN, Paul

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VAN WYCK BROOKS

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The confessions of genius are usually startling; and Gaugin's *Journals*, now made accessible to the wider world, are no exception. He exults in his power to give free rein to his savage spirit, tearing the shawl from convention's shoulders with a gesture as unscrupulous as it is Rabelaisian.

GIBBS, J. Arthur

A COTSWOLD VILLAGE

No. 138

'For pure observation of people, places and sports, occupations and wild life, the book is admirable. Everything is put down freshly from the notebook, and has not gone through any deadening process of being written up. There are stories, jokes, snatches of conversation, quotations from old diaries, odds and ends of a hundred kinds about squires, gamekeepers, labourers and their wives.' *Morning Post*

GOBINEAU, Comte de

THE CRIMSON HANDKERCHIEF, AND OTHER
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The three stories included in this volume mark the flood tide of Comte de Gobineau's unique and long-neglected genius. Not even Nietzsche has surpassed him in a love of heroic characters and unfettered wills – or in his contempt for bourgeois virtues and vices.

GOSSE, Sir Edmund

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GRAHAM, Stephen

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In his own experiences as a soldier Stephen Graham has conserved the half-forgotten emotions of a nation in arms. Above all, he makes us feel the stark brutality and horror of actual war, the valour which is more than valour, and the disciplined endurance which is human and therefore the more terrifying.

HEARN, Lafcadio

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A book which is readable from the first page to the last, and is full of suggestive thought, the essays on Japanese religious belief calling for special praise for the earnest spirit in which the subject is approached.

HEARN, Lafcadio

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HEYWARD, Du Bose

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This book gives the real feeling of life on a small cruising yacht ; the nights on deck with the sails against the sky, long fights with head winds by mountainous coasts to safety in forlorn little island ports, and constant adventure free from care.

HOUSMAN, Laurence

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HUDSON, W. H.

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by WILLA CATHER

JONES, Henry Festing

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Shortly before his sudden and unexpected death, Mr. Festing Jones chose out *Diversions in Sicily* for reprinting in the Travellers’ Library from among his three books of mainly Sicilian sketches and studies. These chapters, as well as any that he wrote, recapture the wisdom, charm and humour of their author.

JOYCE, James

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A collection of fifteen short stories by the author of *Ulysses*. They are all of them brave, relentless and sympathetic pictures of Dublin life ; realistic, perhaps, but not crude ; analytical, but not repugnant. No modern writer has greater significance than Mr. Joyce, whose conception and practice of the short story is certainly unique and certainly vital.

KALLAS, Aino

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KOMROFF, Manuel

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When Marco Polo arrived at the court of the Great Khan, Pekin had just been rebuilt. Kublai Khan was at the height of his glory. Polo rose rapidly in favour and became governor of an important district. In this way he gained first-hand knowledge of a great civilisation and described it with astounding accuracy and detail.

LAWRENCE, A. W., edited by

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LAWRENCE, D. H.

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LAWSON, Henry

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LESLIE, Shane

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LITHGOW, William

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This is the book of a seventeenth-century Scotchman who walked over the Levant, North Africa and most of Europe, including Spain, where he was tortured by the Inquisition. An unscrupulous man, full of curiosity, his comments are diverting and penetrating, his adventures remarkable.

LUBBOCK, Percy

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Times

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Pictures of life as it is lived – or has been or might be lived – among the pilgrims and colonists in Rome of more or less English speech. 'A book of whimsical originality and exquisite workmanship, and worthy of one of the best prose writers of our time.' *Sunday Times*

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LYND, Robert

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Critical essays on great writers of modern and other times. Among the modern writers we have appreciations of Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, while Herrick, Keats, Charles Lamb and Hawthorne are a few of the classical writers who are criticised in the book.

MACDONALD, The Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay

WANDERINGS AND EXCURSIONS. Essays

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Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has been a wide traveller and reader, and has an uncommon power of bringing an individual eye – the eye of the artist – to bear upon whatever he sees.

MACHEN, Arthur

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MASEFIELD, John

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MASON, Arthur

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MAUGHAM, W. Somerset

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Liza of Lambeth is W. Somerset Maugham's first novel, and its publication decided the whole course of his life. For if it had not succeeded its author could not have turned from medicine to letters, and his subsequent triumphs might never have been achieved. Originally published in 1897, it has since passed through eight editions before its present inclusion in the Travellers' Library. The story reflects much of the experience which Mr. Maugham gathered when he worked in the slums of the East End as a doctor.

MAUGHAM, W. Somerset

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MENCKEN, H. L.

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No. 50

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SELECTED PREJUDICES. Second Series

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MEYNELL, Alice

WAYFARING. Essays

No. 133

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MITCHISON, Naomi

CLOUD CUCKOO LAND. A Novel of Sparta

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when Rome was crumbling to ruin

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MONTAGU, Lady Mary Wortley

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The famous account of Lady Mary's journey to the East in 1716, describing her visits to the German Courts and her residence in Constantinople. In the words of a review by Tobias Smollett: 'The publication of these *Letters* will be an immortal monument to the memory of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and will show, as long as the English language endures, the sprightliness of her wit, the solidity of her judgment, the elegance of her taste, and the excellence of her real character. These letters are so bewitchingly entertaining, that we defy the most phlegmatic man on earth to read one without going through with them.'

MOORE, George

CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG MAN

No. 76

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Humbert Wolfe

MORLEY, Christopher

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TOMLINSON

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Very many readers will be glad of the opportunity to meet Mr Morley in the rôle of the gentle essayist. He is an author who is content to move among his fellows, to note, to reflect, and to write genially and urbanely; to love words for their sound as well as for their value in expression of thought.

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A delicious satirical fantasy in which humanity wears a dog-collar. 'Mr. Morley is a master of consequent inconsequence. His humour and irony are excellent, and his satire is only the more salient for the delicate and ingenuous fantasy in which it is set.' *Manchester Guardian*

MURRAY, Max

THE WORLD'S BACK DOORS. Adventures. With an Introduction by HECTOR BOLITHO

No. 61

This book is not an account so much of places as of people. The journey round the world was begun with about enough money to buy one meal, and continued for 66,000 miles. There are periods as a longshore man and as a sailor, and a Chinese guard and a night watchman, and as a hobo.

MURRY, J. Middleton

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These essays were written during and immediately after the Great War. The author says that they record the painful stages by which he passed from the so-called intellectual state to the state of being what he now considers to be a reasonable man.

O'FLAHERTY, Liam

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'Nothing seems to escape Mr. O'Flaherty's eye ; his brain turns all things to drama ; and his vocabulary is like a river in spate. *Spring Sowing* is a book to buy, or to borrow, or, yes, to steal.' *Bookman*

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O'NEILL, Eugene

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O'SHAUGHNESSY, Edith

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PATER, Walter

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No. 23

Walter Pater was at the same time a scholar of wide sympathies and a master of the English language. In this, his best-known work, he describes with rare delicacy of feeling and insight the religious and philosophic tendencies of the Roman Empire at the time of Antoninus Pius as they affected the mind and life of the story's hero.

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No. 63

This English classic contains studies of those 'supreme artists' Michelangelo and Da Vinci, and of Botticelli, Della Robbia, Mirandola, and others, who 'have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere.' There is no romance or subtlety in the work of these masters too fine for Pater to distinguish in superb English.

PICKTHALL, Marmaduke

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No. 103

In *Oriental Encounters*, Mr. Pickthall relives his earlier manhood's discovery of Arabia and sympathetic encounters with the Eastern mind. He is one of the few travellers who really bridges the racial gulf.

POWELL, Sydney Walter

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No. 64

Throwing up a position in the Civil Service in Natal because he preferred movement and freedom to monotony and security, the author started his wanderings by enlisting in an Indian Ambulance Corps in the South African War. Afterwards he wandered all over the world.

POWYS, Llewelyn

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No. 127

Black Laughter is a kind of *Robinson Crusoe* of the continent of Africa. Indeed, Llewelyn Powys resembles Daniel Defoe in the startlingly realistic manner in which he conveys the actual feelings of the wild places he describes. You actually share the sensations of a sensitive and artistic nature suddenly transplanted from a peaceful English village into the heart of Africa.

RANSOME, Arthur

'RACUNDRA'S' FIRST CRUISE

No. 65

This is the story of the building of an ideal yacht which would be a cruising boat that one man could manage if need be, but on which three people could live comfortably. The adventures of the cruise are skilfully and vividly told.

READE, Winwood

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No. 66

'Few sketches of universal history by one single author have been written. One book that has influenced me very strongly is *The Martyrdom of Man*. This "dates," as people say nowadays, and it has a fine gloom of its own ; but it is still an extraordinarily inspiring presentation of human history as one consistent process.'
H. G. WELLS in *An Outline of History*

REYNOLDS, Stephen

A POOR MAN'S HOUSE

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Vivid and intimate pictures of a Devonshire fisherman's life. 'Compact, harmonious, without a single - I won't say false - but uncertain note, true in aim, sentiment and expression, precise and imaginative, never precious, but containing here and there an absolutely priceless phrase. . . .' *Joseph Conrad*

RIESENBERG, Felix

SHIPMATES. Sea-faring portraits

No. 107

A collection of intimate character-portraits of men with whom the author has sailed on many voyages. The sequence of studies blends into a fascinating panorama of living characters.

ROBERTS, Captain George

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No. 40

The Manner of his being taken by Three Pyrate Ships which, after having plundered him, and detained him 10 Days, put him aboard his own Sloop, without Provisions, Water, etc.

The Hardships he endur'd for above 20 Days, 'till he arriv'd at the Island of St. Nicholas, from whence he was blown off to Sea ; and after Four Days of Difficulty and Distress, was Shipwreck'd on the Unfrequented Island of St. John, where, after he had remained near two Years, he built a Vessel to bring himself off.

ROBINSON, James Harvey

THE MIND IN THE MAKING. An Essay

No. 9

‘For me, I think James Harvey Robinson is going to be almost as important as was Huxley in my adolescence, and William James in later years. It is a cardinal book. I question whether in the long run people may not come to it, as making a new initiative into the world’s thought and methods.’ *From the Introduction by*
H. G. WELLS

ROSEBERY, The Earl of

NAPOLEON: THE LAST PHASE

No. 96

Of books and memoirs about Napoleon there is indeed no end, but of the veracious books such as this there are remarkably few. It aims to penetrate the deliberate darkness which surrounds the last act of the Napoleonic drama.

RUTHERFORD, Mark

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With an Introduction by H. W. MASSINGHAM

No. 67

Because of its honesty, delicacy and simplicity of portraiture, this book has always had a curious grip upon the affections of its readers. An English Amiel, inheriting to his comfort an English Old Crome landscape, he freed and strengthened his own spirit as he will his reader’s.

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No. 68

Once read, Hale White [Mark Rutherford] is never forgotten. But he is not yet approached through the highways of English letters. To the lover of his work, nothing can be more attractive than the pure and serene atmosphere of thought in which his art moves.

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No. 69

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SHELVOCKE, Captain George

A PRIVATEER'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

With aspersions upon him by WILLIAM BETAGH. Edited by

A. W. LAWRENCE

No. 142

A book of 1726, well known as the source of the albatross incident and other passages in the 'Ancient Mariner'; it describes the exploits of a private ship of war on the coasts of South America, its wreck on the Crusoe island off Juan Fernandez, and the subsequent adventures of its company in various parts of the Pacific.

Few among the true stories of the sea can rival this in psychological interest, because of the diverse villainies of captain and crew. Shelvocke was arrested on his return to England, for a successful conspiracy to defraud his owners of their due percentage of the profits, and he then wrote his book to defend his conduct.

SITWELL, Constance

FLOWERS AND ELEPHANTS. With an Introduction

by E. M. FORSTER

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Mrs. Sitwell has known India well, and has filled her pages with many vivid little pictures, and with sounds and scents. But it is the thread on which her impressions are strung that is so fascinating, a thread so delicate and rare that the slightest clumsiness in definition would snap it.

SMITH, Pauline

THE BEADLE. A Novel of South Africa

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SQUIRE, J. C.

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SULLIVAN, J. W. N.

ASPECTS OF SCIENCE. First Series

No. 70

Although they deal with different aspects of various scientific ideas, the papers which make up this volume do illustrate, more or less, one point of view. This book tries to show one or two of the many reasons why science may be interesting for people who are not specialists as well as for those who are.

SYMONS, Arthur

PLAYS, ACTING AND MUSIC

No. 113

This book deals mainly with music and with the various arts of the stage. Mr. Arthur Symons shows how each art has its own laws, its own limits ; these it is the business of the critic jealously to distinguish. Yet in the study of art as art it should be his endeavour to master the universal science of beauty.

WILLIAM BLAKE. A critical study

No. 94

When Blake spoke the first word of the nineteenth century there was none to hear it ; and now that his message has penetrated the world, and is slowly remaking it, few are conscious of the man who first voiced it. This lack of knowledge is remedied in Mr. Symons's work.

TCHEKOFF, Anton

TWO PLAYS : *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Sea Gull*.

Translated by GEORGE CALDERON

No. 33

Tchekoff had that fine comedic spirit which relishes the incongruity between the actual disorder of the world with the underlying order. He habitually mingled tragedy (which is life seen close at hand) with comedy (which is life seen at a distance). His plays are tragedies with the texture of comedy.

THOMAS, Edward

A LITERARY PILGRIM IN ENGLAND

No. 95

A book about the homes and resorts of English writers, from John Aubrey, Cowper, Gilbert White, Cobbett, Wordsworth, Burns, Borrow and Lamb, to Swinburne, Stevenson, Meredith, W. H. Hudson and H. Belloc. Each chapter is a miniature biography and the same time a picture of the man and his work and environment.

THE POCKET BOOK OF POEMS AND SONGS FOR THE OPEN AIR

No. 97

This anthology is meant to please those lovers of poetry and the country who like a book that can always lighten some of their burdens or give wings to their delight, whether in the open air by day, or under the roof at evening ; in it is gathered much of the finest English poetry.

TURGENEV, Ivan

FATHERS AND CHILDREN. Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT

No. 83

'As a piece of art *Fathers and Children* is the most powerful of all Turgenev's works. The figure of Bazarov is not only the political centre of the book, but a figure in which the eternal tragedy of man's impotence and insignificance is realised in scenes of a most ironical human drama.' *Edward Garnett*

ON THE EVE. Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT

No. 82

In his characters is something of the width and depth which so astounds us in the creations of Shakespeare. *On the Eve* is a quiet work, yet over which the growing consciousness of coming events casts its heavy shadow. Turgenev, even as he sketched the ripening love of a young girl, has made us feel the dawning aspirations of a nation.

SMOKE. Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT

No. 84

In this novel Turgenev sees and reflects, even in the shifting phases of political life, that which is universal in human nature. His work is compassionate, beautiful, unique ; in the sight of his fellow-craftsmen always marvellous and often perfect.

VERGA, Giovanni

MASTRO-DON GESUALDO. A Novel. Translated

by D. H. LAWRENCE

No. 71

Verga, who died in 1922, is recognised as one of the greatest of Italian writers of fiction. He can claim a place beside Hardy and the Russians. 'It is a fine full tale, a fine full picture of life, with a bold beauty of its own which Mr. Lawrence must have relished greatly as he translated it.' *Observer*

VOIGT, F. A.

COMBED OUT

No. 122

This account of life in the army in 1917-18, both at home and in France, is written with a telling incisiveness. The author does not indulge in an unnecessary word, but packs in just the right details with an intensity of feeling that is infectious.

WATERS, W. G.

TRAVELLER'S JOY. An Anthology

No. 106

This anthology has been selected for publication in the Travellers' Library from among the many collections of verse because of its suitability for the traveller, particularly the summer and autumn traveller, who would like to carry with him some store of literary provender.

WELLS, H. G.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER. A Novel

No. 100

'At first reading the book is utterly beyond criticism; all the characters are delightfully genuine.' *Spectator*

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THE DREAM. A Novel

No. 20

'It is the richest, most generous and absorbing thing that Mr. Wells has given us for years and years.' *Daily News*

'I find this book as close to being magnificent as any book that I have ever read. It is full of inspiration and life.' *Daily Graphic*

WHARTON, Edith

IN MOROCCO

No. 41

Morocco is a land of mists and mysteries, of trailing silver veils through which minarets, mighty towers, hot palm groves and Atlas snows peer and disappear at the will of the Atlantic cloud-drifts.

ITALIAN BACKGROUNDS

No. 114

Mrs. Wharton's perception of beauty and her grace of writing are matters of general acceptance. Her book gives us pictures of mountains and rivers, monks, nuns and saints.

WITHERS, Percy

FRIENDS IN SOLITUDE. With an Introduction by

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

No. 131

Percy Withers, who lived for many years in the Lake Country, has his own experiences to relate ; but in seeking to widen them and to give them more vivid expression, he selects certain of the dale folk, his friends and companions, to tell in their own fashion so much the manner of men they are, so much of their life-story, of its prosperities, endurances, pathos, its reactions and responses to the outward circumstances as may make the picture more complete and give to it a more human significance.

YOUNG, E. H.

THE MISSES MALLET. A Novel

No. 72

The virtue of this quiet and accomplished piece of writing lies in its quality and in its character-drawing ; to summarise it would be to give no idea of its charm. Neither realism nor romance, it is a book by a writer of insight and sensibility.

WILLIAM. A Novel

No. 27

'An extraordinary good book, penetrating and beautiful.' *Allan Monkhouse*

'All its characters are very real and alive, and William himself is a masterpiece.' *May Sinclair*

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